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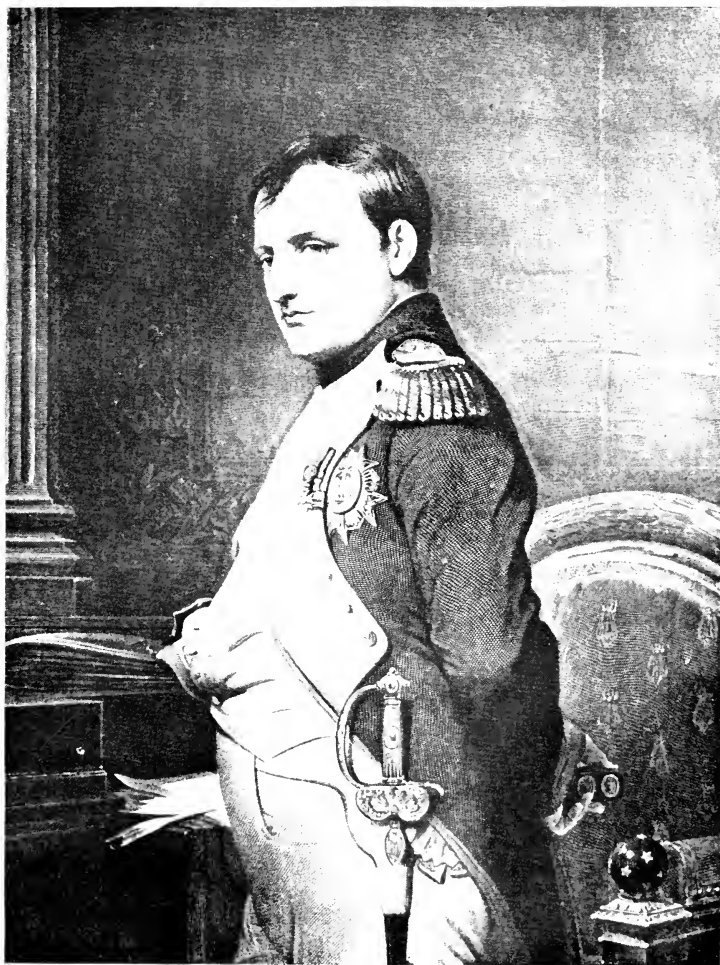


P. J. Barlow

With sincere regards
from his friend

J. H. Parsons

August 28, 1915.



Musée de Versailles

Delaroche

THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON IN HIS STUDY

HISTORICAL PAPERS

UPON

MEN AND EVENTS OF RARE
INTEREST IN THE

NAPOLEONIC EPOCH

BY .

JOSEPH HEPBURN PARSONS

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I

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BY
JOSEPH H. PARSONS

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CHICAGO

To the Memory of my Father,

THE LATE HONOURABLE LEWIS E. PARSONS,
GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF ALABAMA,
A PROFOUND STUDENT OF HISTORY,

WHOSE TEACHINGS FIRST ENCOURAGED ME IN ITS
STUDY, BY REVEALING THE TRUE RELATIONSHIP
OF MANY NOTABLE HISTORICAL EVENTS IN THE
DESTINIES OF NATIONS AS WELL AS OF INDIVIDUALS,

THIS WORK
IS GRATEFULLY AND AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED
BY
THE AUTHOR

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PREFACE

It has been said, with much truth, that the biography of Napoleon Bonaparte—"the most mighty breath of life that ever has animated the human clay," whose memory haunts humanity and ever will—is the history of Europe, of the world itself, for twenty years.

"The shadow of Napoleon," says the eloquent historian, Sir Archibald Alison, "rises over the frontier of the old destroyed world, and the most distant posterity will gaze on that gigantic figure over the gulf into which entire ages have fallen, until the appointed day of social resurrection."

The shining quarter of a century, from 1789 to 1815, so far surpasses in intense, dramatic interest any period in the world's life, either before or since, that all other history becomes almost tame and dull, in comparison. Never before, or since, have human courage and passion, asserted in the cause of liberty, produced results so far-reaching, so elevating to mankind, as have followed the explosion of that gigantic social volcano—the French Revolution. It came at a time when Europe—sunk into a sort of lethargy from the effects of the desolating wars of Frederick the Great—had not, apparently, either the power or the courage to stir beneath the awful dead-weight of the despotic combination of kings and privileged orders, which enjoyed amongst them, as inalienable rights, all that rendered life worth living, while heaping

its bitter burdens upon the ignorant, helpless, hopeless masses.

No event in history more clearly shows, than does the French Revolution, that rarely are men conscious of the *full* significance of the changes through which they are passing, just as today, in the tremendous social and political Revolution of the Twentieth Century, our own generation cannot fairly measure the full significance of the present, more peaceful, but none the less vital, and far-reaching changes which are world-wide in their extent, and which must radically change the existing social, industrial and economic conditions. But it is not so with Posterity, which has never ceased to study and to look back to that mighty tragedy of the Eighteenth Century for inspiration in the struggle against the oppressions with which it still wars.

What followed upon that supreme struggle between Freedom and Despotism, precipitated by French genius and courage, has endowed the memory of those years with that living, vivid interest to humanity itself, such as no mere war of kings could ever have. One striking proof of this is found in the fact, that upon no other event or period, nay, even five centuries, in history, can the volume of what has been written, at all compare with that which relates to those twenty-five years.

But the necessary condensations of general history soon literally *suppress* so much of what has occurred, as to deprive us of all knowledge, save the bare outlines, of even the greatest events, and, thus, we lose almost all that could really enlighten, entertain, and please, from the recital of those smaller, more intimate details of facts, of letters, of authentic anecdotes, which, after all, endow history with its more human interest.

Moreover, in general historical recitals, so much separated, and lost in the great current of other events, are the deeds and words of most of the characters, that one, usually, gets a rather imperfect, disconnected knowledge of the real characters and achievements of such individuals. And the short, dry recitals found in encyclopædias, generally, amount to little more than a mere reference of dates and important events.

Biography, however, remains, and does supply a thousand details to be found nowhere else, but for the general reader biographies of all, or even of a small number of the really interesting persons, are not to be had, nor, do even the facilities of great libraries render them accessible to more than a limited number.

And of general history, as well as biography, a large portion, from its very mass, cannot even be read by the second generation, to whom much of the details has no particular interest anyway, but to whom, nevertheless, a thousand events might be of absorbing interest and instruction, if only rescued from their dull surroundings and adequately presented in one connected narrative.

The writer long ago felt the difficulties and the inconveniences above described, in the endeavor to lose nothing of real interest while perusing much of little present interest, yet, still, rewarded by finding, here and there, some fact, some tragedy, some comedy, which, if presented in connection with others found elsewhere, would, he believed, form narratives of interest, and, perhaps, of value.

In an effort to prepare a series of historical papers, in chronological order, as nearly as possible, less full than a biography might be, but much more so than the brief recitals of the encyclopædias, or of general

histories, he has endeavored to present the fullest historical narratives, reinforced by and intermingled with the most interesting of fact and anecdote from biographies. In doing this he has consulted all attainable authorities upon the subjects treated of, and, where conflicting, or very improbable statements of the same events have been found, has adopted those which appeared to be best corroborated, and hence, believes these papers to be, perhaps, adequate in length, and fairly free from gross errors, at all events.

It is to be further observed, that in order to attain that end, without which these volumes would be of little value, he has presented, even at the risk of offending the susceptibilities of some readers, the evil as well as the good sides of such lives, to some of which, it must be allowed, most unsavory memories will always attach. But with all their faults and weaknesses, these persons also possessed some share of the better qualities, and to attempt to ignore the parts they actually took in affairs, because tainted with scandal and evil-doing, argues that those who would do so would set mere literary prudery above knowledge of the truth of history, which, like the absurd epitaphs in grave-yards, they would wish to be composed upon the charitable maxim *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*, while all know that it is the *wicked* rather than the *good*, who fill the most of them.

In truth, so much did vice predominate in several of these characters, that any attempt to observe the spirit of that kindly meant purpose, would at once render them unrecognizable, and hence their true qualities have been shown, although often mere cumulative details of vicious ways, which throw no additional light upon such characters and events, have been omitted.

In presenting many notable events the writer has, where it seemed to him it could be done to advantage adapted to such recitals, the combined methods of treatment in several independent accounts of such events or persons, with the view to obtain a *net product*, greater than might be found in only two or three accounts of them: or, else, has adopted, outright the very language of the writer quoted from, as being far better and more appropriate, than any of his own composition, besides the evident interest and advantage of having the eminent authors speak in their own words. To have cited chapter and name for every statement or detail drawn from so many sources, would have been fatiguing to the reader.

Be it understood, therefore, that in the historical and biographical matter of these volumes, the writer has followed mainly the authors named at the end of each Paper, though, often adding to or modifying what was found there, by facts and details gathered from other sources.

One of the rarest things in literature is a truly original history, so true it is, that nearly all have been merely "books written from other books."

Yet it is hoped by the writer, whose endeavor has been to present a number of historical papers, intended to shed a more intimate light upon some of the most interesting persons and events of that immortal period, by combining and collating facts and details, great as well as small, collected from many sources in the great libraries of the world, and, so aided and embellished by appropriate illustrations, maps, portraits, and reproductions of famous paintings, that it may render these volumes of sufficient entertainment and historical value, to secure for them a permanent place upon the shelves of

the library, along with those books which are preserved for future reference, rather than to meet oblivion in the heaps of literary rubbish.

At all events, to whatever criticisms his methods of treatment may be open, he believes there can be no question as to the merit and the interest of the subjects he has attempted to present.

ROBESPIERRE:

THE REVOLUTIONS OF THE EIGHTEENTH AND THE TWENTIETH CENTURIES

“The spring of a popular government in peace is VIRTUE; in a revolution, it is VIRTUE and TERROR; Virtue, without which Terror is fatal—Terror, without which Virtue is impotent.”—(*Maxims of Robespierre.*)

“The right of property is limited, as are all other rights, by the obligation of respecting the rights of other people. It should neither be prejudicial to the safety, nor to the liberty, nor to the existence, nor to the property of our fellowmen. All property which violates this principle is illicit and immoral.”—(*Maxims of Robespierre.*)

“The People is the only body which does not live by abuses, and which sometimes perishes from them.”—(*Cérutti.*)

The Revolution of 1789 paved the way for every subsequent revolt against oppression, and it can but be of interest, in a time of great social unrest and political agitation like the present, to recall some of the principal actors, some of the phases, and some of the tragedies of an Epoch, whose history and whose lessons overshadow, in intensity of interest, that of any other in human annals.

It has been asserted that “The mediocrity of the men who brought about the French Revolution, and led the people during that period of storm till Napoleon ended it with his whiff of grapeshot, has often been the subject of comment;” and Robespierre, one of its most

striking figures, sneered at as “a pedantic mediocrity who ruled men by high-sounding phrases taken from Rousseau.” If Rousseau and Voltaire inspired the Revolution, Mirabeau,* Danton, Vergniaud, Condorcet, Louvet, St. Just, Marat, Carnot, Talleyrand, Siêyes, and Robespierre were among the remarkable men who led it, and gave coherence and purpose to the principles it declared and waded through an ocean of blood to establish.

For reasons the interest of which will sufficiently appear in the events to be recited, the last-named has been selected as the subject of this Paper. Let the charge of the “mediocrity” of such men be judged in the light of their speeches and orations—among the most logical, among the most eloquent ever pronounced in parliament or legislature; delivered, too, by men literally standing beneath the shadow of the guillotine, of whom scarcely any, save Mirabeau, who died in bed of natural causes at forty-two, had attained the age of thirty-five years!

The impending Revolutions in the political and industrial institutions, as well as in the great social and domestic relations, in both the United States and Great Britain, must alter fundamentally the constitutions of those two greatest of World Powers, and, also, profoundly affect like conditions in the other enlightened nations, not yet so deeply agitated.

In the former is now being demanded, among other things, the Initiative and Referendum in legislation, the

*NOTE.—Mirabeau has been described as one of those rare men who belong to certain epochs, who receive from them, and who, in turn, impart to them, an extraordinary impulsion. That, in the decisive moments of those first months of the gathering revolution, it was he who, by his firmness, sustained the Tiers-Etat, transported them by his eloquence, animated them by his powers, and inspired them with his courage.

Recall of Judges, and other officials, "Social Justice" (the ultimate aspects of which no man may gauge), Direct Primaries by the People, Female Suffrage, under the guise of "Equal, Universal Suffrage," and vast changes in financial and business conditions.

In Great Britain, with the practical elimination of the House of Lords, as a balance-wheel upon legislation, already an accomplished fact, Socialism and Organized Labour are making rapid strides towards absolute domination, with the added complication of a wide-spread, noisy Suffragette agitation, enormously aggravated and intensified by the presence of a million and a quarter more females than males in the British Isles—thus dangerously cheapening women—and, by depriving so great a number of any prospect or even hope of marriage, raising up for solution the unique, troublesome problem of making some satisfactory disposition of more than a million discontented, not to say, desperate women, whose demands have already been marked by forcible raids and attacks, by female suffragists and malcontents, upon the Houses of Parliament and personal assaults upon cabinet ministers, destruction of property, riots and threats of bloodshed, if not accorded full rights of suffrage.

It is this fearful preponderance of females which is the real, underlying cause of Suffragette agitation, discontent and violence, in Great Britain. Neither the granting of their demand for equal suffrage, nor any other measure for their relief it would be possible for Parliament to enact, even though women absolutely controlled it, could affect or change this disproportion between the sexes. As a partial relief it has been suggested that as many of the surplus women be sent to the

Colonies as can be absorbed in their matrimonial markets, but this would not sensibly remedy the evil at home, since this number would be much too small.

It is undeniable that the only possible future for women lies in marriage. Deprived of this, and the chance of bearing children honourably, their situation not merely deserves the greatest commiseration, but their absurd, even criminal outbreaks should rather be regarded as hysterical appeals for help by those who can neither help themselves nor tell others how to do it. If they compete with men for work, their physical limitations and ailments oblige them to accept smaller wages, with the result of either obliging the former to accept less pay, or be deprived of work altogether; a doubly unfortunate competition which, in either case, still further reduces the possible number of marriages by increasing the number of men who cannot, or will not undertake to support a family under such conditions. How serious this evil has become will be seen when it appears, from recent statistics, that in England and Wales alone there are now one million one hundred and thirty-five thousand bachelors between the ages of thirty and forty years.

A Suffragette agitation, though in much less acute form just yet, afflicts the United States. But there, as everywhere else, whatever form female agitation assumes, it leads, sooner or later, to demands for "new ethical standards," for looser marital bonds, with a consequent weakening of home and family ties. And it is this deplorable social revolution, so largely induced by women in both countries, which threatens to practically subvert marriage as an institution. No other phase of the Twentieth Century revolution holds graver or more far reaching possibilities for evil.

But the Suffragette agitation in the United States involves a greater danger, if successful in its objects, than even that in Great Britain. Both alike threaten the stability of Marriage, the Home and the Family, in the two countries, but, in the former, the evil extends to the revival of issues which have once already nearly destroyed our life as a nation.

A curious feature of the Suffragette movement in America is, that the Black Woman *is taking no part in it*, whatever the motive for this unexplained *reserve* may be. Like the Black Man,—who not only did not ask the right of suffrage, but upon whom it was literally *thrust*, to his infinite sorrow and suffering, by the short-sighted spirit of that day,—the Black Woman on her part, also, is making no such demand in this day.

Shall history repeat itself, in such an age as the present, by a second gift to the Negro Race from this Pandora's Box, bearing its deceitful label of "Universal Suffrage," with the weak, unknowing hand of the Suffragette to make the fatal offering this time?

Let it be plainly understood by the American Suffragette that her demand for the ballot, merely to enable *her* to *attempt* to carry out her own short-sighted, selfish ideals as to marriage, and, especially, its easy, heedless dissolution, mixed up with some well-meant, childish good aims for "the social uplift," "school elections," "settlement work," etc., must lead directly to greater woes and disasters than our country has ever known.

The blindness, or rather, the seeming indifference of this peculiar type of American Women and their male supporters to this peril, in demanding Universal Suffrage, through an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, is the most disquieting aspect of their movement,

since its adoption by three-fourths of the States, even though having scarcely any Negro population to bring home the evil to themselves, would, nevertheless, make it binding upon those States, despite their local laws, which contain nearly all of that unfortunate race, and where its most fatal consequences would instantly be felt, by White and Black alike.

Evil days are, indeed, ahead for us, when the White Man, who confronts and represses the evils and the dangers arising from a still smouldering, ever-present Race Issue, *finds the very women of his own household stabbing him in the back*, by coupling with their own hysterical cry for the ballot for *themselves*, the demand for "Equal, Universal Suffrage"!—a demand, which, whenever granted to the 10,000,000 Black Women and Black Men in the South, will mean a renewal of all the horrors of a Race Conflict,—ending, perhaps, in another Civil War, from a suicidal attempt to *uphold* and *enforce* the "Universal Suffrage" accorded to Suffragetteism, for the White Man of the South (as would, also, the White Man of the North if placed in the same position!) will face annihilation rather than submit to Negro domination,—an assertion which the bloody history of the past will fully sustain.

In the century which has elapsed since the French Revolution, the industrial masses have become, for the first time in history, partially organized, and, even in the incomplete state of present organization, are now able, at pleasure, to shake to their foundations the stability of the greatest industrial and commercial interests in any of the nations, by the simple method of STRIKES, organized upon the gigantic scale possible under modern development. The strikes of railway and

dock labourers in 1911, followed in 1912, by one of over a million coal miners in England, have furnished ominous proof that such movements may even imperil the national safety, by opening the door to foreign invasion, and thus compel such governmental interference and ownership as must be subversive of existing conditions in property rights.

Within the past five years it has become increasingly evident that it is merely a question of time, apparently of no great length, when labour organizations, national and international, will have become so far perfected and working in alliance, one with another, that a Revolution, vastly greater, and, possibly, more far-reaching in its effects, than even the French Revolution, will take place throughout the civilized world. This may be accomplished by the combined power of the Ballot, and of the comparatively bloodless and peaceful, but none the less irresistible medium of PRESSURE, applied to the great, vital, industrial and commercial interests of the nations, through strikes of Organized Labour. In France the different industrial conditions prevailing in 1789, and a total absence of organization of any sort among the unenfranchised masses, did not admit of any other means of redress for the popular grievances than that of a revolution of force and violence.

But though thus differing in the *means* of attaining their ends, the *principles* upon which the two great Revolutions of the Eighteenth and Twentieth Centuries rest are, in fact, identical, and the Twentieth Century Revolutions in England and America, justifying their actions upon those principles, will establish in those countries, but, doubtless with relatively small bloodshed, the tremendous changes demanded by this century.

Since the fearful lesson of the French Revolution, to privileged Minorities, only one other—the American Revolution of 1861—has been signalized by such vast sacrifices in life and property. In comparison with these two Revolutions, all others seem almost tame in interest, and small in results. The recent Revolution in China, which suddenly converted the world's most venerable Empire into a Republic of 400,000,000, so-called, citizens and freemen, was effected with a sacrifice of blood really trifling.

In France the king and the privileged classes by refusing to concede *anything* lost *everything*: precisely as, three-quarters of a century later, we see in America the Southern Slave Oligarchy rejecting the suggestion of payment for \$500,000,000 worth of slaves, *rather than renounce the right of owning human chattels*, and at the end of one of the bloodiest and most senseless wars ever known, *losing both their slaves and that right*.

The Southern Slave Oligarchy, really believing themselves the firmest supporters of law, and the most conservative element in the country, because they only sought to perpetuate conditions as they then existed, including human slavery, but all under constitutional guarantees—did not scruple or hesitate, on the other hand, to fraudulently use their control over the election machinery of several of the Southern States to precipitate the War of Secession, which was to determine the rights and interests of an actual majority of the Southern people, who owned no slaves and who neither wished to secede from the Union nor to fight to perpetuate Slavery.

It was this ultra-conservative minority, who—claiming the right of Secession from the Federal Union, and proclaiming from Southern pulpits the authority of divine,

as well as of legal, sanction for the Institution of Human Slavery—determined to hazard all upon the chances of War. That they had the decided weight of the argument in favour of the Right of Secession upon their side, can scarcely be seriously questioned by one who is at all familiar with the debates in Congress on the subject.

But it is matter of history that it is precisely when such crises arise, that constitutions and laws seem to lose their force and efficacy. The Constitution of the United States carefully provides that property shall not be taken but by “due process of law.” Yet the power which took the clear right of secession from every State, and which took away the property of the Southern slave-owners, without compensation, was not any “due process of law,” but simply force—the last argument in the overthrow of rights, as well as in the correction of wrongs, created and perpetuated under the cover of constitutions and statutes.

It is yet to be shown how far those terrible lessons are remembered in America and Great Britain by Plutocracy, which, even now, is facing a loss far greater, in mere money, than any suffered in France or by the Southern Slave Oligarchy. In England Aristocracy is but the shadow of that once great order, and must yield to the coming demand for the subdivision of its vast landed estates, devoted chiefly to game preserves at present, among the landless English people. English Plutocracy, besides vast wealth, has also vast landed estates, and these two elements are making the struggle in that country against the resistless tide of the Twentieth Century Revolution.

In America it is only Plutocracy against the People, since, as a nation, we are of such humble origin, from

the mixed emigrations of Europe, that all are alike destitute of any real pretensions to aristocratic descent. But that Plutocracy, in both England and America, will, as was Royalty in France, be finally treated as "an Anti-Social Institution" and abolished, through the recall of a dangerously disproportionate share of the national wealth from the hands of a few individuals and corporations, to the use of the nation, would seem to be inevitable.

Plutocracy denounces, and will not cease to denounce, such a recall of wealth to the use of the nation as confiscation, as the "unlawful taking of the property of one man to the use of another man," but the real issue cannot be thus obscured. In France the indignant Clergy not only denounced the recall of its one-third of the total landed area of the country to the use of the Nation, as Confiscation, but also as Sacrilegious in the highest degree. And the Southern Slave-holding Oligarchy also denounced and violently resisted the Confiscation of its property and property rights under the Constitution. Yet, when in any country the national will has once been formulated and unitedly declared, neither constitutions nor other resistance have availed against it. Both England and America are, pre-eminently, countries governed by Law, through courts of law, which have hitherto commanded universal respect, though in America the latter have been so seriously shaken in the popular confidence in recent years, as to have caused a widespread demand for laws for the Recall of Judges; in Great Britain it is asserted that, among its vast labouring population, "There exists an absolute want of confidence in any chance of justice from the Tory Judges." Perhaps no single aspect of the newly aroused state of public

feeling and criticism in the two countries, is more ominous than this open display of distrust of the judiciary.

All constitutions have been predicated upon the generous theory of protecting the Minority from the oppressions of the Majority. But, in all ages and countries, Minorities have invariably contrived, either by force, fraud, or superior intelligence, to make the laws, and to govern the Majorities, for their own more especial benefit. These Minorities, too, have always been the possessors of an enormously disproportionate share of the national wealth, and of a largely exclusive enjoyment of honours, rank and privileges. Hence it is, and has been, that such Minorities, having much to lose and nothing to gain by any change in existing laws and conditions, almost invariably oppose as revolutionary, as subversive of established order, business, and property rights, any attempt to curtail their privileges. Such favoured Minorities are, therefore, intensely conservative in their opinions, and not given to revolutionary movements anywhere.

Royalty, Church and Nobility, numbering, perhaps, 250,000 such favoured persons, and possessed of almost all the wealth of France, opposed the Revolution of 1789, while the 25,000,000 landless Frenchmen, who constituted the nation, asserted the right to govern themselves. In America the Tory minority opposed the Revolution of 1776, and denounced and fought the patriots as rebels and traitors, deserving death, while its advocates and supporters were the three million Americans who proclaimed themselves a sovereign nation, entitled to govern itself.

One of the strangest revelations found in history is that the pressing object of almost every revolution has

been—not to protect Minorities from the oppressions of Majorities—but, to protect the latter from the cruelties and oppressions of the former! Compared to the frightful conditions which finally drove the long-suffering millions of France into revolt against their aristocratic oppressors, the grievances at the bottom of the American Revolution in 1776, as well as that of 1861, both founded upon force and bloodshed, were really trifling—a significant fact, well worthy of attentive consideration, in these times of real, as well as fancied grievances. Nor were these “grievances” against “British oppression” universally resented, even in America, since we see the great Canadian possessions remaining loyal to the crown, not only throughout the struggle which followed between Great Britain and the Colonies, but even to this day—intensely so, indeed—to *our* surprise and great disappointment!

Yet this Revolution, so necessary and so inevitable, in conjunction with the greater French Revolution which so quickly followed, marked the consummation of the noblest impulses which have ever animated the heart of Man. But with what unmeasured hatred and bitterness were not both denounced and fought by those privileged Minorities, who, like all other oppressors of Majorities, sincerely deemed themselves the very elect upon the earth!

Apart from the difference in the methods employed in an age which possessed neither the Ballot nor a free, patriotic Press, and those which are being employed in this more enlightened one, possessing both—the essential distinction between the French Revolution and that now in progress in the Twentieth Century, lies in the fact that the former was a struggle against Power and Privilege founded upon superior rank and noble birth, while

the latter is a struggle against Power and Privilege founded upon the possession, simply, of prodigious wealth. Whatever the hatred entertained by the French people for royalty and the princes of the Church and the nobility, there was, nevertheless, present with it, a sentiment of *respect*, at least, for the ancient names which recalled achievements glorious to all Frenchmen, as well as grievous wrongs and oppressions. The great Eighteenth Century Revolution was in itself ennobling, as an assertion of the sentiments of dignity and self-respect of Man in his relations with other men claiming superior rank and birth, while the Twentieth Century Revolution, directed against the mere Money-bags of Mammon, is, of necessity, tainted with an element of sordidness by the very issue involved—the right to the possession of Power and Privilege founded upon a claim so base.

The great Convulsive Period of the French Revolution, culminating in the Reign of Terror, may properly be regarded as having ended with the death of the strangest, the most remorseless, the most terrible, because the most fanatical, exponent of its principles—MAXIMILIEN ROBESPIERRE—to be followed by a return to more humane methods, after the orgies of blood in which revolutionary fanatics and *doctrinaires*, after having taken vengeance of royalty, nobility and Church, in rapid succession destroyed each dominating faction of other revolutionary fanatics and *doctrinaires*, all of whom, however, sincerely wished the new-born Republic—declared, by all the factions alike, to be “One and Indivisible,”—to be preserved and firmly established, provided this might be accomplished and its government administered in accordance with the views of the only men in France, at once, capable of preserving true Republican principles,

and of conducting the affairs of State, to-wit: themselves; failing which, they were not only prepared to send king, nobles, priests, and other opposing factions of Republicans, suspected of being traitors to the Republic, to the scaffold, but, in thus upholding their own ideals of liberty and patriotism, were equally ready to face the same fate themselves, with a courage and constancy which even death could not shake.

"Citizens," exclaimed the eloquent Vergniaud, speaking in the National Convention, "there is but too much reason to dread that the Revolution, like Saturn, *will successively devour all its progeny*, and finally leave only despotism, with all its attendant calamities." A gruesome prophecy, which he and his noble, but too humane party—the lamented Girondins—were, but a few weeks later, destined to see only too fatally fulfilled, when mounting the scaffold in the Place de la Révolution, martyrs to their principles!

ROBESPIERRE

Maximilien Marie Isadore Robespierre was born in the small city of Arras, May 6, 1759, of good, though not noble parentage. He attended the college of Louis-le-Grand at Paris, where he studied with Camille Desmoulins and Stanislas Freron. In 1775 when Louis XVI. made his entry into Paris, he was chosen by his fellow-students to present to that monarch an address expressive of their homage and gratitude. One of the professors there, an admirer of the heroes of Rome, contributed greatly to develop the love of Republicanism in him, sur-named him "the Roman."

Assiduous and diligent he graduated with distinction, was admitted to the bar as an advocate and returned to Arras in 1781 to practice his profession. Having been appointed criminal judge at that place in 1782, *he resigned the position in a short time, rather than pronounce sentence of death upon a prisoner!* He resumed his practice at the bar. His argument upon the question of the legality of paratonnerres or lightning conductors, was widely reported, translated into English and German, and gave him a high reputation as an advocate, together with a lucrative practice.

Literature and social pleasures in refined circles at Arras also engaged his attention, and he was esteemed one of the most pleasing writers and amiable society men in that city, though he met with little success in essays for various literary prizes. He was consoled for these disappointments, however, in the Society of the Rosati at Arras, whose members prided themselves on being men of fashion and wit, and were accustomed to spend one evening each week in convivial entertainment, and in reading poems, *vers de société* and epigrams composed by the members. It was said that there the soft, sympathetic tones of his voice, which afterwards so deeply moved the Jacobin Club and the Sans-Culottes at Paris, always caused his indifferent verses to be loudly applauded by his admiring friends.

In those later years at Arras he had, also, read and studied with absorbing interest—as was likewise being done throughout France—the *Contrat Social* of Jean Jacques Rousseau, and had become not merely master of its contents, but, perhaps, one of the most earnest believers in its doctrines in the kingdom.

No man in Arras was held in greater esteem and con-

fidence by its people than was the rising, talented young advocate, Robespierre, a very pattern of decent morals, and of incorruptible integrity. In person he has been described as small, weak-eyed, rather effeminate looking, and having a complexion of a peculiar greenish hue, which, with his reputation for integrity, caused the historian Carlyle, who could not adequately express his abhorrence and contempt for Robespierre, to constantly refer to him as "the sea-green incorruptible."

Such were the gentle, refining influences which surrounded this kindly little advocate and gentleman of Arras—whom we have just seen resigning the important position of criminal judge, rather than condemn a prisoner to death—doubtless, as ignorant as every one else about him, of his possession of those unsuspected, appalling qualities, which, for all future time, have branded him, in the popular estimation, at all events, as a human tiger, and monster of cruelty, of cynical, cold-blooded indifference to human suffering.

Yet, Robespierre, the man who was so soon to drown France in blood, the man at whose right hand stood the guillotine, whose watchword was *TERROR*, then advocated the abolition of capital punishment, not only in his speeches at Arras, but urged the adoption of such a measure in the National Assembly itself, with all his power. These are the mysteries of minds!

His first essay in politics took place in 1788, when he took part in the discussion as to the manner in which the States-General should be elected. After a warm campaign he was elected in 1789, at the age of thirty years, fifth deputy by the *Tiers-Etat* of the province of Artois to the States-General, about to assemble at Versailles, to devise measures for the relief of the national treasury

from impending bankruptcy, and to revise existing methods of taxation and finance.

MEETING OF THE STATES-GENERAL

The 5th of May, 1789, was the day fixed by the royal proclamation for the opening of the States-General at Versailles: that was the **FIRST DAY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION**.

A religious ceremony, on the evening before, preceded the meeting of the Estates; the king, his family, his ministers, his court, and the deputies of the three orders composing the States-General, walked in procession from the church of Notre Dame to that of St. Louis to hear mass.

The ancient feudal distinctions were rigidly observed. First came the clergy in superb violet robes: next the nobility, in black dresses, with gold vests, lace cravats, and hats adorned with white plumes turned up *a la Henri IV.*: last, the Tiers-Etat, dressed in black, with short cloaks, muslin cravats, and hats without feathers. But, it was observed that the members of this class, however humble their attire, were equal to those of both the other orders combined. The last convocation of the States-General had taken place in 1614. When the Assembly met on the 5th of May, 1789, the deputies were introduced into the great hall in the same order of precedence, and seated according to the order established in that last convocation. The ministers then took their places. The king, the queen, the princes and a brilliant suite, then appeared. The loudest applause followed as Louis XVI. seated himself upon the throne, and when

he had concluded his speech and put on his own plumed hat, the three orders rose at the same instant and covered themselves; a thick buzz arose between the nobles and the Tiers-Etat of *Couvrez-vous, Decouvrez-vous* (Hats on! Hats off!), which his majesty ends by taking off his own hat again. These representatives of the People did not remain uncovered, and refused to speak only on their knees, as they had done when the Estates had last assembled! The Tiers-Etat was a remarkably body, and, we are told, numbered among its members a large proportion of the talent, and much of the energy of France.

The assembly was composed of 1165 members, of whom 293 were of the clergy, 270 of the noblesse, and 565 of the Tiers-Etat, the number of these last having been doubled by M. Necker's surrender to that demand. All classes regarded the convocation of the States-General with the greatest satisfaction, and all were unanimous in favour of the changes they were to make from which all were equally destined to suffer. One feature of the composition of the Tiers-Etat was that it contained 279 *lawyers*, who, as was said, did not correspond to the barristers of England, but, "were provincial advocates, stewards of petty local jurisdictions, country attorneys, notaries, and the whole train of the ministers of municipal litigation, the fomenters of petty war and village vexation," but many, nevertheless, of talent and oratorical power. "From the moment," says Mr. Burke, "that I read a list of their names, and saw this, I foresaw distinctly, and very nearly as it happened, all that was to follow."

Carlyle speaks of it as, "Probably the strangest body of men, if we consider well, that ever met together on

our planet on such an errand. So many heterogeneities cast together into the fermenting-vat: there, with incalculable action, counter-action, elective affinities, explosive developments to work healing for a sick, moribund system of society. . . . Nevertheless, in that immeasurable confusion and corruption, which struggles there so blindly to become less confused and corrupt, there is this one salient point of a new life discernible—the deep fixed determination to have done with *Shams*. A determination which, consciously or unconsciously, is *fixed*: which waxes ever more fixed, into very madness and fixed-idea; which, in such embodiment as lies provided there, shall now unfold itself rapidly; monstrous, stupendous, unspeakable; new for long thousands of years!”

The aristocratic party now saw the danger of M. Necker's concession doubling the number of the members of the Tiers-Etat, and used every effort to secure the support of all the nobles and clergy, some of whom were suspected of leaning towards the Tiers-Etat.

Their plan was *to prevent everything, by conceding nothing*; to control Paris by the presence of the army, the deputies of the people by the influence of the nobility, and the wavering clergy by promises of preferment. Above all, there must continue the ancient custom of separate places of meeting for the three orders, and voting by each body as a separate order, which would enable the nobility and the clergy, with two votes to one for the Tiers-Etat, to nullify any action the latter might take.

Accordingly, on the day following the religious ceremonies, the nobles and the clergy organized themselves in their separate halls, while the Tiers-Etat, to whom the large Salle des Menus had been assigned on account of

their numbers, met and there waited, or professed to wait, for the other two orders to join them, fully comprehending the purpose of the separate organizations of those orders, and determined to defeat it, at any cost. This conflict in the organization and methods of procedure of the three orders it was, which precipitated the first conflicts between the throne, supported by the noblesse and the clergy, on the one hand, and the Tiers-Etat on the other.

The deputies of the Tiers-Etat alleged that they could not verify their powers till they were joined by the whole Estates, while the clergy and the noblesse had already verified theirs in their chambers apart, and announced their readiness for business, as thus organized and acting. The Tiers-Etat determined to resist the beginnings: to pause—and with twenty-five millions behind one, that may become resistance enough. As Carlyle observes: “The inorganic mass of commons deputies will restrict itself to a system of inertia, and for the present remain inorganic. Such methods, recommendable alike to sagacity and to timidity, do the commons deputies adopt; and not without adroitness, and with evermore tenacity, they persist in it day after day, week after week. For six weeks their history is of the kind named barren, which indeed, as philosophy knows, is often the fruitfullest of all. These were their still creation-days, wherein they sat incubating! In fact, what they did was to do nothing in a judicious manner. Daily the inorganic body reassembles; regrets that they cannot get organization, verification of powers in common, and begin regenerating France. Headlong motions may be made, but let such be repressed, inertia alone is unpunishable and unconquerable.

"Cunning must be met by cunning, proud pretension by inertia. . . . Speeches are spoken, eloquent, audible within doors and without. Mind agitates itself against mind, the nation looks on with ever deeper interest. Thus do the commons deputies sit incubating."

For several weeks they daily met in their great hall, and waited vainly for the accession of the other orders. They attempted nothing, but simply trusted to the power of inaction to compel the submission of their opponents. Their refusal to organize separately from the other orders produced a complete dead-lock in all legislation, while the urgent state of the national finances, the increasing scarcity of wheat, and the increasing disorders throughout the kingdom, demanded immediate measures of relief.

The force of public opinion was already strongly upon their side, and crowds of all classes daily came to Versailles from Paris to encourage the members in their patriotic resistance to the measures of the court and the other two orders to nullify the power of the representatives of the people.

During the discussion of this vital issue, the clergy, acting as conciliators, made an adroit effort to entrap the Tiers-Etat into separate action, by sending to them a deputation, headed by the Archbishop of Aix, to make a pathetic appeal about the "dearth of grains," and the increasing distress of the country people, concluding by urging that several deputies from their body should instantly be appointed to confer with some of the nobles and clergy, on the best means of relieving their sufferings. The Tiers-Etat, who did not wish to take such a step, and also feared to compromise themselves with the people by refusing it, were at a loss how to act, on the

spur of the moment, when a young deputy, hitherto unnoticed in the assembly, rose and said: "Go and tell your colleagues, that if they are so impatient to assuage the sufferings of the poor, let them come to this hall to unite themselves with their friends; tell them no longer to retard our operations by affected delays: tell them it is in vain to employ stratagems like this to induce us to alter our firm resolutions. Rather let them, as worthy imitators of their master, renounce a luxury which consumes the funds of indigence; dismiss those insolent lackeys who attend them; sell their superb equipages, and convert these vile superfluities into aliment for the poor."

Loud applause greeted this well-timed speech, and every one asked for the name of the young deputy who had so well expressed the public feeling. His name afterwards made every man in France tremble: it was MAXIMILIEN ROBESPIERRE.

Finally, on the 27th day of May, Mirabeau, judging the time to be at hand for action, proposes that "the inertia cease"; that leaving the proud nobility to its own stiff ways, the clergy be summoned "in the name of the God of peace," to join the Tiers-Etat, and BEGIN! 148 of the clergy were already prepared to desert their own order, and shortly did so. Meanwhile the demands of the Tiers-Etat daily increased with the indecision of their adversaries.

It was no longer a question of whether they should constitute themselves the representatives of the nation: the only doubt was, what title they should assume. A serious dispute arose over this, and the debate which lasted till past midnight was conducted with the utmost vehemence; the cries of the opposition drowned the voices of the speakers, while the wind, blowing with ter-

rific violence, shook the hall and rattled the windows loudly and greatly increased the tumult and noise. Mirabeau proposed that of Representatives of the French People; Mounier that of Deliberative Majority in the absence of the Minority; Legrande that of the National Assembly. At last the minority wearied by a fruitless opposition, yielded, and at one in the morning of the 17th of June, 1789, it was resolved, by a vote of 491 to 90, to assume the title of THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY. Notice was then sent to the other orders that they would now proceed to organize themselves, with or without their adherence, which they immediately afterward did under that noble appellation. Their next step was to declare all taxes illegal, except those voted by themselves, or during the period when they were sitting. The fears of investors in the public debt were relieved by the passage of a bill for its consolidation, while the alarm of the people was quieted by the appointment of a committee to watch over the public subsistence.

The court and the aristocratical party were thunder-struck by these bold and aggressive measures, and were plainly at a loss what steps to take to counteract the power of this formidable new National Assembly, which, it was evident, intended to assume control of the affairs of the country. No language can describe the enthusiasm which these decisive measures excited throughout France. "A single day," it was declared, "has destroyed eight hundred years of prejudice and slavery. The nation has recovered its rights, and reason resumed its sway."

On the 20th of June, the heralds-at-arms in Versailles proclaimed that the king would meet the Estates on the 23rd and on the same day the doors of the hall of the

Tiers-Etat were closed by the royal guards to the deputies. Bailly, the president, finding the doors closed by the orders of the king, protested against the despotic violence of the crown and repaired with the deputies to an adjoining tennis-court, which was filled with a great crowd of spectators. The following oath (celebrated afterwards as the Tennis-Court Oath) was instantly tendered to the deputies, and first taken by Bailly himself:

“The National Assembly, considering that they have been convoked to fix the constitution of the kingdom, to regenerate the public order and fix the true principles of the monarchy: that nothing can prevent them from continuing their deliberations, and completing the important work committed to their charge; and that, wherever their members are assembled, there is the National Assembly of France, Decree, that all the members now assembled shall instantly take an oath never to separate; and, if dispersed, to reassemble wherever they can, until the constitution of the kingdom, and the regeneration of the public order are established on a solid basis.”

On the 22nd of June, as the tennis-court had also been closed to them, they met in the church of St. Louis, where they were joined by 148 of the clergy who participated in their feelings, and were resolved to share their dangers. This great addition to their strength rendered their victory certain if they united in one assembly with the other orders, or merely continued by themselves. On the next day the famous sitting of the 23rd of June took place. The king seated himself on the throne, surrounded by his guards, and the full splendour of the court; he was received in sullen silence. After sharply condemning the course of the Tiers-Etat, he prescribed the form of the meeting of the Estates, and ordered their

assemblage by three orders, as essentially linked with the constitution of the State; he regulated the form of their deliberations: annulled all the declarations of the so-called National Assembly of the 17th of June as contrary to law: reserved to the crown the right of regulating the future meetings of the States-General, and closed their deliberations against the public.

He then gave an exposition of the rights which he conceded to his people, which were, in fact, of generous extent, and abolished many of the gravest abuses under which the country had so long suffered, particularly the pecuniary privileges, and exemption from taxation of the nobles and clergy. In conclusion, he menaced the deputies with his vengeance if they resisted; threatened to dissolve them, and concluded by commanding them to adjourn, leave the hall immediately, and meet on the next day in their separate chambers. The clergy and the nobles obeyed; the Tiers-Etat and part of the clergy did not adjourn and remained in the hall. Upon this the master of ceremonies of the court, the Marquis de Brézé, bearing his black and white striped wand of office, entered the room, and in loud, haughty tones demanding to know whether, "You have not heard the king's orders!"

Mirabeau, in defiant thundering tones replied: "Yes, monsieur, we have heard what the king was advised to say, and you, who cannot be the interpreter of his orders to the States-General; you, who have neither place nor right of speech here; *you* are not the man to remind us of it! Go, monsieur, tell those who sent you that we are here by the will of the people, and that we will not be expelled but at the point of the bayonet!"

"Messieurs," added the Abbé Siêyes calmly, "you are to-day what you were yesterday. Let us deliberate."

The assembly, full of resolution and dignity, began the debate accordingly. On that day the royal authority was lost. The initiative in law, and moral power passed from the monarch to the Assembly. The division in distinct orders or chambers soon ceased to exist legally and quickly disappeared; the futile pre-eminence of rank claimed by the nobility and the clergy vanished before the national authority. It was thenceforth but too evident that the legislative revolution had triumphed over all the opposition it had encountered. The Assembly immediately declared its members inviolable, and proclaimed every one who should offer them violence a traitor, infamous, and guilty of a capital crime. It then proceeded to deliberate on the maintenance of its resolutions of the 17th of June, which the king had annulled as contrary to law at the meeting of the Estates on the 23rd. "The first of these resolutions," said the deputy Barnave, "has declared what you are; the second relates to the taxes, which you alone have a right to grant; the third is the oath to do your duty. None of these measures needs the royal sanction. The king cannot prevent that to which his assent is not required." The Assembly voted unanimously for upholding these resolutions. The want of resolution on the part of Louis XVI. was never more apparent than at this crisis. To his natural timidity had been added the unfortunate influence exercised over him by Maurepas, his choice for prime minister on his accession to the throne.

The Marquis de Maurepas, though not destitute of good qualities, has been described as "a frivolous old courtier, who treated the most trivial things as serious, and the most serious things as trivial." He had accustomed the king to the use of half-measures and a policy

of temporization. And though death had removed him from his post some time before, the effects of his teachings and methods were fatally felt in the irresolute course the king was about to take.

By the 27th of June the last of the other two houses,—yielding to the commands and even entreaties of the king, who declared that he, “would not expose his faithful nobles in so unequal a struggle; that he would not suffer a single person to perish on his account”—with the utmost unwillingness repaired to the National Assembly, to disappear and be lost amid its immense majority opposing their views.

And thus was accomplished the first phase of the Revolution. The full legislative power was now in the hands of the people, who prepared to maintain it against the evident purpose of the royalists to use the army and the judicial power to undo all that had been done, for these ancient rights and privileges were sanctioned by laws, which must now be invoked to uphold them.

The first and most important of all the duties of the National Assembly was the formation of a constitution which should proclaim and guarantee all those rights essential in an enlightened social state. In order to give regularity to the proceedings, a committee, composed of the most moderate members of the Assembly, was appointed to measure their extent and arrange their distribution. Among the great majority of its members there was, as yet, no thought of disturbing or changing the existing monarchical form of government to any other, and still less of employing violence towards it, when the deliberations over the constitution began. It was also requisite to make laws: to superintend the administration without encroaching on the executive au-

thority: and to provide against the many difficulties raised by an ill-disposed government, the opposition of interests, the conflict of opinions, and the impatience of a newly enfranchised populace.

The nobility had come into its ranks with ill-concealed reluctance, and only upon a promise that its union with them should be of short duration. The court had yielded with regret and having somewhat recovered from its alarm, began secretly making preparations for dissolving the National Assembly by main force. For this purpose, fifteen regiments, mostly Swiss and Germans, were assembled in the environs of Paris, under the command of Marshal de Broglie, and the Baron de Besenval. The courtiers at Versailles, in their exultation and desire for vengeance, betrayed this design, and thus compromised their plans.

The deputies, now put upon their guard, became irritated, and turned their attention to the means of resistance. The court was conspiring—the popular party would conspire, too!

Mirabeau was of opinion that the surest way of intimidating power was to force it to discuss, publicly, the measures which it was seen to take. To this end it must be denounced openly. If it hesitated to reply, if it had recourse to evasion, it would be condemned; the nation would be warned and roused. On motion of Mirabeau the discussion of the constitution was suspended; and he then proposed to solicit the king to remove the troops. It was stated in this communication to the king, that it was known now to all that fresh troops were daily advancing; that all the communications were intercepted; that the bridges, the promenades were converted into military posts; that circumstances, public and secret,

hasty orders and counter-orders, met all eyes, and were the heralds of war.

To the deputation which presented this address, the king made an unsatisfactory reply as to the purpose of the concentration of the troops at Versailles and Paris, but added that if the Assembly felt any apprehensions he would remove it to Soissons or Noyon. The Assembly declined to withdraw from the capital and to place itself between two encampments of troops. Mirabeau observed that, "We demanded the withdrawal of the troops, and not permission to flee before them!" M. Necker, the prime minister, openly disapproved of the assemblage of troops, while the court continued its hostile measures without any further concealment. On the 11th of July the ministry was completely changed, and replaced by men known to be hostile to the popular party; among them was M. Foulon who had openly made the bitter, contemptuous remark, "that the people ought to eat grass!" M. Necker received with his dismissal an order to quit the kingdom. With this order was also a note from the king, in which he stated that he could not prevent his removal, and begged him to leave privately, for fear of public disturbances. M. Necker, justifying the confidence of the king, set out the same evening, without notice to his daughter even or his friends, and was far advanced on the road to Brussels before it was known in Paris what had happened.

The utmost alarm already prevailed in Versailles, and the Assembly beheld with dismay the long columns of cavalry and artillery which filled the streets.

To a deputation about to wait upon the king, Mirabeau, more aroused than ever, said: "Tell the king that the foreign hordes of Swiss and Germans by which we are

invested were yesterday invited by the princes, the he-favourites, and the she-favourites, and received their caresses, their exhortations, and their presents. Tell him that the livelong night these foreign satellites, gorged with money and with wine, have been predicting in their impious songs, the subjugation of France, and that their brutal wishes invoked the destruction of the National Assembly. Tell him that, in his very palace, the courtiers mingled with their dances the sound of that barbarous music, and that such was the prelude to the massacre of St. Bartholomew!"

The news of the dismissal of the Necker ministry caused the greatest alarm in Paris when it was known the next day, Sunday, July 12th. Eye-witnesses thus described what followed: "Fury immediately succeeded to alarm; the theatres were closed; the Palais Royal resounded with the cry, 'To arms'; Camille Desmoulins, springs to a table in the gardens with a pistol in each hand. 'Citizens,' cried he, 'the moment for action is arrived; the dismissal of M. Necker is the signal for a St. Bartholomew of the patriots; this very evening the Swiss and German battalions will issue from the Champ de Mars to massacre us! Friends! shall we die like hunted hares? The hour is come, the supreme hour of Frenchman and Man; when oppressors are to try conclusions with oppressed, and the word is, Swift death, or deliverance forever! Let Paris, let France, as with the throat of the whirlwind, sound only, To arms!' 'To arms!' yell the responsive multitude, like one great voice, while all faces wax fire-eyed, all hearts burn up into madness. He plucked a leaf, as a rallying sign, made of it a cockade—placed it in his hat and exhorted the people to follow his example. The trees were instantly stripped."

The people then marched to a museum containing busts in wax, and securing those of M. Necker and the Duke of Orleans, who was threatened, it was said, with exile because of his sympathy with the new movement, marched through the streets bearing them aloft. As they were marching through the Rue St. Honoré, near the Place Vendome, they were charged by a detachment of the Royal German regiment, which was put to flight by showers of stones; but the dragoons of Prince Lambesc having come up, the procession was broken, and driven into the garden of the Tuileries. The bearer of one of the busts and a soldier of the disaffected regiment of the Gardes Francaises, were killed; theirs was the first blood shed in the Revolution.

When the news of this encounter reached the barracks of the Gardes Francaises, that regiment, consisting of 3,600 picked men, broke down the iron railings in front of their barracks, and fired a volley upon the dragoons which obliged them to retreat; they pursued them to the gardens of the Tuileries, and drew up in order of battle in front of the people, and between them and the royal troops. The troops in the Champ de Mars were ordered to advance and dislodge the mutinous Gardes Francaises; they were received by a discharge of musketry, but refused to return the fire. From this moment, the monarchy was lost; the household troops had revolted; and the remainder of the army refused to act against the people.

The troops of the line were withdrawn to Versailles; it seemed as if the court was more intent on intimidating the National Assembly there, than upon closing the gulf of insurrection, already yawning beneath their feet in Paris. *Blood had now been sprinkled in the faces of the*

people, whose answer was the storming of the Bastile, on the 14th day of July, 1789—a day that will forever remain memorable in the annals of Freedom!

The relation of the events leading up to the peaceful legislative triumph at Versailles, whereby the Tiers-Etat had absorbed both the other Orders and become the National Assembly of France; and, also, to the second great popular victory over royalty, culminating in bloodshed and the destruction of the long-dreaded prison of the Bastile, has been attempted in order that the reader may thus have a clearer understanding—than might, perhaps, be the case otherwise—of the actual conditions to which both sides had arrived, at the outset of the long struggle which was about to usher in, not merely the impending tragedy of Royalty, Church and Nobility, but, the even greater tragedy of the conflict of opinion among the Republicans themselves, no less bitter than that against their common foes, and ending in a carnival of successive exterminative butcheries by the opposing factions, as one triumphed over another, without a parallel in modern times.

At this point it is that we return to the career of the strange character who is the subject of this Paper.

Among the many brilliant orators and commanding figures who were conspicuous in the earlier days of the National Assembly, Robespierre was completely overshadowed; he deeply felt and resented his obscure position among these first chiefs of the Revolution, and silently resolved to stand one day without a rival among them. Without the fervour, or eloquence of Rousseau, he had adopted him as his master and inspiration; but he possessed a fanatical zeal, a singleness of purpose, an obstinate adherence to his declarations of the principles



ABBE SIEYES
VERGNIAUD

MIRABEAU

TALLEYRAND
TALLIEN

he had imbibed from the Contrat Social, which at last procured him some attention among twelve hundred debating deputies.

He paid assiduous court to Mirabeau, who regarded him with mingled dislike and contempt, and hung about him so persistently in the streets and public squares that he was at last called in derision "Mirabeau's ape." But, nothing daunted, the young deputy from Arras, never ceased to preach the doctrines of Rousseau to the multitude, and upon the floor of the Assembly, whenever he could secure the chance to speak, where he was already remarked for the one quality which was to lead him to supremacy over all his rivals—he was a persistent, obstinate fanatic, of incorruptible morals. Mirabeau, gazing upon him with scrutinizing attention, said, "*That young man believes what he says: he will go far.*"

Believing that his doctrines would have little success in the Assembly, he turned to the Jacobins Club, which had begun to admit among its members various leaders of the Parisian *bourgeoisie* and large numbers of the more intelligent artisans and small traders: it was among such men that Robespierre found the hearers he sought. The fanatical leader had found fanatics to follow him. They did more than listen to him: they idolized him, and their ultimate supremacy became merely a question of time.

To these ardent Jacobins, Robespierre said: "The principle of democratic government is VIRTUE, and its engine while establishing itself is TERROR. We desire to substitute, in our country, morality for selfishness, probity for honour, principles for usages, duties for decorums, the empire of reason for the tyranny of fashion, the contempt of vice for the contempt of poverty,

pride for insolence, greatness of soul for vanity, the love of glory for the love of money, good men for good company, merit for intrigue, genius for wit, truth for show, the charm of genuine happiness for the *ennui* of pleasure, the greatness of man for the littleness of the great, a magnanimous, powerful, and happy people, for an amiable, frivolous, and wretched people—that is to say, all the virtues and all the miracles of the Republic for all the vices and all the absurdities of the monarchy.”

After hearing his speeches, the young St. Just, already remarked for the brilliant qualities he had displayed, thus addressed Robespierre in a letter dated August, 1790; “I know you not, but you are a great man; you are not merely the deputy of a province; you are the deputy of Humanity and the Republic.” The two fanatics had recognized each other: and they there began together that strange career of revolutionary fervour and violence, which was only to end when they, too, should mount the scaffold together, in the Place de la Révolution, to which they had been the means of consigning such multitudes of every opposing class and faction.

As his influence increased in the Jacobins, and its own power advanced with gigantic strides over all France, the activities of Robespierre increased to an almost incredible extent. It was remarked of him that, “His firm step and quick pace announced great activity and energy of temper. Absorbed in his boundless plans, he frequently folded and compressed his hands, in the same manner as persons, when full of thought, are insensibly guilty of the most fantastic motions; That his ceaseless flood of speeches, “are entirely on morality, and the interest of the people. He professes principles, nothing but principles. The partisan of absolute right, the man

who constantly spoke of virtue, and whose sad and serious countenance seemed its very image, became the favourite of the people. The more he was disliked by the Assembly, where we have seen him laughed at and coughed down, the more he was relished by the galleries."

Says Michelet, "As a man of principles, and ever protesting in their favour, he seldom explained himself about their application, or ventured on the dangerous ground of ways and means. He said what *ought* to be done, but very seldom *how* it could be done. Nothing was wanting for him to become eminent, than that France should also believe what he said: and that time was fast approaching."

Having been attacked by some of the orators at the Jacobins Club, which was, also, a hot-bed of Atheism, for attributing their salvation from invasion to Providence, which they regarded as mere superstition, Robespierre at once mounted the tribune and uttered this eloquent reply:

"Superstition, it is true, is one of the supports of despotism; but it is not leading mankind into superstition to pronounce the name of the divinity. I detest, as much as any one, all those impious sects who spread themselves abroad through the universe to favour ambition, fanaticism and all the passions; clothing themselves in the sacred name of the Eternal who has created nature and humanity; but I am far from confounding religion with this. I maintain those eternal principles upon which human weakness rests itself as the basis of virtue. It is no vain language in my mouth, any more than in those of the most illustrious men who all believed in the existence of God. (Here many voices interrupted him and began shouting, "To the order of the day!") "No,

messieurs," exclaimed Robespierre, "you shall not stifle my voice; there is no order of the day that can stifle this truth! I shall continue to develop those principles which are rooted in my soul, and which are avowed by all defenders of liberty. I do not intend to enter here upon a religious discussion; but I must justify everything which is connected with the address presented to this society. To invoke Providence, as the expression of the idea of a supreme being who essentially influences the destinies of nations—who seems to me to watch with a peculiar love over the French Revolution—that is not too bold, for it is the sentiment of my heart; a sentiment necessary to me, who, in the Constituent Assembly surrounded by every passion and by vile intrigues—environed by so many enemies—have always sustained myself alone. How could I be equal to the struggles which are above human strength if I had not elevated my soul to God? This divine sentiment has been a full compensation to me for all the advantages offered to those who have betrayed the people! I name Providence, that which others, perhaps, would prefer to call Chance."

"When speaking at the club," says Lacretelle, "Robespierre had a trick of addressing the people in such honeyed terms as 'Poor people'—'Virtuous people!'—which never failed of producing an effect upon his ferocious audience."

It was in this lower sphere in which he moved that he excited enthusiasm by his dogmatism and by his reputation for incorruptibility. It was his reputation, thus founded upon the blind passions and moderate understandings of his fanatical followers in the Jacobins Club, which speedily began to procure for him a hearing and

a consideration in the National Assembly itself that would, otherwise, have been beyond his reach.

A vast field had been opened in the clubs, the sections, and the revolutionary papers, and the agitation extended throughout France. As at first conducted, the clubs had merely fulfilled the rôle of agitators, at least, during the life-time of the National Assembly, which could not contain all the ambitious, who, therefore, betook themselves to the clubs, where they found a theatre for their declamation and passions. There were found all who longed to speak, to agitate themselves, that is to say, a large part of the nation.

THE CLUBS OF PARIS

These clubs consisted merely of voluntary associations of individuals, who met to discuss public affairs, but from the numbers and talent of their members soon exercised a tremendous influence on the course of events. The oldest as well as the most powerful of these was the famous Club of the JACOBINS, originally an assembly of Breton deputies, who met for the discussion of philosophical questions in the early days of the National Assembly at Versailles, but who, after the removal of the Assembly to Paris, extended their ramifications throughout the provinces, and, by the admission of every citizen indiscriminately, became the great focus of revolutionary principles. It had at first leased only the Hall of the Jacobin Convent, become one of the "superfluous edifices," since the confiscation of the Estates of the Church.

Carlyle thus pictures it: "Glance into the interior: strongly yet modestly benched and seated; as many as

Thirteen Hundred chosen patriots; Assembly members not a few. Barnave, the two Lameths are seen there; occasionally Mirabeau, perpetually Robespierre; also the ferret-visage of Fouquier-Tinville with other attorneys; Anarcharsis Clootz of Prussian Scythia, and miscellaneous Patriots,—though all is yet in the most perfectly clean-washed state; decent, nay dignified. President on platform, President's bell are not wanting; oratorical Tribune high-raised; nor strangers' galleries, wherein also sit women. . . . These friends of the Constitution have met mainly, as their name may foreshadow, to look after Elections when an Election comes, and procure fit men: but likewise to consult generally that the Commonweal take no damage; one as yet sees not how. . . . This Jacobins Club, which at first shone resplendent, and was thought to be a new celestial Sun for enlightening the Nations, had, as all things have, to work through its appointed phases: it burned unfortunately more and more lurid, more sulphurous, distracted;—and swam at last, through the astonished Heaven, like a Tartarian Portent, and lurid-burning Prison of Spirits in Pain.

“Its style of eloquence? Rejoice reader that thou knowest it not, that thou canst never perfectly know. The Jacobins published a Journal of Debates, where they that have the heart may examine; impassioned, dull-droning patriotic eloquence; implacable, unfertile—save for Destruction, which was indeed its work: most wearisome though most deadly. . . . The Jacobins are buried; but their work is not: it continues making the tour of the world as it can.”

“All dies as we often say; except the spirit of man, of what man *does*. Thus has not the very House of the

Jacobins vanished : the St. Honoré Market has brushed it away, and now where dull-droning eloquence, like a Trump of Doom, once shook the world, there is peaceful chaffering for poultry and greens. The sacred National Assembly Hall itself has become common ground ; President's platform permeable to wain and dust-cart ; for the Rue de Rivoli runs there."

An active, direct correspondence kept up the zeal of the affiliated societies throughout the country, some three hundred in number, while the societies indirectly corresponding rose to the incredible number of forty-four thousand, reaching into the remotest districts and hamlets in France ; under the specious pretense of securing "uniformity of opinion," they subjected the will of all the provinces to their dictation, thus acquiring a power and an energy so great that they finally overturned the government and inaugurated the Reign of Terror.

Numerous rival clubs, such as the Club of 1789, of the Feuillans, of Clichy, of Le Monarchique, the Cordeliers, and others, sought to gain the ascendancy, but the moderate, conservative men who composed most of these were overcome and dispersed or destroyed in the succeeding contests by the ferocious Jacobins. "It was early seen in the Revolution," said Louvet, one of the most distinguished of the Girondins, "that the men with poignards, would sooner or later carry the day against the men with principles ; and that the latter, upon the first reverse, must prepare for exile or death."

THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY

It is not designed to set forth the eventful history of the period coincident with the existence of the National Assembly itself, which would far transcend the limits of this work. At best, reference can only be made to the general course of events, and to some of the discussions thereon, which characterize that memorable period extending from the 5th of May, 1789, to the 29th of September, 1791, when it declared its labours at an end, and made way for the new Legislative Assembly, as it was termed, for the constituting and election of which it had already provided.

The fall of the Bastille on the 14th of July, 1789, marked that of the military power of the monarchy. Agitation and terror had spread from thence over all the provinces. The towns having shaken off their fetters, the people of the country determined to shake off theirs. They armed themselves and organized into bands which formed the basis for a national guard. They refused to pay the feudal dues; they murdered landholders who had been oppressive, or drove them away: they set fire to their chateaux, and burned their title-deeds. The troops of the line all supported the popular movement, and in less than a fortnight nearly every vestige of the ancient authority had vanished, and been replaced by that emanating from the people.

At this time the National Assembly was discussing the famous Declaration of the Rights of Man, since denounced by Edmund Burke as "a Digest of Anarchy." "The real object," declared Mr. Burke, "of all this, was to level all those institutions, and sever all those con-

nexions, natural, religious, and civil, which hold together society by a chain of subordination: to raise soldiers against their officers, tradesmen against their landlords, curates against their bishops, children against their parents."

It had, at first, been debated whether there should be such a declaration or not, but it had been decided finally, on the 4th of August, that it should be made and placed at the head of the constitution. The first idea of it had been suggested by Lafayette who had borrowed it from the Americans. Having framed the declaration, the Assembly then began the consideration of the constitution. Meantime further disorders broke out in the provinces and fearful massacres followed. And in Paris itself the increasing scarcity of grain and provisions, coupled with the cessation of nearly all industries, and the practical disappearance of coin from circulation, had resulted in conditions so nearly resembling famine, that serious disorders broke out, and bread-riots, resulting in the famous Insurrection of Women, caused the greatest embarrassment. The national finances were nearing bankruptcy, as loans could not be had, on any terms, with a deficit of 200,000,000 francs already existing in the revenue.

Further insurrections at Versailles, resulting partly from the discovery of the intended flight of the king and royal family to Metz, caused their removal to Paris where they thenceforth resided at the Tuileries, until committed to the Temple prison. The emigration of the nobles, to Germany and other countries, now began on a great scale, many following the Count d'Artois to Turin, and a still greater number taking refuge at Coblenz and in the neighbouring German States, where

they at once began their organization into several corps, with the avowed intention of marching on Paris, aided by allied Austrian and Prussian armies, to deliver the royal family, overthrow the National Assembly, undo all it had done, and restore to every one his lost property and privileges.

The necessities of the National treasury had, by this time, become so urgent that some decisive measure of relief had to be adopted to avoid absolute bankruptcy. In casting about for some relief, the vast landed estates of the Church, *amounting to nearly a third of France*, and worth several thousand millions of francs, appeared to offer the readiest and most available resource. It was, therefore, determined to appropriate the whole of it to the uses of the State. Talleyrand, bishop of Autun, proposed to the clergy the patriotic idea that they should renounce it in favour of the nation in this period of distress, but the clergy instantly rose against this proposition, and resisted it by every means in their power. The National Assembly decided, after a stormy debate December 2, 1789, however, that, "The clergy were not *proprietors*, but simple *depositories* of the wealth that the piety of kings and of the faithful had devoted to religion, and that the nation, on providing for the service of public worship, *had the right to recall such property*." From that moment dated the hatred and the determined opposition of the clergy to the Revolution.

The government issued paper money, called AS-SIGNATS, in vast amounts, based upon portions of the confiscated crown and church domains, against which they were "Assigned," as it was termed, and hence the name, bearing interest, at first, and, finally declared a

legal tender for debts. The clergy, viewing this measure as a writ of execution against their possessions, opposed it by every means in their power. The utmost efforts were made by the Church to excite public opinion against the Revolution, and the sale of the ecclesiastical estates was denounced as sacrilegious in the highest degree. But all their efforts were in vain. After many tumults, and some bloodshed, they were everywhere dispossessed of their enormous possessions, which were for so long to support the Revolution, and which did so much towards the establishment of human rights and liberty.

The fiscal measures of the Revolutionary Governments are classified and summarized in the following vast totals, the amount of which is so great that it would tax the resources even of the richest countries today:

	Francs
Emissions of Assignats	7,550,000,000
Emissions of Mandats	2,422,000,000
Forced Loans from the Rich.	2,000,000,000
Sales of National Domains, (mostly of the Clergy and Nobility)	3,325,000,000
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A grand total of 15,297,000,000 francs, of which the depreciation was so great that two-thirds were repudiated, under the Act of National Bankruptcy which followed, in order to re-establish the finances.

All the allies of the Church, adverse to anything that aided the Revolution, cried out against paper money, as not being, like specie, "a physical actuality." Whatever might be said against the issue of the assignats as a financial measure, it was necessary as a political measure:

it saved the national treasury from impending bankruptcy, enabled France to maintain immense armies in the field when the wars broke out, and it divided the real property of the country, in a regulated manner, among several millions of small proprietors without the aid of an agrarian law. Thenceforth the citizenship of France acquired from these landed possessions an independence and a comfort which it still preserves, after more than a century of increasing wealth and power, until to-day that country possesses, probably, more actual, available wealth than any other nation.

In the Assembly it was proposed that the king should be interrogated as to the intended flight to Metz, which had been frustrated. Robespierre maintained that the sovereigns ought to be interrogated by the same tribunal as any subject under arrest. "When they are," said he, "to account for their conduct to the nation, they are no more than citizens. It is said, we ought not to disgrace the royal family. I think we ought not. But who can be disgraced by submitting to the law?"

After the flight of the king and royal family to Varennes, where their journey towards Coblenz was interrupted, and the royal fugitives brought back to Paris, Louis was, by a decree of the Assembly, provisionally suspended from his functions, and a body of national guards placed over him, the queen and the royal family. All were examined at great length by a committee of the Assembly, who failed, however, in extracting anything tending to incriminate them.

The object of the Republicans was said to be to make the flight of the king the immediate pretext for his dethronement and death; that of the Constitutionals to

preserve the throne. The debate on the report of the committee, participated in by opposing leaders, developed the principles on both sides. The inviolability of the king's person, already solemnly assured by the Assembly in the new constitution, was the basis of the argument on the constitutional side.

"To admit," said Robespierre, in answer, "the inviolability of the king for acts which are personal to himself, is to establish a god upon earth. We can allow no fiction to consecrate impunity to crime, or give any man a right to bathe our families in blood. But you have decreed, it is said, this inviolability: so much the worse. An authority more powerful than that of the constitution now condemns it; the authority of reason, the Conscience of the people, the duty of providing for their safety. The Constitution has not decreed the absolute inviolability of the sovereign; it has only declared him not answerable for the acts of his ministers. To this privilege, already immense, are you prepared to add an immunity from every personal offense—from perjury, murder, or robbery? Shall we, who have leveled so many other distinctions, leave this, the most dangerous of them all? Ask of England if she recognizes such an impunity in her sovereigns? Would you behold a beloved son murdered before your eyes by a furious king, and hesitate to deliver him over to criminal justice? Enact laws which punish all crimes without exceptions, or suffer the people to avenge them for themselves. You have heard the oaths of the king. Where is the jurymen who, after having heard his manifesto and the account of his journey, would hesitate to declare him guilty of perjury, that is, felony towards the nation? The king is inviolable; but so are you. Do you now

contend for his privilege to murder with impunity millions of his subjects? Do you dare to pronounce the king innocent, when the nation have declared him guilty? Consult its good sense, since your own has abandoned you. I am called a Republican; whether I am or not, I declare my conviction, that any form of government is better than that of a feeble monarch, alternately the prey of contending factions."

"Regenerators of the empire," said Barnave, in reply, "you have already shown that you have courage enough to destroy the abuses of power; now is the time to demonstrate that you have the wisdom to protect the institutions you have formed. What would the trial of a king be but the proclamation of a republic? You are justly proud of having closed a revolution without a parallel in the annals of the world: you are now called on to commence a new one: to open a gulf to which no human wisdom can see the bottom; in which laws, lives, and property would be alike swallowed up. You have created liberty; beware of substituting in its stead a violent and sanguinary despotism. Be assured that those who now propose to pass sentence on the king, will do the same to yourselves when you first thwart their ambition. The world hitherto has been awed by the powers we have developed; let them now be charmed by the gentleness which graces them." Moved by these generous sentiments, the Assembly adopted the report of the committee with only seven dissenting votes.

A great tumult had occurred at the Jacobins over the flight to Varennes, and a petition had been drawn up by Danton, Robespierre and other extremists, praying the Assembly to declare that the king was deposed as a perfidious traitor to his oaths, and that it would, by every

constitutional means, supply his place. This petition was placed on the Altar of the Country, in the Champ de Mars, where great crowds hastened to sign,—many, very many, with crosses. But while this was going on, the Assembly had passed the decree freeing the king from blame, so that it was then too late to petition. A general insurrection was, therefore, prepared for the next day. The most inflammatory harangues were immediately placarded all over Paris. “We will repair,” said they, “to the Field of the Federation, and a hundred thousand men will dethrone the perjured king. That day will be the last of all the friends of treason.”

An immense crowd, of ferocious aspect, led by Danton, Marat, Robespierre and others appeared on the Field the 17th of July, and having refused to listen to the proclamation of Martial Law, and attacked the National Guard, Lafayette ordered the troops to open fire, which brought down above a hundred of the patriots. In an instant the crowd fled in all directions. Robespierre, Danton, Marat, Desmoulins fled for their lives; their followers were completely discouraged for the time; Robespierre hid himself for several days, deeming himself insecure notwithstanding his inviolability as a deputy. But the Assembly declined to follow up their success by closing the Jacobins and other rabid clubs, with the result that seeing themselves unpunished, they regained courage, soon reappeared and pressed the march of the Revolution with more vigour than ever, and, likewise, determined upon revenge.

But the termination of the labours of the National Assembly was now approaching: the majority, weary with the work of regeneration, which had constantly occupied them, for nearly two and a half years, resolved

to bring their stormy career to a calm conclusion, and fixed the date of their final adjournment for the 29th of September, 1791. On the 14th of September the king appeared at the Assembly and declared his acceptance of the Constitution, and was once more greeted with loud acclamations by the crowds which accompanied him from the Tuileries. The Assembly decreed that none of its members should be re-elected to the new Legislative Assembly, which was about to meet. Robespierre had proposed this resolution, and it was attributed to the hatred he had come to feel for his colleagues, among whom he had not shone. The Assembly, which had been accused of a desire to perpetuate its powers, and felt its unpopularity with the rabble because it was deemed too moderate, determined to answer all such censures by passing this self-denying ordinance. At length, on the 29th of September, its deliberations were finally ended, when its president, Thouriot, with a loud voice said, "The National Assembly declares its mission accomplished, and its sittings are now closed."

The Assembly had declared the Revolution closed; there were many able men who did not share this hope, and feared that it was only about to commence. Yet its patriotic exertions had removed the great evils which had so long afflicted France. It had written down on paper the Declaration of the Rights of Man. It had decreed universal suffrage. The courts of the ancient provincial parliaments, so unequal and oppressive in their operation, were abolished, and one uniform system of criminal jurisprudence established; trial by jury, publicity of criminal proceedings, the examination of witnesses in the presence of the accused, and counsel for his defense, fixed by law. Torture, and punishment by the

wheel abolished; *lettres de cachet* henceforth forbidden; the privileges of the nobles and clergy, including their exemption from taxation, all feudal burdens, and the tithes, forever extinguished. Freedom of religious worship was secured in its fullest extent. The army, opened to courage and ability in every class of society, speedily developed a combination of enthusiasm, and power, which was to overcome the might of combined Europe, and raise the Republic to the pinnacle of military glory. A multitude of statutes (some twenty-five hundred in all) and a general distribution of the confiscated landed property among the people, completed the *self-imposed task* of this august assembly, for, when assembled as the States-General, it had been authorized to do none of these things.

Out of the great and undeniable good accomplished arose, also, great evils, particularly those which followed upon the forcible confiscation of the enormous possessions of the nobility and the Church, producing an inextinguishable animosity in these two great classes towards the Republic, who never ceased to combat it, and at last kindle the desperate civil war in La Vendee and Brittany, which was only extinguished when nine hundred thousand of their unfortunate inhabitants had perished!

THE NATIONAL LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY
AND
THE CLUB OF THE JACOBINS

The new Assembly opened its sittings on the first of October, 1791. It consisted of 745 members, and was composed of different classes of men, generally favouring the new constitution; it was notable from the almost entire absence of the clergy and the nobility, scarcely any of whom had even stood for election. It included many enlightened partisans of the first Revolution, who believed that enough had not yet been done. Among this new generation of talents, the most remarkable were the deputies from the Department of La Gironde, from whom the whole party, though composed of men from all the departments, derived the name of the GIRONDINS.

As this party were for long the formidable opponents of the Jacobins, some account of a few of their leaders will be of interest. "Vergniaud," we are told, "was the most eloquent speaker of the Gironde, but he had not the vigour requisite for the leader of a party in troublous times. He was humane, gentle, and benevolent; difficult to rouse to exertion, and still more to be convinced of the wickedness, either of his adversaries or a large part of his supporters. But when great occasions arose, he poured forth his generous thoughts in streams of eloquence which never have been equalled in the French Assembly. It was not like that of Mirabeau, broken and emphatic, but uniformly elegant, sonorous, and flowing, swelling at times into the highest strains of impassioned oratory. Gaudet was more animated than

Vergniaud: Gensoné, with inferior talents for speaking, was nevertheless looked up to as a leader of his party, from his firmness and resolution of character. Barbaroux, a native of the south of France, brought to the strife of faction the ardent temperament of his sunny climate. He was resolute, sagacious, and daring, and early divined the bloody designs of the Jacobins." This party increased continually by all who despaired of the monarchy, did not desire such a republic as appeared in 1793. It dreamt of one with all its ideals and fascinations, with its severe virtues and manners. After the overthrow of the throne the Jacobins separated themselves from the Girondins, and while the opposing factions were forced by the perils of foreign invasion and of civil war in La Vendee to act together for the time, in order to preserve the very existence of the Republic, they were no less avowed enemies and rivals for supremacy.

In the Hall of the Assembly, the various parties occupied separate sections; the Girondins the Right; the Moderate elements the Centre and Left, while the Jacobins, seated on the highest benches, were termed the Mountain, as those at their feet were, also, called the Plain. These last supported or combatted the proposals of the opposing Girondins and Jacobins as they appealed to their own ideas, without belonging to either party.

The first serious contest of the new Legislative Assembly was with the Emigrants and the Clergy. "Every method of conciliation," declared the deputy Isnard, "with these classes is useless: what effect has followed all your former indulgence towards them? Their audacity has risen in proportion to your forbearance: they will never cease to injure, till they lose the power

of doing so. They must either be conquerors or conquered; matters have fairly come to that; and he must be blind indeed who does not see it in that light." At this time over 100,000 of the nobility had emigrated from France: a large proportion thronged to Coblenz, where they armed themselves, prepared magazines, equipments, and formed skeleton regiments, which, however, were not filled up, for none of them would deign to serve as *privates*. A mixed crowd of German and Swiss mercenaries, with a few thousand French soldiers who had been induced to desert from the ranks of the troops on the frontiers, made up a force of 15,000 or 20,000 men divided into several corps, the numbers of which were purposely exaggerated by the Royalists, and to be further increased by the armies of Prussia, Austria and other States, in all, 419,000 Foreign troops and 15,000 Emigrants, which would then advance to Paris, overthrow the revolutionary authorities, take condign vengeance upon the Revolutionists for their excesses, restore to the king his throne, and to the Church and nobility their confiscated estates.

Referring to the Emigrant noblesse and their open, warlike preparations to return to attack their country, with the help of foreign armies, the Girondin leader, Brissot, declared in the Assembly: "The right of going from one country to another is one of the inherent rights of man; but the right ceases when it becomes a crime. Can there be a more flagrant offense than that of emigrating, for the purpose of bringing on our country the horrors of foreign war? What other object have the crowds who now daily leave France? Hear their menaces, examine their conduct, read their libels, and you will see what they call honour is what the universal

voice of mankind has condemned as the height of baseness. Can we be ignorant that at this moment the cabinets of Europe are besieged by their importunity, and possibly preparing to second their entreaties? Confidence is every day sinking; the rapid fall of the assignats renders nugatory the best laid plans of finance. How is it possible to put a curb on the factions of the interior, when we suffer the Emigrants to escape with impunity, who are about to bring the scourge of foreign war upon all our homes?"

The constitutionalists strove to mitigate the severity of the proposed measures against the Emigrants, but enraged by their acts, and alarmed at the prospect of their success in inducing Austria, Prussia and other German States, Sardinia and Spain to invade the distracted country on all sides, the Assembly passed a severe and most drastic decree, which declared all the French without the kingdom engaged in a conspiracy against the new Constitution, and subjected all those who should not return before the first of January, 1792, to the penalty of death, and confiscation of their estates, under reservation of the rights of their wives, children and creditors.

In another decree, passed amid tumult and loud acclamation, after the most bitter debate, it was resolved that the clergy should be ordained instantly to take the oath to support the Constitution, under pain of being deprived of their benefices, and declared suspected of treason against the State. These severe measures are to be noted as the source of desperate strife, of immeasurable woe and suffering throughout the Revolution; for all the horrors of civil war, of foreign invasion, of persecution and death under the Reign of Terror,

they form the merciless inspiration. But the king *vetoed* both these measures, which, however, only delayed their operation, and thereby more strongly confirmed the general determination to have them put in force.

At this time the election of a mayor of Paris took place, resulting in the choice of a citizen of ability and fine character, named Petion, who, supported by the members of the Paris municipal council, threw the whole weight of their influence upon the side of the Revolution. And such power did the municipal government soon acquire, that for a time, it overshadowed the Assembly itself, as well as the court, and rivalled the influence of the Jacobins, with whom, however, they always acted in concert.

Early in March, 1792, the king was obliged by the Assembly to accept a new ministry, who were called by the courtiers in derision, "Le Ministère Sans-Culottes," and it is related that the first time Roland, the new minister of the interior, presented himself at the Tuileries, he was dressed *with strings in his shoes* and a round hat. The master of ceremonies, not knowing who he was, refused to admit him in such a garb; but being informed, and, in consequence, obliged to do so, he turned to General Dumouriez, the new minister of foreign affairs, and said with a despairing sigh, "Ah, sir, *no buckles* in his shoes!" "All is lost!" rejoined Dumouriez, with sarcastic irony.

The celebrated Madame Roland, who was his wife, so completely dominated him and directed all his official actions, that Roland himself, despite his noble character, was regarded with some contempt, and his brilliant wife so detested for her constant, impulsive dabbling in polit-

ical affairs, as to bring her life to an untimely end upon the scaffold. "When I wish to see the minister of the interior," said Condorcet, "I can never get a glimpse of anything but the petticoats of his wife."

War, both civil and foreign, was now about to try the patriots as never before. The conditions laid down in the *ultimatum*, upon which Austria agreed to discontinue her preparations for invasion, were deemed wholly inadmissible by the revolutionary leaders, and it was evident to all parties that war was inevitable. Finally, on the 20th of April, 1792, Louis XVI., much against his desires, visited the Legislative Assembly where, after reciting the conditions of the Austrian *ultimatum*, the assembling of armies to invade France by that power, sorrowfully proposed, as his duty compelled him to do, that "we declare war against the King of Hungary and Bohemia." Though unanimous in approving the declaration of the king, the members of the Assembly were too deeply impressed by the solemnity and grandeur of the occasion to give vent to any noisy ebullition of feeling.

"Let us raise ourselves," said Isnard, "on this occasion, to the real dignity of our situation; let us speak to the ministers, to the king, to Europe in arms, with the firmness which becomes us: let us tell the former that we are not satisfied with their conduct; that they must make their election between public gratitude and the vengeance of the laws; and that by vengeance we mean death (prolonged applause). Let us tell the king that his interest is to defend the Constitution; *that he reigns by the people and for the people*; that the nation is his sovereign, and that he is the subject of the law.

"Let us tell Europe that we will respect the constitu-

tions of all other countries, but that if cabinets engage kings in a war against the people, we will rouse the people to mortal strife against kings. Fear not to bring upon yourselves a war with the great powers. Interest has already decided their intentions. Your answers will not change them, but will oblige them to explain themselves. The conduct of the Frenchman ought to correspond with his new destiny. A slave under Louis XIV., he was nevertheless intrepid and great. Now that he is free, ought he to be weak and timid?"

"They are mistaken," said Montesquieu, "who imagine that a people in a state of revolution are disposed to be conquered. They are ready, on the contrary, to conquer others."

While France thus declared war, it is clear that it was but the recognition of the conditions already created by the hostile powers. It had become equally clear that old Europe and new France could not subsist *together*. And thus commenced the terrible wars of the Revolution, to be followed by those of the Republic, and of the Empire, which finally involved the world in the conflagration, and which only burned out at Waterloo, more than twenty years afterwards.

Self-excluded from the new Legislative Assembly, Robespierre and his followers, redouble their activities at the Jacobins, where they originate debates for the Legislative; discuss Peace and War; settle beforehand what the Legislative is to do. The rival Feuillans club has been driven out of existence, and its doors shut on the 18th of February. The Jacobins club has now been much enlarged for its increasing membership, and stretches over the whole nave of the church.

Its interior is thus described by the contemporary

writer, Toulangeon: "The nave of the Jacobins church," said he, "is changed into a vast Circus, the seats of which mount up circularly like an amphitheatre to the very groin of the domed roof. A high pyramid of black marble, built against one of the walls, which was formerly a funeral monument, has alone been left standing; it serves now as back to the Office-bearers Bureau. Here on an elevated Platform sit President and Secretaries, behind and above them the white busts of Mirabeau, of Franklin, and various others, nay finally of Marat. Facing this is the Tribune, raised till it is midway between floor and groin of the dome, so that the speaker's voice may be in the center. From that point thunder the voices which shake all Europe; down below, in silence, are forging the thunderbolts and the firebrands. Penetrating into this huge circuit, where all is out of measure, gigantic, the mind cannot repress some movement of terror and wonder; the imagination recalls those dread temples which Poetry, of old, had consecrated to the Avenging Deities."

Says Carlyle, "Scenes, too, are in this Jacobin Amphitheatre,—had History time for them. Flags of the 'Three Free Peoples of the Universe,' trinal brotherly flags of England, America, France, have been waved here in concert; by London Deputation of Whigs or *Wighs*, and their club on this hand, and by young French Citoyennes on that; beautiful, sweet-tongued Female Citizens, who solemnly sent over salutation and brotherhood, also Tricolour stitched by their own needle, and finally Ears of Wheat; while the dome re-bellows with 'Vivent les Trois Peuples Libres!' from all throats:—a most dramatic scene. . . . Deputy Brissot perorates from that Tribune. Here reverberates the lion-

voice of Danton, grim Billaud-Varennes is here; Collot d'Herbois, pleading for the forty Swiss, tearing a passion to rags, Apophthegmatic Manuel winds up in this pithy way: 'A minister must perish!'—to which the Amphitheatre responds: *Tous! Tous! (All! All!)*.

"But the Chief Priest and Speaker of this place, is Robespierre, the long-winded incorruptible man. What spirit of Patriotism dwelt in men in those times, this one fact will evince: that 1,500 human creatures, not bound to it, sat quiet under the oratory of Robespierre; nay listened nightly, hour after hour, applausive; and gaped as if for the word of life. More insupportable individual, one would say, seldom opened his mouth in any Tribune. Acrid, implacable, impotent; dull-drawling, barren as the Harmattan wind. He pleads, in endless earnest-shallow speech, against many things; and is the Trismegistus and Dalai Lama of patriot men."

The declaration of war on the 20th of April, 1792, against the King of Hungary and Bohemia, was but the prelude to war with Prussia, with many of the minor German States, with Sardinia, Spain and Great Britain, in succession. War was followed, in rapid succession, by the violent scenes of the 20th of June, by the revolt of the 10th of August, ending in the massacre of the Swiss Guard, and the imprisonment of the king, the queen and the royal family in the Temple prison three days later; then followed the abolition of the new constitution, and the abolition of royalty in France, as an "anti-social institution"; the calling of a NATIONAL CONVENTION, to make a new constitution suited to the new order of things, and to see what farther as well, was decreed; this Convention to consist of 749 members, and to assemble about the 20th

of September. To this new body, Robespierre and all the self-excluded deputies of the old National Assembly from its successor, the Legislative Assembly, now about to pass out of existence, were eligible, and he, together with Danton, Marat, St. Just, Desmoulins and other violent Jacobins were promptly elected. From the Legislative Assembly, the Mountain in a body and nearly all the Girondins, were likewise returned as members of the new National Convention—the mingled horrors and sublimity of whose record has no parallel.

THE MASSACRES BY THE SEPTEMBRISEURS

While the new Convention was being elected, occurred one of the most frightful events of the entire Revolution—the massacre by the Parisian mobs of several thousand of the nobility, and many of the clergy, confined in the prisons of Paris, lasting from the 2nd to the 6th day of September. On the 28th of July had been published the celebrated proclamation dated July 25, of the Duke of Brunswick, commanding the allied Prussian and Austrian armies marching to invade France, announcing the purpose to rescue the king and royal family from the dangers which surrounded them, and finally to re-establish the Bourbon throne in full power and authority.

Among other haughty demands was the following declaration:

“8. The city of Paris and all its inhabitants without distinction are required to submit immediately and without delay to the King, to set that prince at full and entire liberty, and to insure to him, as well as to all

the royal personages, the inviolability and respect which the law of nature and nations renders obligatory on subjects towards their sovereigns; their imperial and royal majesties holding personally responsible with their lives, for all that may happen, to be tried militarily, and without hope of pardon, all the members of the National Assembly, of the department, of the district of the municipality, and of the National Guard of Paris, the justices of the peace, and all others whom it may concern; their said majesties declaring, moreover, on their faith and word, as Emperor and King, that if the palace of the Tuileries is forced or insulted, that if the least violence, the least outrage, is offered to their majesties the King and Queen, and to the royal family, if immediate provision is not made for their safety, their preservation and their liberty, *they will take an exemplary and ever-memorable vengeance by giving up the city of Paris to military execution and total destruction*, and the rebels guilty of outrages, to the punishments which they shall have deserved. Their imperial and royal majesties, on the other hand, promise the inhabitants of the city of Paris to employ their good offices with his most Christian majesty to obtain pardon of their faults and misdeeds, and to take the most vigorous measures for the security of their persons and property, if they promptly and strictly obey the above injunctions."

The answer of the Republican patriots to this proclamation was the Revolution of the 10th of August, and the dethronement and imprisonment of the King and royal family. Louis denied responsibility for Brunswick's threatening proclamation, but it was evident that, even if his denial was true, the intentions of his party went far beyond his own, if they should be victorious.

News had arrived at Paris of successive defeats of the patriot armies on the frontiers, and of the capitulation of several frontier fortresses by royalist commanders at the first summons, leaving the road to Paris almost entirely open to the invading Prussians. The Assembly declares "the Country is in danger," minute-guns are fired and the mournful clangor of the Tocsin-Miserere booms over Paris. "In danger truly," says Carlyle, "if ever Country was! Arise, O Country: or be trodden down to ignominious ruin! Nay, are not the chances a hundred to one that no rising of the Country will save it; Brunswick, the Emigrants, and Feudal Europe drawing nigh? . . . Guards are mounted, they ride through the streets, with stern sounding music, and slow rattle of hoofs; pausing at set stations, and with doleful blast of trumpet singing out through the Herald's throat, what the Flag says to the eye: 'Citizens, our country is in danger!' Is there a man's heart that hears it without a thrill? The many-voiced hum or bellow of these multitudes is not of triumph; and yet it is a sound deeper than triumphs. Shall France sit still, till the Brunswick St. Bartholomew arrives; till France be as Poland, and its Rights of Man become a Prussian gibbet?"

In a few days more than 10,000 enthusiastic volunteers set out from Paris alone, to be followed by many thousand more; the like is going on in every town in France; they march, determined to defend the country, though without discipline, a small bundle holding their chattels and having for arms whatsoever weapons could be found.

The Parisians were the more alarmed and irritated, as it was already being openly discussed that the Assembly, under the leadership of the Girondins, was about

to abandon Paris, and remove the seat of government to the south of the river Loire to be beyond the reach of the invaders. The prisons of Paris were crowded, at this time, with many thousands of prisoners, mostly royalists. It was reported that a dangerous conspiracy was on foot to liberate them all upon a certain night, arm, and let them loose upon Paris, rescue the King from the Temple, and march to meet the Duke of Brunswick who was only a few marches distant with above 100,000 Austro-Prussians.

Terror pervaded all Paris—among the Republicans threatened by the Allied Armies and royalist conspiracies, and among the royalists threatened by Republican vengeance. Danton, at this time minister of justice, controlling the action of the council of defence, connected with Marat and the terrible committee of *surveillance* of the commune of Paris, haranguing the clubs and the mobs, was the most powerful man in Paris.

The principal powers of the government had fallen into the hands of Danton, Marat and Robespierre, and Danton had not only personally led the insurrection of the 10th of August, but was chiefly instrumental in bringing it about. He was the leader of that Parisian element which declared of itself: "We will not retreat. We will perish in the capital and beneath its ruins, but our enemies shall perish before us."

A gigantic stature, a commanding front, a voice of thunder, rendered him a formidable leader of men more timid or less determined than himself. "Legislators!" said he, "it is proposed that you should retreat from Paris. You are well aware that, in the opinion of the enemy, Paris represents France, and that to cede this point is to abandon the Revolution to them. We Repub-

licans are exposed to two fires—that of the enemy placed without, and that of the royalists placed within. There is a royal directory, which holds secret meetings at Paris, and corresponds with the Prussian army. To tell you where it assembles, and of whom it is composed, is not in the power of the ministers. But to disconcert it, and to prevent its baneful correspondence with foreigners, *we must—we must strike terror into the royalists! I repeat to you, Legislators, you must strike terror into the royalists!*” Danton here made a gesture betokening extermination—causing a look of horror, and stupefaction to spread over every face. Not a word more was added to this speech: every one retired, without even daring to ask the measures the minister of justice contemplated.

Ignoring the Assembly in his further plans, Danton repaired to the Committee of *surveillance* of the commune of Paris, which disposed with absolute authority of the persons of all the citizens, and over which the terrible Marat presided. There was hatched the plot which led to the frightful Massacres in the Prisons of Paris, causing the death of from six to twelve thousand of the unfortunates there confined.

A Black Day it was in Human Annals, which, at the end of the eighteenth century, cannot be explained either by the ignorance of the times or the ferocity of manners, which might, in some degree, excuse other massacres in the earlier centuries. “*Let my name be blighted,*” declared this Titanic Mirabeau of the Sans-Culottes; “*what am I? The Cause alone is great; and shall live and not perish!*” But not one personal enemy of Danton’s was suffered to die, and every individual appeal to him for mercy was “granted.”

A Circular goes out from the Committee of Public Safety, bearing date of September 3, 1792, to all Town-Halls, which is one of the most curious records left by the Revolution; after reciting the events which have led up to the catastrophe of the Prisons, it concludes with these words:

“Apprized that hordes of barbarians were advancing against it, the municipality of Paris hastens to inform its brethren in all the other departments that a part of the ferocious conspirators confined in the Prisons here have been put to death by the people; an act of justice which appeared indispensable for repressing by **TERROR** the legions of aristocratic traitors concealed within its walls, at the moment when the principal forces of the city were about to march against the enemy.

“We cannot doubt that the Nation at large, driven to the edge of ruin by such endless series of treasons, will adopt the *same* means, at once so useful and so necessary; and all the French will be able to say, like the men of Paris: We march against the enemy, and we will not leave behind us brigands to murder our wives and children.”

(Signed) Duplain, Panis, Sergeant,
Lenfant, MARAT, Lefort,
Jourdeuil, Administrators of
the Committee of *Surveillance*,
constituted at the Mairie.”

And yet, it is said, this same blood-thirsty Committee sought to capture and put to death the keeper of one of the Prisons, for having kept his prisoners without water for twenty-two hours before being led out to indiscriminate butchery, by its own orders!

MARAT



ROBESPIERRE



DANTON



THE TRIUMPH OF THE TERROR

Fortunately the sanguinary suggestions contained in the Circular of the Paris Committee of *Surveillance*, did not appeal to the rest of the country and less than a dozen victims were sacrificed in the prisons of the departments in imitation of its merciless example.

THE NATIONAL CONVENTION

The first act of the new National Convention when it assembled September 20, 1792, was to abolish the Monarchy, and its second, to proclaim the REPUBLIC on the 22nd of September. The calendar was changed; it was no longer the Fourth Year of Liberty, but the Year One of the French Republic.

The principles, as well as the purposes, of the Girondins and the Jacobins were in irreconcilable conflict, and the contest between the two factions at once broke out with greater fury in the Convention than ever. The popular insurrection of Paris, having become the ruling power, both factions sought to place themselves at its head; their strife soon assumed an envenomed character. The Jacobins reproached the Girondins with desiring to destroy the Republic; with a design to establish twenty-three independent Democratic States, held together by a mere federal union, in imitation of the American Union, for which the Girondins' leaders had openly expressed the highest admiration.

The Girondins retorted by charging the Jacobins with seeking to establish, in the municipality of Paris, a power greater than the national legislature of all France; with over-awing the Convention, by menacing petitions and the violence of mobs, which repeatedly over-ran the floor

of their hall; and, finally, with secretly preparing for their favourite leaders, Danton, Marat and Robespierre, a triumvirate of despotic power which would soon extinguish all the freedom which had been gained.

In answering the attack of the Girondins, accusing him of aspiring to the dictatorship, Robespierre, in closing his speech, made these forcible observations upon the decree of accusation, in allusion to the massacres of September 2, which he and his party were also accused of favouring: "Without doubt, the Massacres in the Prisons were illegal; but what was the revolt on the 10th of August or on the 14th of July? If we go back to what is *legal*, who can defend the Revolution, or save you all from a conviction for high treason? Beware how, by such doctrines, you cast a doubt on the origin of your own power. Without illegal measures, despotism never yet was shaken: for what sovereign will establish legal forms for his own overthrow? It is said that an innocent individual has perished. The number of the sufferers has been greatly exaggerated; but, supposing there was one, it was doubtless too much. He was, perhaps, a good citizen, one of our best friends. Weep for him—weep even for the unworthy citizens who have fallen under the sword of popular justice; but let your grief, as every human thing, have a termination. Yet let us, at the same time, reserve some tears for more touching calamities: Weep! a hundred thousand citizens sacrificed by tyranny! Weep! our fellow citizens massacred in their cradles or in the arms of their mothers. Have you no brothers, or children, or wives to revenge? The family of French legislators is their country—is the whole human race, excepting tyrants and their supporters. Weep, then, humanity debased under an odious yoke;

but be consoled by the reflection that, by calming unworthy discord, you will secure the happiness of your own country, and prepare that of the world."

Divided in opinions the Convention, against the earnest protest of several of the Girondin leaders, adopted the motion of Robespierre to put an end to personal altercations, and passed to the order of the day. "If, indeed," said Barrère, contemptuously, "we had among us a legislator of vast ability, boundless ambition, and profound dissimulation, I would be the first to propose against him a decree of accusation. But let us cease to waste our time on men who will fill no place in history; let us not put pigmies upon pedestals. That you should do this honour to men of a day, to *petty dabblers in commotion*, to those whose civic crowns are entwined with cypress, is what I am incapable of comprehending." The Convention then voted to pass to the order of the day, in the belief that it had thereby really extinguished such a man as Robespierre! Such was the result of the celebrated accusation, which if vigorously pressed by the majority might have led to the destruction of Robespierre.

The partisans of Robespierre hastened to the Jacobins to celebrate this victory, and he was himself received there as a triumphant conqueror. So far as the Girondins were concerned, they had now rendered any reconciliation impossible, and only augmented still further the fury and hatred of their enemies; life or death thenceforth hung on the issue of the struggle.

Before proceeding to the trial of the king, the Convention had divided itself into various committees for transacting the business before it; of these, the most important of all was that charged with the duty of framing a new constitution, adapted to the needs of a republic.

It was composed of nine members, celebrated in different ways, and almost all holding the sentiments of the Girondins, or moderate side. Condorcet, and Thomas Payne, the American, recently elected a French citizen and a member of the National Convention; the Girondists were especially represented by Vergniaud, Gensonné, Petion, and Brissot; the centre or the Plain, by Barrère, and the Mountain by Danton. Robespierre coveted this position, and was severely disappointed when he did not receive it; but the Girondins were then all-powerful in the Convention, and would not so honour their bitterest enemy and detractor. It was said that it was this composition of the committee which so long delayed the completion of the plan of the Constitution.

No less than *eight* constitutions were framed and tried out in France between 1789 and 1815. Twenty-five thousand, four hundred twenty-eight laws were passed by different legislatures, and 8,526,476 deaths are estimated to have taken place in the gigantic struggle which convulsed all Europe.

TRIAL OF LOUIS XVI.

The preliminary question which occupied the Convention was whether the king could be legally tried by it. A committee appointed to investigate this point, reported in the affirmative. A stormy discussion at once arose when this report was received. The partisans of Louis, though not venturing to deny the charges against him, maintained that the Constitution secured his personal inviolability, and prescribed no other pain than dethronement. In closing his speech, Robespierre said:

“The Convention has been unconsciously led from the true question before them. There is, in reality, no criminal process; Louis is not an accused party; you are not judges; you are and can be only statesmen; you have not a verdict to pronounce for or against any individual, but a measure of public importance to adopt, an act essential to national existence to perform. A dethroned king in a republic is fit for nothing but one of two objects: either to trouble the public tranquillity and endanger its freedom, or to confirm the one and the other. The punishment of death is in general an evil, for this plain reason, that by the unchangeable laws of Nature it can only be justified by absolute necessity to individuals or the social body; and in ordinary cases it can never be necessary, because the government has ample means of preventing the guilty person from injuring his fellow-citizens. But a dethroned king, in the midst of an ill-cemented republic—a king whose name alone is sufficient to rekindle the flames of civil war, can never be an object of indifference to the public safety; and that cruel exception from ordinary rules is owing to nothing but the nature of his crimes.

“I pronounce with regret the fatal truth; but Louis must die, that France may live. Louis was once a king; he is now dethroned: the momentous question before you is decided by these simple considerations. Louis cannot be tried; his trial is over, his condemnation recorded, or the formation of the Republic is unjustifiable. I demand that the Convention shall declare the king a traitor towards France, criminal towards human nature, and instantly condemn him in virtue of the right of insurrection.”

It was, however, decided, on the 3rd of December, 1792, that the king should be put on his trial before the Convention, and appear at its bar on the 11th day of December. It will not be attempted here to enter into the details of this celebrated proceeding, but at the end of the prolonged trial, which immediately followed, Vergniaud, president of the Convention, announced the tragic outcome in these words: "Citizens, I announce the result of the vote: when justice has spoken, humanity should resume its place: there are 721 votes; a majority of twenty-six have voted for death. In the name of the Convention I declare that the punishment of Louis Capet is DEATH." The next day, Monday, the 21st of January, 1793, Louis XVI. was beheaded in the Place de la Révolution, in the presence of a vast assemblage of the people. This spot, the scene of the martyrdom of the unfortunate Louis, is now marked by the colossal obelisk of blood-red granite, which was brought from Thebes, in Upper Egypt, in 1833, by the French government, and set up in the middle of the Place de la Concorde, to which the name of the Place de la Révolution had been changed.

In the proceedings announcing its final action, each member of the Convention was required to mount the Tribune and announce his vote, with such explanations as he chose to give. In casting his vote for the death of the king, Robespierre observed: "I do not understand that humanity which slaughters people, and which pardons despots. I am inflexible against oppressors because I compassionate the oppressed. The sentiment which has made me vainly demand in the Constituent Assembly the abolition of the punishment of death, is the same which forces me to-day to demand that it should be

applied to the tyrant of my country, and to royalty itself in his person. I vote for death."

Many able and good men only inclined to the severer side from a belief of its absolute necessity to get rid of a most dangerous enemy, and thereby confirm and secure the uncertain position of the new-born Republic. Among these was Carnot, who mournfully declared when called on for his opinion: "Death! and never did word weigh so heavily on my heart" The Abbé Siêyes simply answered, when his name was called, "Death, *sans phrase*."

During the progress of these events in Paris, the Republican arms, guided by the genius and firmness of Dumouriez, had repulsed the powerful army of the Duke of Brunswick stuck in the muddy defiles of the rough Argonne forest, after a heavy cannonade at Valmy, obliging it to retreat, in dreadful weather, to the Rhine, after the loss of nearly a third of its numbers from dysentery and contagious fevers.

Leaving Kellerman with 30,000 men to pursue Brunswick, the enterprising Dumouriez, at the head of 60,000 of the raw levies under his command, immediately invaded Flanders, and on the 6th of November, at the head of 40,000 men, won the important battle of Jemmappes, over 18,000 Austrians strongly entrenched there, by sheer weight of numbers hurled upon strong positions without regard to losses—a new system of attack thenceforward employed by the Republican commanders with the greatest success against the generals of the old school of military operations. The French speedily over-ran the whole of Flanders, opened the Scheldt to navigation, over-turned the old feudal system of government, and abolished special privileges and

exemptions of every sort; the people were invited to govern themselves, revolutionary societies established in all directions, and all the machinery of popular government set in motion.

The vigour and energy of the new Republic startled and alarmed the European coalition, and after the tragedy of the 21st of January, in the Place de la Révolution, war broke out on every side, including in the list Great Britain. The revolutionary leaders at Paris were not daunted by this formidable combination against France. Danton proclaimed, in thunderous tones, amidst tremendous applause in the National Convention, the Republican defiance: "The coalesced Kings threaten us: we hurl at their feet, as a gage of battle, the Head of a King!"

Perhaps no clearer or more temperate statement of the ground upon which the Revolution was assailed, will be found, than is contained in the state paper, dated October 29, 1793, from the British government. Among other things, it was stated: "In place of the old government has succeeded a system destructive of all public order—maintained by proscriptions, exiles, and confiscations without number—by arbitrary imprisonment, by massacres which cannot be remembered without horror, and at length by the execrable murder of a just and beneficent sovereign.

"This state of things cannot exist in France without involving all the surrounding powers in one common danger; without giving them the right—without imposing upon them as a duty, to stop the progress of an evil which exists only by the successive violation of all law and property, and attacks the fundamental principles by which mankind is united in the bonds of civil society."

Or, as stated by Mr. Burke, in a single sentence: "If my neighbour's house is in flames, and the fire is likely to spread to my own, I am justified in interfering to avert a disaster which promises to be equally fatal to both." Replying to the denunciations of the despotic European governments, the Republican orators in the National Convention declared that, "*There are no crimes in revolutions,*" and to the maxim of the Common Law that "*The King can do no wrong,*" rejoined, in their turn, that "*The People can do no wrong.*"

But internal dissensions were at work in the Convention. The renewed strife between the Girondins and the Jacobins was further embittered by the repeated disasters which now befell the Republican arms upon the Rhine, in Flanders, in La Vendee and elsewhere, which were all blamed by the Jacobins upon "the criminal mismanagement and traitorous designs" of the former, then in possession of the machinery of the National government. The defection of General Dumouriez and his flight to the Austrian headquarters, after the discovery of his plot to march to Paris, overturn the Revolutionary government and re-establish the monarchy, was also charged by them as a part of a conspiracy of the Girondins against the Republic.

The Girondins in vain denounced and deplored these charges. "In fact," says Carlyle, "one thing strikes us in these poor Girondins: their fatal shortness of vision. They are strangers to the people they would govern: to the thing they have come to work in. Formulas, Philosophies, Respectabilities, what has been written in books, and admitted by the cultivated classes: *this* inadequate *Scheme* of Nature's working is all that Nature, let her work as she will, can reveal to these

men. So they perorate and speculate; and call on the Friends of Law, when the question is not Law or No-Law, but Life or No-Life. Pedants of the Revolution, if not Jesuits of it!

“Their Formalism is great; great also is their Egoism. A Republic founded on what they call the Virtues: this they will have, and nothing but this. Whatsoever other Republic Nature and Reality send, shall be considered as not sent. Carping and complaining forever of Plots and Anarchy, they will do one thing; prove to demonstration, that the Reality will not translate into their Formula; that they and their Formula are incompatible with the Reality; and, in its dark wrath, the Reality will extinguish it and them!”

Danton, Robespierre and the Jacobins, instantly made use of the great public outcry and agitation arising from the preceding events, to neutralize the Girondin majority in the Convention, by forcing the passage of the measure to establish the REVOLUTIONARY TRIBUNAL, “in order to defend from internal enemies the relations of those who were combatting foreign aggression on the frontiers.” Nine judges, a permanent jury named by the Convention, and a public accuser, Fouquier-Tinville, formed this terrible tribunal, which was to save France from anarchy, from counter-revolution, and from Europe. By the *projet* for the regulation of this new body, it was liberated from all legal forms, its decisions were without appeal; it was authorized to convict on any evidence, and entitled to prosecute, either on the requisition of the Convention, *or of their own authority*, “all those who, either by their opinions misled the people, or by the situations they occupied under the old *régime*, recalled the usurped privileges of despots.”

When this frightful *projet* was read, the most violent murmurs broke out among the Girondins, which, however, were quickly drowned amid the vehement cheers of the Jacobins and the galleries. "Citizens," roared the great voice of Danton, "we must instantly conclude the formation of these laws, destined to strike terror into the internal enemies of the Revolution. They must be arbitrary, because they cannot be precise; because, how terrible soever they may be, they are preferable to those popular executions which now, as in September, would be the consequence of any delay in the execution of justice. Let us be terrible to prevent the people from becoming so: let us organize a tribunal, not which shall do good—that is impossible; but which shall do the least evil that is possible, to the effect that the sword of the law may descend upon all its enemies." How swiftly and how mercilessly Danton and his own supporters were soon destined to learn to their own bitter cost!

Taking advantage of the excitement produced by the arrest and delivery of the National Commissioners by Dumouriez to the Austrians, the Convention, while denouncing him as a traitor, created another formidable engine for the national defense known as the COMMITTEE OF PUBLIC SAFETY, destined to destroy most of the authors of the Revolution. The decree establishing this new committee was in these terms:

"The committee shall be composed of twenty-five members: it shall be charged with the preparation of laws, and all measures, exterior and interior, necessary for the safety of the Republic. The committee shall call to its meetings all the ministers composing the executive authority at least twice a week. It shall render an account to the Convention whenever required to do

so, and inform it weekly of the state of the Republic, and of that of all matters connected with it which should be divulged."

In order to break the control of the Girondins over the Convention, and put the party of the Mountain in authority, Robespierre and the Paris Commune organized the great popular insurrection of May 31. Eighty thousand armed men of the sections of Paris, with 160 cannons trained upon the Tuileries, surrounded the defenceless National Convention for four days; a vast multitude composed of women and other rabble followed in their rear to support the movement. The Mountain demanded the immediate arrest and accusation of thirty of the principal leaders of the Girondins, Vergniaud, Lanjuinais, Brissot, Gaudet, Barbaroux, and Louvet among them.

A large portion of the Convention protested against such violence and refused to vote under such compulsion. The measure was thereupon put upon its passage and adopted by the sole vote of the Mountain. The Municipality of Paris had thus overthrown the National Assembly; and the political career of the Girondins was ended by this event, and thenceforward they were known only as individuals, by their heroic conduct in adversity and death. Some of these leaders escaped after their arrest, but the others, among whom were Vergniaud, Gaudet, and Brissot were sent before the Revolutionary Tribunal for trial. As the accused insisted upon the right of separate defence, a new conspiracy was held to be thus shown, and the Revolutionary Tribunal obtained authority to convict and pass sentence as soon as they were convinced of the guilt of the accused, *whether they had been heard in their defence or not.*

"I cannot save them," said Robespierre, "there are periods in revolutions when to live is a crime, and when men must know how to yield their heads if demanded. Mine also will perhaps be demanded," added he, seizing it in both hands; "you shall then see if I dispute it."

The prosecution lasted nine days; the jury then declared themselves convinced, and the court thereupon read to the prisoners the above decree. Seeing they were not to be heard in their defence, they all rose and loudly protested against the injustice, but the president calmly proceeded to read their sentence to death. Deputy Valazé stabbed himself with a poignard and died in presence of the court, who immediately ordered that his dead body should be borne on a car to the guillotine, and beheaded with the other prisoners.

At the place of execution, to which they all marched with a firm step singing patriotic songs, they mutually embraced, exclaiming "Long live the Republic!" The deputy, Sillery, ascended first; he bowed with a grave air to the people, and received with unshrinking firmness the fatal stroke. They all died with the resolution of Romans, protesting, with their last breath, their devotion to freedom and the Republic. It is related by Lacretelle that "A young man named Girey-Duprè, was brought to the bar of the Revolutionary Tribunal. The president asked if he had been a friend of Brissot. 'I had that happiness.' 'What is your opinion of him?' 'That he lived like Aristides and died like Sidney!' was the intrepid answer. He was forthwith sent to the scaffold, where he perished with the firmness of his departed friend."

Robespierre declared that, "The people have by their conduct confounded all their opponents. Eighty thou-

sand men have been under arms nearly a week, and not one shop has been pillaged, not one drop of blood shed; and they have proved by that whether the accusation was well founded, that they wished to profit by the disorders to commit murder and pillage. The insurrection was a great moral and popular effort, worthy of the enlightened people among whom it arose."

By a decree of the Convention, the whole power of the government was conferred upon the new Committee of Public Safety till the conclusion of a general peace. "You have nothing now to dread," said St. Just, "from the enemies of freedom; all we have to do is to make its friends triumphant, and that must be done at all hazards. In the critical situation of the Republic, it is in vain to re-establish the Constitution; it would offer impunity to every attack on liberty, by wanting the force to repress them. You are too far removed from conspiracies to have the means of checking them; the sword of the law must be intrusted to surer hands; it must turn everywhere, and fall with the rapidity of lightning on all its enemies." The Convention and the people heard this ominous declaration with dread, though it was universally felt that the evils of approaching anarchy could only be arrested by the sanguinary arm of despotism.

By another decree, the general superintendence of the police was vested in another committee termed the Committee of General Safety, subordinate to that of Public Safety, but still possessed of most formidable powers. After their victory the Jacobins, who composed the Mountain, placed themselves in full possession of the powers of these two formidable committees and also of the Revolutionary Tribunal. Robespierre, St. Just,

Couthon, Billaud-Varennes, and Collot d'Herbois took the places of Danton and his partisans in the Committee of Public Safety. Carnot was made minister of war, and Robespierre became a sort of director over all. During fourteen months, it has been said, "This committee bore all the dangers, all the power, all the glory; and has borne all the maledictions of posterity."

Royalty was now abolished, the Girondins destroyed, and Danton departed to the country with a new young wife, to try to forget, for a while, the bloody scenes and accumulating horrors of conditions which he now began earnestly to desire to put an end to. But every evening at the Jacobins Club, Robespierre continued his harangues on the social rights and virtues, patriotism, tyranny, royalism. He there urged that: "We had better render poverty honorable than proscribe wealth," and defined property to be, "the right which every citizen has of enjoying and disposing of that portion of goods which is guaranteed him by the law. The right of property," he continued, "is limited, as are all other rights, by the obligation of respecting the rights of other people. It should neither be prejudicial to the safety, nor to the liberty, nor to the existence, nor to the property of our fellowmen. All property which violates this principle, is illicit and immoral."

The triumvirate, Marat, Robespierre and Danton, were thus become all-powerful, and dictated every measure of the government. Marat had become the idol of the worst element in Paris, by the violence and audacity of his opinions, and both Robespierre and Danton feared to oppose him, or moderate his bloody demands, lest they too might be suspected of Moderatism. Evidently the three could not long have agreed, when, fortunately

for the cause, Marat was removed by the dagger of the resolute young Charlotte Corday, of Armans.

When the seals put upon Marat's papers in his desk were removed, nothing was found in his possession but a single five-franc assignat, and this poverty became a fresh theme for admiration. His housekeeper, whom, according to the words of Chaumette, he had taken to wife "one fine day, before the face of the sun," was called his "widow," and maintained at the expense of the State.

"When Marat," says Hazlitt, "mounted the tribune with the list of proscribed patriots in his hand, and dictated to the astonished Convention what names to insert, and what names to strike out, it was not that poor, distorted, scare-crow figure, and maniac countenance, which inspired awe, and silenced opposition; but he was hemmed in, driven on, sustained in the height of all his malevolence, folly, and presumption by 80,000 foreign bayonets, that sharpened his worthless sentences, and pointed his frantic gestures. Paris, threatened with destruction, thrilled at his accents. Paris, dressed in her robe of flames, seconded his incendiary zeal. Had he not been backed by a strong necessity and strong opinion, he would have been treated as a madman; but when his madness arose out of the sacred cause and impending fate of a whole people, he who denounced the danger was a 'seer blest'—he who pointed out a victim was the high-priest of freedom."

Robespierre, while by no means imitating the squalor of Marat, yet lived in humble lodgings at the house number 396 Rue St. Honoré, kept by a cabinet-maker named Duplay, with whom he had sought refuge on the night of his escape from the riots Lafayette had sup-



MADAME ROLAND
FOQUIER TINVILLE

CHAUMETTE

BARBAROUX
ST. JUST

pressed by a slaughter of patriots, on the Champ de Mars. He lived there till his death. Citizen Duplay's family became a second family to him, and consisted of his wife, one son, and four daughters, the eldest twenty-five and the youngest eighteen years of age. Once domiciled in this family, Robespierre sought no other society, and gave all his private hours to this humble circle. The eldest daughter, Eleonore, inspired by his great celebrity, fell in love with him, assumed the classic name of Cornelia, aspired to become his wife, and succeeded in being regarded by the neighbours as his mistress, a relationship which appears to have been the fact. Citizen Duplay himself and his son received the reward for their complaisance, in being appointed permanent jurors of the Revolutionary Tribunal, a place of power and emolument. Madame Duplay became conspicuous as one of the leaders of those ferocious women who sat daily at their needle-work round the guillotine. Cornelia seems to have had much of her mother's ferocity, and used to sit at their windows to watch the victims, who passed every day in batches of fifty to more than a hundred, on their way to the scaffold.

The bold assassination of Marat added a new and violent turn, by creating the fear that all the leaders of the patriots, were about to be immolated. These last used this new feeling of exasperation to destroy the remnant of the Girondins, and Robespierre declared that "the best way to avenge Marat is to prosecute his enemies without mercy, chief among whom are the Girondins."

REVOLUTIONARY PHENOMENA

At this time, the Autumn of 1793, occurred some of the most curious of all the phenomena of the Revolution. Pache, Hebert, Chaumette, and other leaders of the Paris municipality, published their intention "to dethrone the King of Heaven as well as the monarchs of the earth." To accomplish this design, they induced Gobel, the apostate Constitutional bishop of Paris, to appear at the bar of the Convention, with some of the clergy of his diocese, and there abjure the Christian faith, in place of which he declared that "no other national religion was now required but that of liberty, equality, and morality." Several of the Constitutional bishops and clergy in the convention concurred in this.

The sections of Paris, as well as the country generally, soon after followed their example, declared that they renounced the errors of superstition, and that they acknowledged no other worship than that of Reason. Having thus abjured the Catholic faith as the established religion, its edifices and its treasures were seized as belonging to the communes throughout France and sent to be applied to the needs of the State.

Numerous chests of plate arrived in Paris from all quarters; all the churches were stripped, and the communes sent deputations with the gold and silver accumulated in the shrines of saints. It is related that men, wearing surplices and copes, came singing parodies upon the Hallelujahs, and dancing the Carmagnole, to the bar of the Convention, where they deposited the host, the boxes in which it was kept, and the statues of gold and silver; they made burlesque apostrophes to these

inanimate figures: "Oh you! instruments of fanaticism, blessed saints of all kinds!" exclaimed one deputation of patriots, "be at last patriots, rise *en masse*, serve the country by going to the Mint to be melted, and give us in this world that felicity which you wanted to obtain for us in the other!"

Upon the requisition of Chaumette the Cathedral of Notre Dame was converted into a public edifice, called the Temple of Reason. Soon after Hebert, Chaumette and the municipal body appeared before the National Convention, and formally proclaimed that "God did not exist, and that the worship of Reason was to be substituted in his stead." Chaumette, who was chief orator and master of ceremonies upon this occasion, spoke in these terms: "Legislators! Fanaticism has given way to Reason. Its bleared eyes could not endure the brilliancy of the light. This day an immense concourse has assembled beneath those Gothic vaults, which, for the first time, re-echoed the truth. There the French have celebrated the only true worship, that of liberty, that of reason. There we have formed wishes for the prosperity of the arms of the Republic. There we have abandoned inanimate idols for that of Reason, for *this* animated image, the master-piece of Nature." A veiled female, arrayed in azure blue drapery, was then led forward.

"Mortals," said Chaumette, taking her by the hand, "cease to tremble before the powerless thunders of a God whom your fears have created! Henceforth acknowledge no divinity but Reason. I offer you its noblest and purest image; if you must have idols, sacrifice only to such as this." When, letting fall the veil, he exclaimed, "Fall before the august Senate of Freedom, oh, Veil of Reason!" The "Goddess" then appeared personified in

a beautiful young courtesan, not unknown to members of the Convention. "Mrs. Momoro," said Carlyle, "made, it is admitted, one of the best Goddesses of Reason, though her teeth were a little defective."

Seated on a splendid car, the Goddess was carried, amid a vast throng of people to the Temple of Reason, elevated to the high altar, and received the adoration of the crowd, while the young women, dressed in white and crowned with roses, attending her, whose alluring looks fully indicated their profession, withdrew into the small chapels around the choir, where every species of licentiousness was indulged in without restraint, with scarcely any concealment from the public gaze.

Robespierre afterwards declared that Chaumette deserved death for his share in the abominations he had permitted on that occasion. And in a bitter speech at the Jacobins said: "By what right do they disturb the existing worship in the name of Liberty, or *attack fanaticism by fanaticism of another kind?* By what right will they degrade the solemn homage rendered to truth into an eternal and ridiculous farce? The people is not attached either to priests or to superstitions: it is only attached to the idea of an incomprehensible power, the terror of crime, the support of virtue, to whom it is pleased to render those homages which are due it, and which are so many anathemas against injustice and triumphant crime! If the philosopher is able to erect his morality upon another basis, let us, nevertheless, be careful not to wound that first instinct, that universal sentiment of nations. The idea of a Supreme Being, who watches over oppressed innocence, and punishes triumphant crime, is, and ever will be popular. The people, the unfortunate, will ever cling to it; it will never find

detractors but among the rich and the guilty. *If God did not exist, it would behoove man to invent his being.*"

Festivals for every tenth day or decade, were held in place of the Catholic ceremonies of Sunday. The Mayors and public functionaries repaired to the Temple of Reason, where they read the declaration of the rights of man, the constitution, and the brilliant actions which had been performed during the decade. A moral discourse was then delivered, fine musical performances given, and the ceremonies concluded with the singing of republican hymns. There were placed in the temple two tribunes, one for aged men, the other for pregnant women, with these inscriptions: Respect for Old Age—Respect and Attention for Pregnant Women.

The Paris municipality had caused new funeral ceremonies for the dead to be instituted. All the religious emblems were suppressed in the cemeteries, and replaced by a Statue of Sleep, while over the gateways were inscribed the words, "DEATH IS AN ETERNAL SLEEP." Instead of gloomy cypress and firs, the grounds were to be adorned with such as were more cheerful and more fragrant.

"Let the beauty and the perfume of flowers," said Chaumette, "excite more soothing ideas. I would fain, if it were possible," added he gently, "be able to inhale in the scent of the rose the spirit of my mother." Poor, reckless Chaumette!—standing even then beneath the rising shadow of the guillotine—one may seek in vain the expression of a sentiment more strangely sweet and tender! Surely, something may be pardoned thee for it!

It was, also, directed in the same resolution by the municipality, and likewise at the instigation of Chaumette, that there should not be sold in the streets, "any

kind of jugglery,—such as holy napkins, St. Veronica's handkerchiefs, Ecce Homos, crosses, Agnus Deis, Virgins, bodies and rings of St. Hubert, or any powders, medicinal waters, or other adulterated drugs." The images of the Virgin were everywhere suppressed, and all the Madonnas in niches at the corners of streets were taken down and replaced by busts of Marat and Lepelletier. Notwithstanding his excesses, Chaumette had some humane ideas, some good purposes, and sought to put them in force by proposing laws for the protection of good manners, the encouragement of the fine arts, the establishment of hospitals, the care of abandoned children, and other beneficent measures.

EXTERMINATION AMONG THE FACTIONS

Robespierre early felt a horror at the atrocious buffoonery of the Anarchists in their orgies at the Temple of Reason, and saw that, if allowed to continue, it would utterly disorganize even the social and domestic relations throughout France. With the sanguinary spirit of the times, he resolved to check such an evil by their extermination.

At this time, too, the strife between the Dantonists and the Anarchists had broken out with a bitterness so extreme as to threaten to end in new outbreaks and proscriptions. The Committee of Public Safety boldly interposed between them, and resolved to make their discords the means of destroying both.

Robespierre wished to sacrifice the Anarchists and the Commune of Paris: the Committee of Public Safety wished to sacrifice Danton and the Moderates. They

came to an understanding: Robespierre gave up Danton, Camille Desmoulins and their friends to the members of the committees; and the members of the committees gave up Hebert, Chaumette, Anarcharsis Clootz, Ronsin and their accomplices to Robespierre. In this manner, Robespierre attained a double purpose: he destroyed the Anarchists of the Commune, together with their infamies, and he got rid, at the same time, of a revolutionary reputation, the only rival of his own, when Danton fell.

All the proscribed leaders of the two opposing factions were speedily accused and sent before the Revolutionary Tribunal, for trials tantamount to death, condemned and sent to the scaffold. "We are immolated," cried Danton, "to the ambition of a few miserable brigands, but they will not long enjoy the fruit of their criminal victory. I drag Robespierre after me in my fall."

"With Danton and his friends," says the eloquent Mignet, "perished the last defenders of humanity and moderation: the last who sought to promote peace among the conquerors of the Revolution and pity for the vanquished. For a long time after them no voice was raised against the dictatorship of Terror; and from one end of France to the other it struck silent and redoubled blows.

"The Girondists had sought to prevent this violent reign—the Dantonists to stop it: all perished, and the conquerors had the more victims to strike the more foes arose around them. In so sanguinary a career, there is no stopping until the tyrant is himself slain. . . . The royalists and aristocrats were hunted down in the name of Liberty and Equality: the Girondists in the

name of Republican Indivisibility: Desmoulins and the Moderate party in the name of Public Safety: Chaumette, Cloutz, Hebert, all the Anarchical and Atheistical party, in the name of Virtue and the Supreme Being: Danton, in the name of Virtue and Modesty. In the eyes of fanatics these *moral crimes* necessitated their destruction, as much as the conspiracies of which they were accused."

At this period Robespierre made the following highly interesting and significant enunciation of the principles of the new Republic. "The Revolutionary government owes national protection to all good citizens: *it owes to the enemies of the people nothing but death.* . . . What is the aim to which we tend? We desire a state of things, wherein all base and cruel passions shall be enchained; wherein distinctions should arise from equality itself; wherein the country assures the welfare of every individual; wherein all minds are enlarged by the continual communication of republican sentiments; wherein arts should be the decorations of that liberty which ennoble, *and commerce the source of public wealth, and not the monstrous opulence of some few houses!* . . . We must crush both the interior and exterior enemies of the Republic, or perish with her. If the spring of popular government during peace is VIRTUE, in rebellion it is at once both VIRTUE and TERROR: Virtue, without which Terror is fatal! Terror, without which Virtue is powerless. Terror is nothing else than Justice, prompt, secure, and inflexible. The government of a revolution is the despotism of Liberty against Tyranny!"

Amid all the strife and bloodshed the Convention, having gone far in innovations in many directions, found inclination and leisure to investigate and fix upon a new

regulation of weights and measures, which should replace the clumsy, antiquated systems then in force. The idea was conceived of taking for the unit of weight, and for the unit of measures, natural and invariable quantities in every country. Thus, *distilled water* was taken for the unit of weight, and a part of a measured *arc of the meridian* for the unit of measure. These units, multiplied or divided by ten, *ad infinitum*, formed the splendid Decimal System, to the use and immeasurable benefits of which the whole world is ever since so much indebted. Barrère and a special committee submitted to the Convention, also, an exhaustive report on the "Extirpation of Mendicity, and the assistance the Republic owes to indigent Citizens," embracing ideas highly characteristic of that period.

In the meanwhile, the gigantic struggle waged against the combined forces of Europe without, and the terrible civil war in La Vendee within, was directed by the formidable committees at Paris with consummate energy and success. Generals had to conquer, or be sent to the scaffold if defeated: stimulated thus to desperation, the Republican commanders deemed no hazards too great, no losses too severe, as the price of success.

Following a first levy of 300,000 men, the great levy of 1,200,000 men in August, 1793, furnished the inexhaustible supplies to keep up the strength of the armies in the field; the confiscated domains of the Church and the nobility, upon the security of which paper money or assignats, was issued to the amount of several billions of francs, paid the enormous expenditures of the Revolutionary government, and the unheard-of energy thus developed by the organized might of the patriotic masses of France, enabled the Republic to come forth victorious.

But widespread famine now appeared, to try still further the harassed patriots. Crowds of workmen, of beggars, and of women, shrieking for bread, surrounded the Hotel de Ville. In the hope of affording relief, which proved a vain one, the Convention decreed the famous Law of the Maximum, a fixed, arbitrary price, above which no bread, wine, meat, coals, etc., could be sold, under severe penalties.

ROBESPIERRE AND HIS FACTION SUPREME

Robespierre was now no longer in the opposition to the government. He and his party were in supreme control, *and it fell to them to govern*—a task infinitely more difficult than had been their rôle up to the present. Ever-increasing crowds of clamorous petitioners besieged the government with impossible and even dangerous demands. Robespierre vainly tried to restrain them, and his popularity began to wane, at times, and he said to Pache, the mayor of Paris, who came to him secretly to consult with him how to calm these terrible ebullitions, "All is over with the Revolution, if it be abandoned to these idiots. The Convention has but one method of wresting the sword from their hands—to take it into its own hands, and strike its enemies without pity. If we permit these children of the Revolution to play with the thunder of the people, it will burst and destroy us."

Hitherto we have seen him instigating insurrection, approving massacres, exasperating the furious people by fierce declamations, denouncing every man or faction whose power seemed an obstacle to the realization of his own ideas—doing all this evil that good might come

of it; that good being nothing less than a pure Republic. And now begins the fearful task of realizing ideas amid such surroundings. He who had so fiercely upbraided the acts of others, has now to act himself: he is now to be the object of those attacks he has so long directed against others. As has been said of his new position and responsibilities: "Patriotism, vague declamations about love of one's country and republican virtue will avail him no longer; powerful in opposition, these phrases are powerless in office. . . . He desires a Republic; but he has not *thought out* even the most elementary plans of institutions necessary for a Republic. Face to face with the great problem of Social Misery—face to face with the terrible problem of government for an anarchical nation—he is powerless to solve it: powerless to shape that chaos into order. His first act through the Committee of Public Safety was the institution of *La Terreur*."

Robespierre believed his ideas of the people's sovereignty, of *les purs et les impurs*, of the moral principles on which the Republican legislature should be based, were to become the gospel of the future state. He had no choice now but to instantly proceed to develop and establish them while his unfettered power continued.

In order to pave the way to the establishment of the new worship of the Supreme Being, which he meditated, to replace that of Reason, he caused decrees to be passed by the Convention to dedicate festivals to Truth, to Justice, Modesty, Friendship, Fidelity, Frugality, Misfortune, in a word, to all the moral and republican virtues. The Girondins had already accused him of aspiring to be the pontiff of a new religion.

"It is asked," they had said, "why there are so many

females at Robespierre's house, at the tribune of the Jacobins, at the Convention? The reason is, the French Revolution is a religion, and Robespierre hopes to found a sect. He is a kind of priest who has his devotees, his Marys and his Magdalens. All his power is in a distaff. Robespierre preaches, Robespierre censures: he is furious, grave, melancholy: he thunders against the rich and the great. He lives on a trifle. He has but one mission—to speak, and he talks unceasingly. He has all the characteristics of a founder of religion. He has a reputation for sanctity. He talks of God and Providence, and calls himself the support of the poor and oppressed; he is followed by women and men of weak intellect. He is a priest and will never be anything else.”

On the occasion of Robespierre's answer to these charges, it is related by Vilate that “The galleries were filled with women who applauded him with transports of devotional fervour. At the conclusion of the *seance* I met St. Etienne, who exclaimed: “What a man is that Robespierre with all those women! He is a priest who wishes to become a god!”

Robespierre did not fear to openly combat the widespread spirit of unbelief in France. None had spoken out more strongly against Atheism than himself, and he appeared in the tribune of the National Convention on the 7th of May, 1794, where he delivered one of the most remarkable speeches of his whole career, in advocacy of the worship of the Supreme Being. He observed that it was not as the authors of systems that the representatives of the nation ought to discourage Atheism and to proclaim Deism, but as legislators, seeking what principles are most suitable to man in a state of society.

“What signify to you, oh legislators!” he exclaimed,

“the various hypotheses by which certain philosophers explain the phenomena of Nature? You can leave all these subjects to their everlasting disputes. Neither is it as metaphysicians nor as theologians that you ought to view them. In the eyes of the legislator, all that is beneficial to the world and good in practice is truth.”

“The idea,” he continued, “of a Supreme Being, and of the immortality of the soul, is a continual call to justice; it is therefore a social and Republican principle. Who has authorized you to declare that the Deity does not exist? Oh! You who support in such impassioned strains so arid a doctrine, what advantage do you expect to derive from the principle that a blind fatality regulates the affairs of men, and that the soul is nothing but a breath of air impelled towards the tomb? Will the idea of nonentity inspire man with more pure and elevated sentiments than that of immortality? Will it awaken more respect for others or himself, more courage to resist tyranny, more devotedness to his country, greater contempt for pleasure or death?

“You who mourn a virtuous friend, can you endure the thought that his noblest part has not escaped dissolution? You who weep over the remains of a child or a wife, are you consoled by the thought that a handful of dust in a coffin is all that remains of the beloved object? Unfortunate mortal, who expirest by the steel of the assassin, thy last sigh is an appeal to eternal justice. Innocence on the scaffold, supported by such thoughts, makes the tyrant turn pale on his car of triumph. Would it possess this ascendancy if the tomb levelled alike the oppressor and his victim?

“Let us here take a lesson from history. Observe with what profound art Cæsar, pleading in the Roman

senate in behalf of the accomplices of Catiline, turns into a digression against the immortality of the soul, so well calculated do these ideas appear to him to extinguish in the hearts of the judges the energy of virtue, so intimately does the cause of crime seem to be connected with that of Atheism.

“Cicero, on the contrary, invoked the sword of the law and the thunderbolts of the gods against the traitors. Socrates, on the verge of death, discoursed with his friends on the ennobling theme; Leonidas, at Thermopylæ, supping with his companions in arms, on the eve of executing the most heroic design ever conceived by man, invited them for the next day to a banquet in another world. The principles of the Stoics gave birth to Brutus and Cato, even in the ages which witnessed the expiry of Roman virtue; they alone saved the honour of human nature, almost obliterated by the vices and the corruptions of the frightful ages which succeeded the loss of Roman liberty.

“The Encyclopedists, who introduced the frightful doctrine of Atheism, were ever, in politics, below the dignity of freedom; in point of morality they went far beyond the destruction of religious prejudices. Their disciples declaimed against despotism, and received the pensions of despots; they composed alternately tirades against kings and madrigals for their mistresses. That sect propagated, with infinite care, the principles of Materialism: we owe to them that selfish philosophy which reduced egotism to a system; regarded human society as a game of chance, where success was the sole distinction between what was just and unjust; probity as an affair of good taste or good breeding; and the world as the patrimony of the most dexterous of scoundrels.”

He then strongly combatted the idea, which might arise, that in proclaiming the worship of the Supreme Being, the government was labouring for the benefit of the Catholic priests. "What is there," he asked, "in common between the priests and God? The priests are to morality what quacks are to medicine. How different is the God of Nature from the God of the priests. I know nothing that so nearly resembles Atheism as the religions which they have framed. By grossly misrepresenting the Supreme Being, they have annihilated belief in Him as far as lay in their power. They made Him at one time a globe of fire, at another an ox, sometimes a tree, sometimes a man, sometimes a king.

"The priests have figured to themselves a god in their own image; they have made him jealous, capricious, cruel, covetous, implacable; they have enthroned him in the heavens as a palace, and called him to the earth only to demand for their behoof tithes, riches, pleasures, honours, and power.

"The true temple of the Supreme Being is the universe; his worship, virtue; his festivals the joy of a great people, assembled in his presence to knit closer the bonds of universal fraternity, and to pay him the homage of pure and grateful hearts."

He concluded this speech amid tremendous applause, and the following decree was unanimously adopted amid the acclamations of the National Convention:

"Article I. The French people acknowledges the existence of the Supreme Being and the immortality of the soul.

"Article II. It acknowledges that the worship most worthy of the Supreme Being is the practice of the duties of man."

Addresses poured in from all parts of the country, congratulating the Convention on its sublime decrees, thanking it for having proclaimed the worship of the Supreme Being, and restored hope to man.

"For the first time in the annals of mankind," says Mr. Alison, "a great nation had thrown off all religious principles, and openly defied the power of Heaven itself; and from amid the wreck which was occasioned by the unchaining of human passions, arose a solemn recognition of the Supreme Being and the immortality of the soul! It seemed as if Providence had permitted human wickedness to run its utmost length, in order, amid the frightful scene, to demonstrate the necessity of religious belief, and vindicate the majesty of its moral government. In vain an infidel generation sought to establish the frigid doctrines of Materialism; the anarchy they are fitted to induce was experienced, and the recognition was wrung from a suffering which had been denied by a prosperous age."

Robespierre was now at the very summit of his power and popularity, and, also, though he knew it not, at the last term of his system. Public opinion decreed him the dictatorship, but he had not the courage to possess himself of it. "No," said he, "I was not made to rule, I was made to combat the enemies of the people." Thibaudau said of Robespierre, "There is in that man something of Mahomèt and of Cromwell; he only wants their genius."

"Their genius he had not," wrote Lewes, "but he almost supplied the place of genius by sincerity, by the force of his convictions. That is the answer to those who wonder at the ascendancy he acquired. Robespierre's force was not in his genius, for he had none: but in his

principles, and they were the principles of the Revolution. Too much has been said about Robespierre's intellectual mediocrity."

Of his speeches, Nodier, one of the greatest critics in modern France, has said: "Notwithstanding all the drawbacks of his manner of delivery, his speeches were sometimes master-pieces. In their skill and oratorical art they approach ancient models. More logical than poetical, they are better adapted to achieve their ends than almost any other modern speeches. Their force is the calm, majestic force of reason. The only speeches that can be compared with them are those of Guizot, in whose style we perceive the same qualities and the same deficiencies as in that of Robespierre." And the Quarterly Review did him the justice to concede, "that his speeches proved that he could be no ordinary man, who, in a private station, was an object of alarm to the supreme authority, and was powerful enough to meet and defeat single-handed, the most eloquent and influential of the rulers of the State."

FÊTE IN HONOUR OF THE SUPREME BEING

Having formally recognized the existence of the Supreme Being, the National Convention next proceeded to decree a magnificent fête in his honour, to be celebrated on the 8th of June, 1794. Robespierre was unanimously named president, and charged with the duty of supreme pontiff on the occasion. With whatsoever mixed motives the politicians in the Convention may have conferred this distinction upon Robespierre, it was none the less eagerly welcomed by him.

The remarkable ceremony took place in front of a large amphitheatre in the gardens of the Tuileries; opposite this stand were figures representing Atheism, Discord, Selfishness. When the procession marched, Robespierre, to mark his pre-eminence, moved fifteen feet in advance of his colleagues, in a brilliant costume, bearing in his hands, as did all the representatives, flowers, fruit and ears of wheat. In his countenance, usually so sad, beamed a joy and brightness uncommon with him. After an eloquent oration the supreme pontiff, seizing a torch set fire to the figures of Discord, Atheism, and Selfishness, which were quickly consumed; out of the ashes appeared a statue of Wisdom, which, contrary to what had been intended, unluckily, chanced to be much *blackened* by the smoke of those that had been consumed—a *contretemps* keenly enjoyed by the Parisians!

Robespierre then returned to his place and made a second speech on the extirpation of the vices leagued against the Republic. But its generous sentiments were dashed by the concluding words: "People! to-day let us give ourselves up to the transports of pure happiness; to-morrow we will combat vice and tyranny anew."

After this first ceremony, the Convention and people again set out in procession for the Champ de Mars, where a second elaborate ceremony took place. The pride of Robespierre seemed redoubled by what had just taken place, and he affected to walk very far in advance of his colleagues, who did not fail to note and resent this with anger, ridicule, and bitter comments. They then marched once more to the gardens of the Tuileries, and the fête was concluded with numerous public diversions.

Everybody had been hurt and offended by Robespierre's pride. Sneers and stinging sarcasms had offended his own ears, in which the ominous word "Tyrant," was frequently flung at him, leaving him convulsed with rage, and filled with bitterness against the Atheists, the conspirators and traitors, who had dared to publicly insult him, in the very course of the sacred ceremonial.

Such was the famous fête celebrated in honour of the Supreme Being—the first, as well as the last, of its kind: begun in joy and triumph: ending in bitterness, alarm, and unconcealed hatred on all sides. His triumph there, to the attainment of which he had so long and patiently worked, was the beginning of the end; his hitherto unknown ambition to become, in a moral sense, dictator of France, suddenly stood revealed. To mark his pre-eminence before all, he had not been able to refrain from walking a few feet ahead of his rivals and his enemies: from that moment he was lost.

But whatever their weaknesses, Robespierre now possessed the perilous honour of filling both the moral and the political dictatorships of the Republic—an eminence to which no other had been able to attain. Warned by St. Just, Couthon and Lebas of the hatred growing up in the Convention against him, and even in some of the members of the two committees, in which his will had hitherto been omnipotent, he resolved to outstrip his enemies in rapidity of action, and to increase and consolidate his own power by a "purification," which should free, both the committees and the Convention itself, from "the base intriguers and traitors who were secretly plotting with its internal and external foes to betray and destroy the Republic."

The first step was the demand for the passage by the

Convention of the sanguinary law of the 22nd of Prairial, to confer additional powers upon, and reorganize the already terrible Revolutionary Tribunal into what has been described as "the dictatorship, not of a man, but of the scaffold." It was now to be divided into four courts, each having the same powers as the original and composed of a president, three judges and nine jurors. Twelve judges and fifty jurors were appointed, so that the four divisions of the Tribunal might sit every day and conduct with fourfold rapidity the work of the extermination of the enemies of the Republic. The reorganized and enlarged Tribunal, as was stated in the decree of the Convention, was "instituted to punish the enemies of the people." Then followed a most vague and comprehensive definition of the enemies of the people. In the number were included everything from dishonest contractors to the alarmists who circulated bad news. If there existed proofs, either *material or moral*, no witnesses were required against the accused. Finally, a clause to this effect: "To calumniated patriots the law gives patriot jurors as defenders; to conspirators it grants none." The Public Accuser, Fouquier-Tinville, immediately had the four sections of the tribunal provided with quarters, so that instead of trying and condemning prisoners in the usual "batches," as they were termed, of forty or fifty a day, four times as many such "batches" could now be condemned and sent to the scaffold every day, save on the tenth days or decades, which were scrupulously observed as days of rest and recreation, by the overworked judges, jurors, and executioners, steeped in tears and blood during the other nine days.

In an effort to protect itself against this frightful law,

the Convention had reserved to itself the exclusive right of ordering its own members before the Revolutionary Tribunal, only allowing the Committee of Public Safety the power of arresting them. The result of the law of the 22nd of Prairial would be that the members of the Convention itself, placed under the immediate dependence of the Committee of Public Safety, could be sent by it to death within twenty-four hours, without any further trouble than that of pointing them out to the Public Accuser, Fouquier-Tinville.

This decree sounded like a death-knell in the ears of the Convention. All were at once apprised that another bloody proscription and decimation of the legislative body approached. And from this moment there was mortal, though secret strife, between Robespierre and the distinguished members he had doomed to destruction. "If this law passes," declared one of these, "nothing remains but to blow out our brains."

Robespierre immediately mounted the tribune to combat this unexpected resistance. "For long," said he, "the Assembly has argued and decided on the same day, because for long it has been liberated from the empire of faction. I demand that, instead of pausing on the proposal for adjournment, we sit till midnight, if necessary, to discuss the project of the law which has now been submitted to it. Amidst the victories of the Republic, the conspirators are more active and ardent than ever. It behooves us to strike them. Woe to those who would assassinate the people, by permitting miserable intriguers to divide the patriots." Unprepared to resist, the imperious tone of Robespierre and the menaces of his supporters again overawed the convention, and in thirty minutes the decree was *unanimously* adopted.

"Armed by this accession of power," says Alison, "the proscriptions proceeded during the next two months, with redoubled violence. The power of Robespierre was prodigious, and wielded with an energy to which there is nothing comparable in the history of modern Europe. The ruling principle of his government was to destroy the whole aristocracy, both of rank and talent. But there is a limit to human suffering; an hour when indignant nature will no longer submit, and courage arises out of despair. To that avenging hour time was fast approaching."

At the fall of the Girondins the prisoners held at Paris numbered 1,150: within three months their number had risen to 8,000, and the number throughout France exceeded 200,000! Tallien, Bourdon, Ruamps, and all those who had openly opposed the law of the 22nd of Prairial, gave themselves up for lost, and dreaded arrest every moment. A report soon circulated of a list of eighteen victims in the Convention whose names were given, but the alarm became general, and more than sixty members of the Convention ceased to sleep at their own homes, lest in the night they should be arrested and sent before the Revolutionary Tribunal before it could even be known to the Convention. Certain members of the Committee of Public Safety had also grown to dread and hate Robespierre, and it was already known that the names of several members of the Committee of General Safety even were included in the new proscription. When Robespierre and Couthon demanded their assent to the sacrifice of this list, the two committees refused it, feeling that the same danger might very soon threaten their own lives. Thus Robespierre and the committees were brought into an openly hostile attitude.

Another curious circumstance, however, led to the final rupture between them. For some time a small sect of religious mystics, headed by an old woman named Catherine Theot, who proclaimed herself the mother of God, had been meeting in Paris. She also announced the coming arrival of a regenerating Messiah, in the person of Robespierre, and her fanatical followers invoked him as their supreme pontiff. The committees were acquainted with their absurd proceedings, and ordered a report by one of their number who turned their actions into derision, but at the same time declared them worthy of death, and they were all thrown into prison.

Robespierre strove to save them from prosecution in the Committee of Public Safety, where the discussion grew extremely warm. He had to endure the most abusive language, was roughly over-ruled by the Committee, and withdrew weeping with anger. Enraged at this resistance and the insults heaped upon him, he resolved to cease attending the Committee, and to take no further part in its deliberations. But this retirement was to prove as fatal to him as that of Danton. He now confined himself to the club of the Jacobins, where his power was still supreme. At a meeting there on the 21st of July, he prepared their minds for a revolt against the Convention. "The Assembly," said he "labouring under the gangrene of corruption, and unable to throw off its impurities, is incapable of saving the Republic; both will perish; the proscription of the patriots is the order of the day."

Robespierre hoped to render the two committees unpopular by his secession, and by his speeches at the Jacobins; he then proposed to take advantage of a favourable moment for attacking them openly in the Conven-

tion. For some time he had been preparing a lengthy speech, in which he laboured to expose the abuses of the government and the committees.

He preferred trying the effect of his speech denouncing the committees and demanding their removal. If successful in this, he would become absolute master, without danger and without commotion. If he failed, this would not exclude insurrection, for which preparations had been made by the Jacobins, and the armed sections of the Paris commune, who urged him to give the signal for it. Robespierre resolved to deliver his speech on the 8th of Thermidor (July 26). St. Just and all his agents were prepared, and attended the session. The Convention realized that the final struggle was about to begin. In the opening Robespierre said: "Citizens! let others draw flattering pictures for you, I come to tell you useful truths. I come not to realize the ridiculous terrors excited by perfidy; but I wish to extinguish, if possible, the torch of discord by the mere force of truth. I come to defend your outraged authority and violated independence! I also will defend myself; you will not be taken by surprise, for you have nothing in common with the tyrants whom you combat. To what faction do I belong? To yourselves. What is the party which, ever since the commencement of the Revolution, has crushed faction and swept off the traitors? It is yourselves—the people—the force of principles. That is my party. The cries of outraged innocence annoy not your ears, neither are you ignorant that this cause is not foreign to you." He then described the two committees as addicted to intrigues.

In the whole existing system he found nothing good but the *Revolutionary government*, and in that only the

principle, not the execution. The principle was his; it was he who caused that government to be instituted, but it was his enemies who marred it. Finally, he concluded with this accusation and menace against both the Convention and the committees:

"For six weeks I have been reduced to a state of impotence in the Committee of Public Safety; during that time, has faction been better restrained, or the country more happy? Representatives of the people, the time has arrived when you should resume the attitude which befits you: you are not placed here to be governed, but to govern the depositaries of your confidence.

"Let it be spoken out at once; we assert that there exists a conspiracy against the public liberty; that it owes its strength to a criminal coalition, which intrigues in the very bosom of this Convention; that this coalition has accomplices in the Committee of General Safety, and in the bureaux of that Committee which they govern; that the enemies of the Republic have opposed this Committee to the Committee of Public Safety and thus constituted two governments; that members of the Committee of Public Safety are engaged in this plot; that the coalition thus formed is striving to ruin the patriots and the country.

"What is the remedy for the evil? To punish the traitors, to renew the bureaux of the Committee of General Safety, to purify that Committee itself and to render it subordinate to the Committee of Public Safety, to constitute the unity of government under the auspices of the Convention, and thus to crush all the factions with the weight of the national authority, in order to raise upon their ruins the power of justice and liberty. Such are the principles. If it is impossible to claim them

without passing for an ambitious man, I shall conclude that principles are proscribed and that tyranny reigns among us; but I shall not on that account be silent;—for what can be objected to a man who is in the right, and who is ready to die for his country? I am made to combat crime—not to govern it. The time is not yet arrived when good men can serve their country with impunity.”

There could be no mistaking Robespierre’s sinister purpose: another proscription and massacre, to still further thin their numbers, was evidently at hand. In stony silence his speech had been begun and concluded. The members of the Convention continued mute, with their eyes fixed upon him, as he descended to his place from the tribune. All faces had become cold and impenetrable, and the haughty dictator felt the unspoken hatred and fear about him which seemed to darken the great hall.

His satellite, Couthon, demanded that the speech should not only be printed, but be sent to all the communes and the armies. This insolent demand that the Convention should publish to the country its own denunciation as traitors and conspirators, deserving death, instantly precipitated a bitter, angry debate and scene. “It is no longer time,” said Cambon, “for dissembling: one man paralyzes the Convention, and that man is Robespierre.” “We must tear the mask from any countenance on which it is placed,” said Billaud-Varennes; “I would rather that my carcass served for a throne to the tyrant, than render myself by my silence, the accomplice of his crimes.” “It is not enough,” said Vadier, “for him to be a tyrant: he aims farther, like a second Mohammed, at being proclaimed the envoy of God.”

The Convention, at last, voted that the speech, instead of being printed, should be referred to the consideration of the two committees. Robespierre retired much surprised, and angered at the resistance he had experienced, but still confident of success the following day, by means of the formidable insurrection of the Jacobins and the Paris municipality, which had already been prepared to deal with such an emergency.

Both sides spent the whole night preparing for the decisive struggle the next day. Before daylight all the factions of the Convention had united for the overthrow of the tyrant. The points of rendezvous for the partisans of Robespierre were fixed at the Hall of the Jacobins and the Hotel de Ville, where they were to await his orders from the floor of the National Convention.

Robespierre had over-ruled the advice of men bolder than himself to seize the members of the Convention, who were, at that moment, assembled in deliberation, and so end the struggle without a combat. Robespierre said St. Just, who had just arrived from the army, was to make a report next morning; a petition had already been presented; he himself would again speak, and if they were unsuccessful, the magistrates of the people, supported, as on the 31st of May, by a force of 80,000 armed men of the sections and 160 cannons, would simply surround the Tuileries, declare the people had resumed its sovereignty, and deliver the Convention from the control of the villains who misled it. All this seemed easy of accomplishment, as the Convention had but few troops at its command to defend it against attack. But it had resolved to resist, and assembled in full strength early on the 9th of Thermidor (July 27).

Tallien promised to make the first attack and only

desired that others would have the courage to follow him. At noon St. Just ascended the tribune: Tallien was speaking to some colleagues at one of the doors. "This is the moment," said he, "let us go in." The benches rapidly filled; and the Convention awaited in silence the opening of one of the grandest and stormiest scenes of the Revolution. Robespierre took his place on the bench directly opposite the tribune, to intimidate his adversaries by his look, but he grew white to the lips, and his knees trembled as he saw the hostile, formidable appearance of the Convention.

St. Just commenced a speech from the tribune. "I belong," said he, "to no party; I will combat them all. The course of events has possibly determined that this tribune shall be the Tarpeian Rock for him who now tells you that the members of the committees have strayed from the path of wisdom." Upon this he was violently interrupted by Tallien. "Shall the speaker," said he, "forever arrogate to himself, with the tyrant of whom he is the satellite, the privilege of denouncing, accusing, and proscribing the members of the Convention? Shall he forever go on amusing us with imaginary perils, when real and pressing dangers are before our eyes? After the enigmatical expressions of the tyrant yesterday from that place, can we doubt what St. Just is about to propose? You are about," he exclaimed, "to raise the veil; I will tear it asunder!" Thunders of applause greeted this exclamation. "I will exhibit the danger in its full extent—the tyrant in his true colors. It is the whole Convention which he now proposes to destroy: he knows well, since his overthrow yesterday, that however much he may mutilate that great body, he will no longer find it the instrument of his tyrannical designs. Two thou-

sand assassins have sworn to execute his designs; I myself last night at the Jacobins heard their oaths, and fifty of my colleagues heard them with me. Let us instantly take measures commensurate to the magnitude of the danger. I have no difficulty in naming the chiefs of the conspiracy, whose steps I have followed through their bloody conjuration: I name Dumas, the atrocious president of the Revolutionary Tribunal; I name Henriot, the infamous commander of the National Guard." Here Billaud-Varennes interrupted to give other details of the conspiracy at the Jacobins and denounce Robespierre as its chief. "The Assembly will perish," he concluded, "if it shows the least signs of weakness." "We shall never perish!" exclaimed the members, rising in a transport of enthusiasm from their seats.

Tallien resumed: "Can there be any doubt now about the reality of the conspiracy? Have you conquered so many tyrants only to crouch beneath the yoke of the most atrocious of them all? The charge against Robespierre is already written in your hearts. Is there a voice among you which will declare that he is not an oppressor? If there is, let him stand forth, for him have I offended. Tremble! tyrant, tremble! See with what horror freemen shrink from your polluted touch. We enjoy your agony, but the public safety requires it should no longer be prolonged. I declare if the National Convention hesitate to pass the decree of accusation, I will plunge this dagger in your bosom!" and he drew the glittering steel from his breast in the midst of the Assembly which resounded with shouts of applause.

During this impassioned speech, which was pronounced with the most vehement action, Robespierre sat motionless with terror. The Convention, amid a violent tumult,

decreed the arrest of Henriot, Dumas, and his other associates: their own permanent sitting and numerous measures of precaution. Robespierre, livid with rage, had left his seat, and ascended the steps of the tribune, and demanded of the president with extreme violence permission to speak. The president, Thuriot, whom he had often threatened with death, constantly drowned his voice by ringing his bell. "Down with the tyrant!" resounded from all parts of the hall. In despair he turned to the few survivors of the Girondins. "Retire from these benches," they exclaimed, "Vergniaud and Condorcet have sat here." Repulsed in every quarter, he turned again to the chair: "For the last time, president of assassins," he screamed, "will you allow me to speak?" But the uproar drowned his voice; he returned to his place, sunk back in his seat, exhausted with passion and fatigue; his voice failed and foam issued from his mouth. "Wretch!" exclaimed a powerful voice from the Mountain, "the blood of Danton chokes thee!" Robespierre, enraged at this thrust, cried, "Danton! Is it then Danton you would avenge? Cowards! Why did you not defend him?" There was courage, truth, and even dignity in this bitter retort—the last words that Robespierre ever spoke in public.

The decree of arrest against Robespierre and his brother, St. Just, Couthon and Lebas, was then passed amidst tremendous uproar. The members rose in a body, shouting, "Liberty forever! The Republic forever! The tyrants are no more!" The five accused were then sent down to the place of the accused, Robespierre furious, St. Just calm, and the others thunderstruck at this humiliation so new to them—the place to which they had sent so many others.

It was now five o'clock. The prisoners had been sent off to separate prisons. The Convention, exhausted and needing refreshment, took the dangerous resolution to suspend the sitting till seven, and regretted it. During all this time the partisans of Robespierre had been assembling at the Jacobins and the Hotel de Ville, and awaiting his orders there, which never came.

Fortunately, while the Convention imprudently suspended its sitting, the Commune did the same, and thus the time was lost by both sides. The Commune met again at six, having learned of the arrest of Robespierre and his four companions. It then declared itself in insurrection, ordered the tocsin to be rung to assemble the sections again, and ordered the keepers of the prisons not to admit any prisoners who should be brought to them. Accordingly when the carriages containing the prisoners arrived at the gates of the prisons, the keepers, showing their positive orders, refused to admit them; whereupon the administrators of the police took charge of them, and conveyed them straight to the Hotel de Ville, where they were welcomed with the greatest joy and enthusiasm. They resolved to make short work of the Convention now.

The Convention reassembled at seven o'clock. Intelligence had arrived of the fearful successes of the insurgents, of the presence of Robespierre and the other prisoners at the Hotel de Ville, and the assembling of the armed sections. At the height of the agitation the deputy, Amar, entered and announced that the insurgent cannoniers had just trained a formidable battery in readiness to batter down the walls of their hall. "Citizens," said the president, covering his face with his robe, "the hour has arrived to die at our posts." "We are ready

to die," exclaimed the members. Animated by a sublime resolution, every one spontaneously resumed his seat, and the Assembly unanimously took the oath. But the vociferous crowds in the galleries, not relishing a bombardment at such close range, immediately fled with a tremendous uproar, leaving behind them a thick cloud of dust.

In this extremity, Tallien and other determined men among the leaders acted with firmness and resolution. "By his revolt," declared Tallien, "Robespierre has brought his fate upon himself; let us declare him *Hors la Loi* (Out of the Law) with all his accomplices; let us include the rebellious municipality in the decree; let us besiege him in the centre of his power; let us instantly convoke the sections, and allow the public horror to manifest itself by actions. Name a commander of the armed force; there must be no hesitation: in such a strife he who assumes the offensive commands success." All these decrees were instantly passed; Barras named commander of the armed force, and several resolute members appointed to assist him in his perilous task.

While the Convention was passing these decrees, Henriot, commander of the National Guard, arrived among the troops he had caused to be posted before the palace, and ordered the batteries of artillery to open fire upon the National Convention. At this moment several deputies emerged from the hall, and walked straight upon the batteries. Hearing Henriot's order to fire repeated, they cried out; "Cannoniers! will you disgrace yourselves? That ruffian is outlawed!" The cannoniers then refused to obey Henriot, who had barely time to turn his horse's head and ride in the utmost haste to the Hotel de Ville for refuge.



Musée de Versailles

CALLING THE LAST VICTIMS OF THE TERROR

Muller

The fate of France hung on their decision; could Henriot have persuaded them to fire, the National Convention would have been destroyed in a few moments, and the course of the Revolution have been changed. Their refusal decided the fortune of the day, and the Convention so recently besieged within its walls, speedily became the assailing party. The news of the arrest and outlawry of Robespierre and his associates, as well as the outlawry of Henriot and the municipality, had spread with the rapidity of lightning over Paris, and a ray of hope shot through the minds of all who lived in dread of the Terror. Great agitation prevailed for the rest of the night. Every one was in a state of dread and uncertainty: but the deputies sent by the Convention to proclaim its decrees to the people soon got the better of the obscure envoys of the Commune. Those who had sent their battalions to the Hotel de Ville recalled them; the others directed theirs toward the Tuileries. Meanwhile the 12,000 prisoners in the different prisons feared the noise and tumult might be the prelude to another massacre in the prisons, and when it was made known that Robespierre had fallen, they gave way to the wildest demonstrations of joy.

While Robespierre and his associates, assembled at the Hotel de Ville, were still making their plans to attack the Convention on the morrow, all were struck with stupor when the decree of outlawry against them was announced. Payen, the municipal councillor, read it aloud and, himself added, to the list of the outlawed, the words, *and all the people in the galleries*, which were not in the decree of outlawry, hoping thus to secure their support. But contrary to his expectations, the patriots there assembled, bellowed with alarm, lest they, too,

should share the anathema hurled by the National Convention, and flying in the greatest haste and disorder down the stairways, burst through the doorways and dispersed in the streets in every direction.

Henriot went down to the Place to harangue the gunners and troops, but he found all had suddenly joined the troops of the Convention. Finding themselves deserted by both the troops and the people, the greatest terror and discouragement then overcame the conspirators. At this moment a few bold men from the forces of the Convention burst into their chamber: two pistol shots rang out: with one Robespierre, intending to commit suicide, had shattered his lower jaw; with the other Lebas had killed himself. Henriot and the younger Robespierre had thrown themselves out of the windows to the Place below and were picked up badly injured. St. Just, Couthon, and all the municipal officers, Payen, Dumas, Fleuriot, Coffinhal and others were secured; all were conducted in triumph to the Convention; it was now three o'clock in the morning.

The prisoners were conveyed to the hall of the Committee of Public Welfare, where Robespierre lay for nine hours on a table, the same upon which he had signed the death warrants of so many citizens, with his broken jaw still bleeding, and suffering alike from the execrations and the curiosity of those around him. He retained his presence of mind and seemed unconcerned. He had on the same fine sky-blue coat he had worn at the festival of the Supreme Being, nankeen breeches, and white silk stockings, which had dropped down to his heels. Foam issued from his mouth, which he wiped with bits of paper handed to him by persons around him. When the surgeon came to dress his wound, he got down

from the table, seated himself in an arm-chair, and underwent the painful dressing without a groan. He would make no reply to any observations.

The decree of outlawry rendered a trial superfluous. With all his associates, twenty-one in all, he was taken before his own terrible creation and engine of destruction, the Revolutionary Tribunal, and as soon as the identity of their persons was established by the Public Accuser, Fouquier-Tinville, all were condemned to death. At four in the afternoon, he caused them to be conveyed to execution.

The scaffold had been set up in the Place de la Révolution on the same spot where Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette, the Girondins, Danton, and so many others Robespierre had been the means of sending there, had perished. An enormous crowd blocked the streets, the Place, filling all windows, and even the very roofs, to behold this impressive spectacle. When the procession came opposite the house Robespierre had lived in, in the Rue St. Honoré, it stopped for fifteen minutes, crowds of women danced around his car, and blood was sprinkled over the front of the house with brooms, from buckets of blood brought there from the markets for the purpose. His face was bound with a bloody cloth, and his eyes sunken. He shut his eyes, but could not close his ears against the howls and abuse of the multitude. Numerous relatives of his victims followed the cars, pouring forth imprecations upon them. A woman, breaking from the crowd, springs on his car, clutches the side with one hand and waving the other with fury, exclaimed: "Murderers of all my kindred! your agony fills me with joy; descend to hell, covered with the curses of every mother in France!"

At the foot of the scaffold they stretched Robespierre on the ground till his turn came,—the last. Twenty of his associates were executed before him, that something of the agony he had caused others might be visited upon him. Loud applause burst forth with every descent of the fatal blade; when, at last, he ascended the scaffold, the executioners tore the blood-stained bandage from his face; the lower jaw fell upon his breast, and he uttered a yell which filled every heart with horror. For some minutes the frightful figure was held up to the multitude to gaze upon; he was then thrust under the axe, and the last sounds which reached his ears were the exulting shouts which were prolonged for some time after his death. The people shed tears of joy; they embraced each other in transport; they crowded round the scaffold to gaze on the bleeding heads and corpses of the tyrants. Rejoicing prevailed throughout Paris. The Prisons rang with songs; people embraced one another in a species of intoxication, and paid as much as thirty francs for the evening papers containing an account of what had just happened.

“And thus this strange mystery of a man,” observes a contemporary writer, “passed away into eternity. On that evening at the Opera they performed Glück’s *“Armida,”* with the ballet of *“Telemachus,”* and the Opera Comique delighted its audience with *“Melomanie.”*”

All considered the Terror finished with Robespierre, to such a degree had he assumed all its horrors. “Thus,” says Mr. Alison, “terminated the Reign of Terror: a period fraught with greater political instruction than any of equal duration which has existed since the beginning of the world.”

A widespread opinion as to Robespierre’s motives in

instituting the Reign of Terror is, that, as it has been expressed, "Face to face with the terrible problem of government for an anarchical nation—he was powerless to solve it; powerless to shape that chaos into order. His first act through the Committee of Public Safety was the institution of *La Terreur*, which was only the despairing effort of a Revolution which already felt its aim frustrated."

This view does not appear, upon a critical retrospect, to be well founded, or even just. Robespierre undoubtedly aspired to become dictator in France, but he, as certainly, did not expect this end to be achieved by simply increasing the violence of political strife and agitation. He had himself helped to overthrow and destroy too many factions, not to perceive all the perils and instability of a supremacy thus founded. Moreover, the supremacy to which he aspired was to be *personal* rather than that of a *faction*.

To accomplish his ambition he conceived the design of becoming dictator in a double sense, that is to say, in both a political and a moral or religious sense. He began to lay the foundations for the latter as soon as he appeared in the States-General in 1789, by his austere, incorruptible manner of life, and by his persistent, unceasing harangues and appeals upon patriotism, virtue, and the like, in the Jacobins Club, in the streets, or wherever he could find listeners. He did find throngs of fanatics like himself, who not merely believed all he said, but who grew to consider him, in a moral sense, the first man in the Republic.

One after another the brilliant leaders of the Revolution disappeared, but the power and the reputation of the Incorruptible one from Arras steadily grew

greater. His harangues upon the virtues never ceased. His absolute moral supremacy in the Jacobins and its affiliated societies throughout France, was what led to his political dictatorship in the National Convention.

The moral dictatorship had been the slow growth of years of persistent effort; his bold attacks upon Atheism, had in view, and long before he ventured to propose it, the worship of the Supreme Being. It was not enough to be a leader in mere morals; he wished, also, to establish a religion which should displace the worship of the Goddess of Reason with its revolting rites.

And that the institution of the Reign of Terror was not an act of mere despair, but was, on the contrary, a deliberately designed means to accomplish an end, seems to be clear from his own declaration of the vital principles which guided his conduct from first to last: "The spring of a popular government in peace is VIRTUE; in a revolution, it is VIRTUE and TERROR: Virtue, without which Terror is fatal—Terror without which Virtue is impotent."

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SURRENDER OF THE KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN TO GENERAL BONAPARTE

The Order of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, secure in the strong fortifications of their splendid possessions of Malta and Gozo—lying nearly midway in the Mediterranean Sea between Sicily and the African continent—had never seemed more secure and prosperous than when the storm of the French Revolution burst upon it.

In 1792, however, the National Assembly at Paris decreed the abolition of the Order in France, and confiscated all its possessions in that country. The Grand Master Emmanuel de Rohan had openly, on all occasions, shown his sympathy for the Royalists in France, and offered at his court an asylum to many of the French refugees, whose sons also joined the Knights of St. John, or received commissions as officers in the ranks of the mercenary troops in their service.

In 1797 the Grand Master de Rohan died, and was succeeded by the Baron Ferdinand von Hompesch, the last grand master of the Order to reign in Malta.

Besides the misfortune of being a very weak man, totally unfitted to deal with the critical conditions which had now arisen in their affairs, the new grand master was a German, and therefore, unacceptable to a large majority of the Knights who were of French or Italian extraction.

Discord and intrigues to undermine the authority of Baron von Hompesch soon began to be felt.

The confiscation of the possessions of the Order in France, with diminished revenues from their estates in other countries, resulting from the wars on the Continent for six years past, had considerably impoverished the Order, which had itself declined in numbers to a few hundred chevaliers, who, enfeebled by an idle and luxurious mode of life, had, for the most part, lost all vigor or efficiency in military affairs, and relied for the defence of Malta upon the services of several thousand mercenaries and militia.

The seeds of discord, idleness and corruption thus sown had fully ripened when there appeared at Valetta, in November, 1797, the Citizen Poussielgue of France, a very able but crafty political agent, who had been sent direct from the headquarters of General Bonaparte before Mantua, in Northern Italy, who, even then, had fixed upon the conquest of Malta as a step in his far-reaching designs against the British Empire in the East.

Citizen Poussielgue was presented at the court of the grand master, and speedily established very confidential relations with him and many of his highest officials and advisers. Being fully advised by the French consul at Malta of the true conditions prevailing in the Order, he used the information to the best advantage to accomplish the object of his mission.

A large proportion of the garrison, and even of the Knights, had become strongly imbued with the new Republican principles which had so aroused western and southern Europe. Aided by the glamour of the new order of things, and the renown of the marvellous victories and conquests of the Republican armies over the

Austrians in Italy and Austria, the artful emissary was not sparing in presents, promises and rich entertainments to seduce these men from their allegiance to the Order, among whom were the grand master himself and many of his chief advisers.

Among the conditions contained in a treacherous, secret convention with them were, that the Grand Master Hompesch should obtain 600,000 francs, a principality in Germany, or a pension for life of 300,000 francs. (Bour., vol. 2, p. 65. Sav. 1, p. 30.) The French chevaliers were promised a pension of 700 francs a year each. After the capitulation, the grand master retired to Trieste, Austria, carrying with him the most precious relics of the Order, but was destined to have little benefit from his principality in Germany, or his pension, as he only survived till the year 1803. With him, in 1798, ended the long list of grand masters, twenty-eight in number, beginning with Lisle d'Adam in 1530 and embracing a period of 268 years, during which they had so often and gloriously defended their splendid island fortress, while shielding Christendom from the fury of Moslem invasions.

By such means was prepared the way for the final surrender of the ancient illustrious Order of the Knights of St. John, without a blow in defence, in the following June, when the French army, on board the fleet of Admiral Brueys, presented itself before Valetta on its voyage to Egypt.

"I captured Malta," said Napoleon, "while at Mantua."

In April, 1798, the French Directory had resolved on the forcible acquisition of Malta, warnings of which were sent to the Grand Master Hompesch to no purpose, as he was a party to the plot against his own Order.

In the last days of May, 1798, sinister rumors had begun to be openly discussed among the chevaliers and the officers of the mercenaries; for several weeks, indeed, there had been mysterious hints of a possible descent upon the Island by the French, but now it had begun to be openly asserted that they already possessed secret but treacherous allies in Malta.

Great bitterness, and many serious personal encounters resulted from such charges and recriminations, while a feeling of disquietude, of apprehension, of impending calamity, seized upon the minds of all.

It soon became apparent that unusual influences were at work in Valetta. The garrisons of the great forts of St. Elmo, Ricasoli and Tigné were much depleted by being distributed in quarters where they would be perfectly useless in defending the city, and many of the greatest batteries were likewise crippled, or partly dismantled, so that they also were useless.

As these orders came, one after the other, it was not difficult to divine, even by those not in the secret, that if the fortress should be attacked, no effective defence could be made.

On the night of the 9th of June, the Grand Master gave a great ball and banquet to the Knights, and the nobility of the Island.

It was intended as a cloak to aid the conspirators in their treacherous schemes against their ancient, but decaying Order.

The great Palace was lighted with unusual splendor; guards in unwonted numbers increased the effect; in the grand ballrooms, banquet halls and lofty corridors, thousands of wax candles, set in crystal chandeliers, shed a brilliant radiance over the throng of beauty and chivalry.

The strains of several fine orchestras invited the be-wigged and be-powdered throng to grand marches and stately minuets. Burning censers between the statuary added to the perfume of flowers; great palm trees, festooned with roses, stood around the tall marble columns that supported the ceilings, and showed that still, as in the times of Verres, whose rose-stuffed cushions are mentioned by Cicero—Malta was the paradise of flowers.

If any hearts there faltered with the knowledge of guilt, it was hidden behind the inscrutable mask of hypocrisy and deceitful smiles. The languid gleam of many an eye was lighted up by the wines, the banquets, the air heavy with perfumes, and the sight of the voluptuous throng of beautiful women.

The hour had grown late; many of the candles had burned low in their sockets; the clouds of incense and the haze from flickering lights and dust, had dimmed the brightness into a mellowed, softened radiance, amid which the brilliant assemblage still danced, laughed, feasted and made love in shadowy recesses.

Suddenly, the heavy booming of cannon at sea was heard—the signal guns of Admiral Brueys' fleet as it approached the Island in the night, with General Bonaparte, and a French army on board. The counterpart to that other interruption by the sound of his distant artillery, of that historic ball of the Duchess of Richmond in Belgium's capital, at which so much of beauty and chivalry was to gather on that fateful night in June, 1815!

The Grand Master started visibly, as those ominous explosions, repeated like the growl of distant thunder, smote all hearts with fear and dread.

The conversation, the laughter, instantly dribbled away to a few shrill screams and incoherent mutterings; then all remained silent, each questioning with look, or awed whisper, his neighbors.

A confused murmur arose in the vast throng like that of panic, shrill and sharp. The sole wish of all was to be gone, while the music of a gay minuet, still rising and falling, seemed now more like a sad refrain to the dull roar of Napoleon's cannons, and the noise of the hurrying feet of the throng, that hastened away from the Last Ball of the Grand Masters of St. John!

The brilliant dawn of the 10th of June, 1798—most fatal day in the annals of the Knights of St. John!—showed the wide blue expanse of the sea whitened with the sails of the vast armada, bearing the French army of 40,000 men, in the midst of which towered the huge black hulls of thirteen line-of-battle ships, and many frigates.

These had closely approached the entrance to the harbor, but seemed to feel no apprehension of the batteries of Fort Ricasoli, before which they proudly rode,—conspicuous among them being the superb, first-class battleship *L'Orient*, of 120 guns, bearing General Bonaparte and the admiral of the fleet.

None of the thousands who gazed, in mingled awe and admiration, upon her and her giant companions, dreamed of the awful tragedy even then awaiting them, at the mouth of the Nile off Egypt's sandy shores, where Nelson and his British Mediterranean fleet would conclude, amid the roar of over two thousand cannon, the second act in the drama of the Egyptian Expedition, by the annihilation of one of the greatest fleets that ever put to sea, with its climax in the volcanic explosion of the noble

battleship, upon whose burning deck stood, till the last, the heroic young son of her gallant captain Casabianca, lying dead at his post!

But now all was life and animation among the war-like multitude on board, who were eagerly awaiting the order to land and begin the work before them.

A division of 3,000 infantry, under General Vaubois, was quickly landed on the shores of the bay outside of Valetta, and advanced along the line of fortifications.

A parley had been arranged with the Grand Master Hompesch: a mere pretense of resistance was made, by the discharge of a few cannon shots, that it might not be said the Flag of the Knights of St. John had been lowered in silent submission, by a garrison, once composed, as has been said, of "those intrepid Knights, who, half-warriors and half-priests, had opposed the Infidels with the enthusiasm at once of religion and of chivalry," but now of lazy, debauched, voluptuaries, who consumed the revenues destined to fit out expeditions against the Turks, in cruises for pleasure, not war, and giving balls and entertainments in the neighboring seaports of Sicily and Naples.

In two days the great fortress was surrendered to the French General by the Knights, who no sooner did it than they repented of what they had done, and would then have resisted had not the French troops already occupied all the defenses of the place.

Then the great fleet and 400 transports entered the harbor, forming a spectacle of the combined might of land and sea forces that seemed able to subdue a continent.

The French officers were much impressed and pleased with their good fortune in this easy conquest of the great

Mediterranean fortress, and when passing into its impregnable defenses, Caffarelli said to Napoleon: "It is well, General, that there was someone within to open the gates to us; we should have had more trouble in making our way through if the place had been altogether empty."

Mingled with thousands of the inhabitants, who lined the streets and landings, were the Knights and their mercenary troops, disarmed and disbanded. With indescribable feelings they beheld the Commander-in-Chief disembark, attended by a brilliant staff, and surrounded by the generals whose names even then the world knew: Desaix, Kleber, Murat, Lannes, Caffarelli, Junot were there, and men eminent in the world of science, Denon, Monge, Berthollet, Desgenettes and others; they gazed in admiration upon those battalions, from whose ranks every weakling had been weeded out—the flower of the Army of Italy—whose unbroken career of victory, over great odds, had stamped them the finest troops in the world. Filled with shame at the contrast with their own rabble of mercenaries, those degenerate Knights felt that Bonaparte and his officers might well smile with pride upon that splendid infantry, surmounted by a forest of glistening bayonets which they had so often used with fatal effect upon their German foes.

Upon their standards were inscribed the names of the battles of Montenotte, Pont de Lodi, Rivoli, Lonato, Castiglione, Arcola, etc.

Some hundreds of the Knights and mercenaries were French. These men had so long lived in Malta that they had almost forgotten their country.

But when they saw those names so glorious to France, and beheld the very men, with their adored chieftain at their head, who had immortalized them, it stirred the

blood of those exiles as nothing had ever done before, and forgetting all else in the feeling that they, too, were Frenchmen, they burst into frenzied shouts and sobs of joy and welcome to their countrymen,—fell under the strange spell of that marvellous man, and begged to be permitted to serve France in his army, even as privates.

With easy, swinging stride, in perfect time to their martial airs, the serried columns continued their march along the streets to the Great Square before the Palace of the Grand Masters, and swung into deep masses, with the ease and quickness of machines, to receive their general, upon the spot where the ancient and once great Order of the Knights of Saint John of Jerusalem was about to end its long career by an ignoble surrender.

When the ceremonies of greeting at the Palace had ended, at 12 o'clock noon, precisely, the ancient Standard of the Knights of St. John—which, for nearly three centuries, had floated over that bulwark of Christendom against the assaults of Islam—was lowered amid profound silence, as into an open grave, while the troops presented arms, the last honors to the once glorious Emblem of Religion and Civilization; too late then were the tears and despair of those who still loved it!

The Tri-Coloured Standard of the great Republic quickly mounted to its place, amid the thunderous salutes of artillery, the shouts of the troops and the loud crashing music of the Hymn of Liberty.

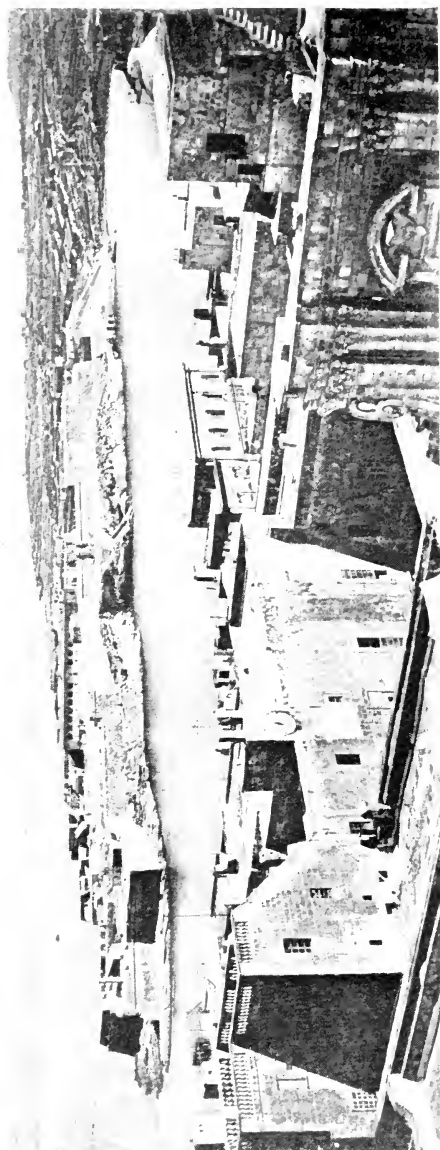
The treasure of St. John—the accumulation of ages—the gold and silver plate of all the palaces, churches, and hospitals of the Knights, and all the ships of war, arsenals and other property of the Order, were seized and converted to the use of the French army.

A complete system of government was organized for the administration of the affairs of the Islands, and all the requisite plans drawn up for its defense against attacks, by land or sea, which, it was foreseen, would speedily be made by Great Britain, in order to wrest from France this magnificent fortress and harbor, the key to the control of that route to Egypt and the East.

Having completed this work in six days, General Bonaparte resumed the voyage to Egypt, leaving General Vaubois in command with an adequate garrison. The destruction of the French fleet at the mouth of the Nile by Nelson, in less than sixty days after, gave the complete command of the Mediterranean to Great Britain, which first closely blockaded the Islands, and then landed a large force for the siege of Valetta. Seeing the insuperable difficulties of a forcible capture of the fortress in the hands of such a garrison, no serious attacks were attempted, but the surer method of starvation was resorted to. After a blockade lasting about two years, during which France had been unable to send any succor to the besieged garrison, it was obliged to surrender on condition of being sent back to France, after having endured in that time the utmost distresses of hunger and want.

At the subsequent Peace of Amiens, it was agreed that neither France nor Great Britain should possess Malta, which was to be restored, within a certain number of months, to the Knights of St. John, whose scattered remnants had, in the meantime, elected the eccentric Emperor Paul of Russia, Grand Master of their Order, who accepted the office and engaged to extend his powerful aid and protection.

But, having once gotten possession of Malta, and had



THE CITY AND PORT OF VALETTA, MALTA

time to realize its vast importance, the British government, rather than surrender it, did not scruple to violate that Treaty by retaining it and so, once more, plunging Europe into the bloody wars which lasted till 1815,—just as no one to-day need believe that the same government, with like practical views as to the national interests, has the smallest intention ever to adhere to its solemn agreement, a quarter of a century old now, to renounce its present possession of Egypt, which, even more than Malta, dominates the route to India. And in the highest interests, not merely of Egypt, but of civilization itself, it is to be hoped the British Lion may long continue to sleep in the shadow of the Great Pyramids.

And thus, in its turn, was the Tri-Colour of France displaced, and the Standard of the Knights of St. John barred from returning to Malta, by the Red Cross of Great Britain, which, to the undeniable benefit of the world's commerce, as well as Malta itself, has ever since waved over the battlements of that noble fortress,—regarded then, as now, as one of the bulwarks of the British Empire.



SIR WILLIAM SIDNEY SMITH

ADMIRAL OF THE RED

Before proceeding with the recitals of this Paper, let us introduce the reader to the man himself—Sir Sidney Smith, as he is better known—as he was depicted by others, by friends as well as foes, in the years when he was in the very zenith of his career, and in the full vigor of his powers, that thus acquainted at the outset, we may, with the added interest of a kind of personal acquaintance, follow his marvellous career, although it will require all that is to follow in these pages to compass anything that approaches a complete introduction. We are told that, “He was, in many essentials, utterly unlike those who achieved for England her proudest naval victories. He would have dared more, and probably have done more—yet, perhaps, have risked too much. . . . Had he attained any great naval command, there was danger of his not being able to resist the fascinations of the splendid and the chivalrous, both in treaty and in fight, to the neglect of the hard, the stern and the really useful. Even in his limited commands, refined notions have saved the enemy from destructive broadsides, that could have been poured in at an advantage, and which few besides himself would have deemed unfair.”

In personal appearance at this period, he is thus described: “He had an air of general smartness and was extremely gentlemanly in his deportment. He had a goodhumored, agreeable manner with him, with a cer-

tain dash and turn of chivalry that was very taking with the ladies. . . . He was, generally, very showily dressed, perhaps with some singularity; but there was not a particle of coxcombry about him."

A French officer of high rank, who met him during the campaigns in Egypt and Syria, thus states his impressions: "Though small in stature, he had all the appearances that indicate a brave and generous-hearted man with a fine dark countenance, and eyes which sparkled with intelligence. His very appearance showed that he possessed an ardent imagination, which naturally prompted him to form and execute bold and important enterprises; he seemed, as it were, *to be born to deserve glory and to acquire it.*" No small testimonial to the dignity of his presence to come from an enemy!

Yet sentiment about Sir Sidney was deeply divided, and it was, also, said that: "Whilst the one party would extol him as the *ne plus ultra* of heroism, the other would designate him merely as a successful charlatan—brave, but without conduct, cunning without being sensible—arrogant and supercilious in his youth, and, in after life, immersed in the vapours of his intolerable vanity: that all that ever was sterling in the man is totally evaporated, and that nothing remains of him but a gaudy shell, tricked out with ribbons and stars, and all the blazonry of which beggarly monarchs are so lavish and fools so greedy."

That he had nothing of the latter character about him must be apparent, from what follows, and that he was, in truth, a great commander, who only wanted the proper opportunity to prove it. He was born July 21, 1764, in Park Lane, Westminster, and was the second son of Captain John Smith of the Guards. His father being

gentleman usher to Queen Charlotte, had the influence to secure his appointment as mid-shipman, when he was only twelve years of age, on board the ship-of-the-line *Sandwich* under Lord Rodney. However absurd, not to say improper, this sort of favoritism may appear, in such a navy as that of Great Britain, it may be worth while to point to the examples of such great admirals as Duncan, Lord Jervis and Lord Nelson himself, who all entered the service about the same age. As soon as he had served the time required by the rules of the service he obtained his commission as lieutenant May 22, 1781. He served in the British fleets on the coasts of America, and was present in the action between Admiral Graves and the French fleet off the Chesapeake Bay, and, also, at Admiral Rodney's great victory over the French in the West Indies April 1, 1782. On the second of May, 1782, he was made commander and appointed to the *Fury*, having served as lieutenant less than a year, and, in 1783, post-captain, when he was only nineteen—an irregular rapidity of promotion which he had done nothing to deserve, and attributable only to his father's influence with Queen Charlotte, but was fully justified by Sir Sidney's subsequent career in which he showed qualities of fitness and ability to command, as has been said, "equal only to his brilliancy of accident" in his early promotions.

And in this manner two years before he attained his majority as a citizen, as a naval officer he ranked with a full colonel in the British army. He obtained with this promotion the *Alcmene* frigate of 28 guns; peace having been declared between Great Britain, France and the United States, he returned to England, where his ship was paid off, and the youthful captain speedily fell in with the gaieties of the best London society, but

not in the vicious, outrageous manner so characteristic of that period, remaining there in such surroundings till about 1790, when, taking advantage of the rupture between Sweden and Russia, he entered the naval service of the former with other English officers, while even more of his fellow-officers entered that of Russia—all adventurous soldiers of fortune, in other words, as mere mercenaries, but, also, seeking the excitement of active service. And thus it happened that in the numerous bloody naval engagements that followed between the Swedish and Russian fleets, the courage and skill of these Englishmen were as ruthlessly employed in their own mutual slaughter as against the Swedes and Russians, who were patriotically fighting for their countries.

Nothing in the entire career of Sir Sidney Smith places him in a light so sinister as this revolting service, in a quarrel in which neither he nor the other English officers could have the slightest patriotic motive, while their readiness to kill one another for hire lends an added horror and shame to their action.

In these battles many of the English officers were grievously wounded or perished on both sides. The Captains Trevenor and Dawson were among the slain, and Captain Marshall, having been mortally wounded, refused to surrender his ship, which sunk with him and his crew, with its colours still flying in melancholy glory and defiance.

In the great naval battle of Svensund, in the Gulf of Finland, and not very far from St. Petersburg, in which the Russian fleet met a total defeat—one of the most disastrous in modern times, in fact—sustaining a loss of 11,000 killed, drowned or captured, together with most of the ships, though the King of Sweden was nominally

in command, yet it was Captain Sidney Smith who stood at the King's side during the entire engagement, lasting twenty-four hours, encouraging the latter when the tide of battle set against them, and directing all, through the King. During the action, a gallant English officer, of the name Denison, commanded the Russian frigate *Venus*, and by his skill and courage had nearly captured the King of Sweden and Captain Smith: the latter, observing the gallant and seaman-like style in which the *Venus* bore down on the royal galley, upon which the King and himself stood, turned to the latter and said, "Your majesty, that ship must be commanded by an Englishman!" Knowing their small galley could not contend against a large frigate, which had thus boldly pierced the Swedish line of battle in order to reach them, they fled in a small boat lying alongside to another and safer vessel, while the royal galley, with the royal standard and crew, were taken by the *Venus*, which thus narrowly missed the object of its daring action: but it was soon avenged, for under the orders of the King and Captain Smith, an overwhelming force of Swedish ships quickly enveloped the *Venus*, destroying her after Captain Denison and most of her crew had perished in a most heroic defense.

This great victory was, after some time had elapsed, followed by the Peace of Reichenback, in every way glorious to the gallant Swedes. Upon the conclusion of peace, the Swedish naval service no longer appealed to Captain Smith, who accordingly resigned his commission in 1792, after having been loaded with encomiums and decorated with the grand cross of the Order of the Sword, by the grateful monarch who would gladly have retained him in his service.

For the part he took in this war, no sort of defense can be offered, and the only apology consists in his youth, and thirst for distinction—a passionate love of glory, and the “pomp and circumstance of war.” But, however his action may now be condemned, yet so far was it from shocking the moral sense of his own times, that his own sovereign was pleased to confer the honour of an English knighthood upon him upon his return to England, where he was socially lionized on all sides.

As Great Britain still continued at peace, the service at home had no attractions for the restless spirit of Sir Sidney, and being sated with the dissipations of fashionable society, he took service in the Turkish navy, hoping for a chance for more fighting and further distinction, and here we find him serving in 1793, when war broke out again between Great Britain and France. He instantly resigned from the Turkish service, and finding about forty valuable English seamen out of employ at Smyrna, many of them mere desperadoes who could not remain in any service in time of peace, he, nevertheless, hired them all, purchased a swift latteen-rigged craft, and sailed down the Mediterranean in search of the English fleet which he found at Toulon, and handed over to it his reinforcement, a short time before the English and their Spanish and Neapolitan allies were driven out of it by the genius of the youthful Napoleon, where they thus, for the first time, encountered each other, in a struggle which culminated in events at the eastern extremity of the Mediterranean which have rendered it forever memorable.

DESTROYS MOST OF THE GREAT FRENCH FLEET AT TOULON

When Toulon, the great naval port of France on the Mediterranean, was, by the treachery of the French royalists, surrendered to the English and their allies, it contained a large fleet of warships, moored in the docks but without crews, and vast quantities of naval stores of all kinds. Obligated by Napoleon's rapid successes to evacuate Toulon in the utmost haste, the allies decided to carry away such ships as could be made ready and to burn the rest with the arsenals; but such were the terror and confusion in the crowded port of Toulon, caused by the vigorous attacks of the ably directed French army, that the allied commanders—overwhelmed with the task of getting their motley army of 12,000 British, Spanish and Neapolitan troops with its artillery embarked, and burdened with the terrified royalist inhabitants who, to the number of 15,000 men, women and children, were humanely taken on board to remove them beyond the reach of Republican vengeance—were about to abandon any attempt to destroy the French fleet and arsenals, lest the delay might endanger their own fleet, in the midst of which the French shells had already commenced to rain from the captured heights.

At this crisis, Sir Sidney Smith was a guest of Lord Hood, the commander-in-chief on board his flagship *Victory*, and waiting for a passage to England, but he at once volunteered his services to burn the French fleet and arsenals, a thing which was deemed impracticable with the small means that could then be spared for the purpose. With a few small gun-boats, and a mixed force of English and Spaniards, the intrepid Smith, against all

expectations of the allied commanders, destroyed fifteen of the French battleships, eight frigates, and eleven corvettes in the inner harbor, together with the immense mast house, several of the great store houses and other buildings, filled with rosin, tar, turpentine and other inflammable material which shed a prodigious light over the whole harbor, city and surrounding country, and, also, thereby enabled the French batteries to bombard every part of the city and port, adding fresh horrors to an already terrible scene: in the midst of this two large powder ships loaded with immense quantities of powder, which Sir Sidney had ordered to be scuttled and sunk, were blown up instead, by his subordinates with explosions so tremendous as produced the effects of an earthquake, destroying much property, breaking every window glass in the city, and maiming and killing many people. In the confusion Sir Sidney beat off several attacks, and despite all the efforts the enemy made to destroy his boats, reached the allied fleet with smaller losses of men than might have been expected.

The sad remnants of those royalists who had neglected to go off in the first embarkation, now rushed to the beach and implored the aid of their British friends. Mothers clasping their babes to their bosoms, children, decrepit old men, rushed in terror to the water's edge, and Sir Sidney, with a humanity worthy of his noble character, instantly suspended his retreat till not a single individual who claimed his assistance remained on the strand.

Nearly half the French fleet, lying in the basin before the town and the arsenals there, escaped destruction because some of his subordinates could not, or dared not, obey his orders. As a reward for this magnificent act

of heroism and service to his country, Lord Hood made him the bearer of the despatches to England, containing an account of the events leading to the abandonment of Toulon, including his own splendid actions, which, in fact, were all that reflected any glory on that ill-conducted expedition. He received an enthusiastic welcome, and was treated with distinction at the Court, the Admiralty, and in the highest circles we are told, but received no other rewards, nor promotion, though he had just struck a blow at the French naval power, second only to Trafalgar in the loss of ships, and far greater than that in the loss of material and supplies for the equipment of the hostile fleets of that power!

Mention was, in fact, made of his great services at Toulon from the throne, but, as Sir Sidney himself afterwards said: "Being then a half-pay officer, acting as a volunteer, though under Admiral Hood's authority and orders, I was not considered as entitled to any share in the distribution of the gratuity to the fleet, nor did I receive any other recompense for that service."

It is scarcely too much to say that this great blow, delivered by Sir Sidney at Toulon, so weakened French naval power that it completely changed, in its ultimate effects, the whole course of events in the subsequent contest between England and France in the Mediterranean, in Egypt, and the East. It cannot be doubted, could the thirteen poorly equipped battle-ships of Admiral Brueys have been increased by even ten out of the fifteen battle-ships destroyed by Sir Sidney at Toulon, with the vast naval stores he also destroyed in their arsenals which would have put in first-class conditions of service and fighting trim the entire fleet of twenty-three battle-ships—that the Battle of the Nile would never have been

fought by Lord Nelson with his fleet of only thirteen battle-ships, or, that had Brueys with twenty-three well-equipped battle-ships encountered Nelson's fleet of only thirteen the latter must infallibly have been destroyed. Moreover, Admiral Brueys would not have been waiting on the defensive at anchor in Aboukir Bay, but would have sought out and quickly disposed of Lord Nelson wherever he might have found him.

In that event, speculation runs far afield on what would have happened, with an over-powering French fleet in supreme control in the Mediterranean, with reinforcements available to any amount for the army in Egypt and Syria for Bonaparte, whom nothing could then have prevented from occupying Constantinople and overthrowing the Ottoman Empire. With such a base of operations, and with so vast a recruiting ground as this would have afforded, who shall say that Bonaparte would not have subverted the British Empire in Hindustan, and returned in triumph to Paris through Vienna and Munich?

Certainly, if Sir Sidney Smith, indeed, made Napoleon miss his destiny, by his heroic and successful defense of St. Jean d'Acre, what may he not be said to have done for him at Toulon, by destroying the very means which would, to all appearance, have assured the conquest of the East?

A commander so able and daring as Sir Sidney was not to be kept in idleness, however, and, having been placed in command of the *Diamond* frigate early in 1794, he was employed in blockade duty along the French coast, where he performed many daring actions and made numerous captures from the enemy. The British government having received information that the

large French squadron at Brest had sailed from that harbor, and was cruising upon the open sea, desired to verify that report. Sir Sidney undertook to do this, by penetrating into the entrance of that long bay and port far enough to ascertain what shipping lay there. In a short time he had the *Diamond* so Frenchified, in appearance, that it completely deceived even the French. With the utmost coolness he sailed past the forts into the harbor in the evening, stayed there all night and departed early in the morning, actually passing in hail of a French ship-of-the-line!

Having thus learned that the French squadron had really gone to sea, he reported the important intelligence to his commander, who had felt much anxiety for his return. About this time Sir Sidney was promoted to the rank of commodore. After a number of bold actions against the enemy to whom he had become a veritable terror by his daring and activity, he fell in with and captured a large French lugger off the mouth of the Seine, after a furious combat with its stout Norman captain and crew, which, by the strong influx of the tide was carried with its captors, despite their utmost efforts, far up the river and much beyond the city of Havre and the forts in the darkness into the country above where he was captured with his boarding crew the next morning.

This act, so daring and offering no gain at all proportionate to the risk incurred, excited French suspicion and he was confined in the Temple prison at Paris, as a spy at first, where he remained a prisoner for two years.

A PRISONER AT PARIS—HIS ESCAPE

Efforts for his exchange were immediately made by the English government, but without success, for the

French were by this time fully acquainted with his actions at Toulon, Brest and elsewhere, and boasted of having in their hands the boldest and most active commodore in the British navy. The influence against his exchange was evidently immense, as will appear by the following letter to General Smith from Mr. Dundas and forwarded by the former to Sir Sidney:

“Walmer Castle, Tuesday morning. Mr. Dundas presents his compliments to General Smith, and returns to him the last correspondence from Sir Sidney which he has perused. Mr. Dundas is sorry to observe that the *arrêté* of the Directory there alluded to, by which Sir Sidney *is susceptible of exchange*, stipulates that this exchange shall be granted in return for four thousand French seamen—a condition so evidently inadmissible that Mr. Dundas cannot entertain an expectation that the prospect of Sir Sidney’s return to England is thereby improved.”

Was the demand of the French Directory a mockery, or was it only considered as a fair equivalent for our officer? If the latter, how could a greater eulogium be invented?

The hardships of imprisonment were so much mitigated for him that they may be said not to have extended beyond the loss of his liberty by being detained in Paris. The governor of the Temple prison, M. Lésne, a generous-hearted man, soon conceived a great regard, as well as admiration for this bold English commodore whom he also regarded not merely as a man of the highest courage but of the highest honour, and would often have him to dine with him in his own private quarters in the prison.

Sir Sidney himself writes that: “One day when I

dined with him, he perceived that I fixed my attention on a window then partly open which looked upon the street. I saw his uneasiness and it amused me; however, to put an end to it, I said to him, laughing, 'I know what you are thinking of but fear not. It is now 3 o'clock. I will make truce with you till midnight; and, I give you my word of honour that till that time, even were the doors open, I would not escape. When that hour is passed, my promise is at an end, and we are enemies again.' 'Sir,' replied he, 'your word is a safer bond than my bars and bolts; till midnight, therefore, I am perfectly easy.' When we arose from the table, the keeper took me aside, and speaking with warmth said, 'Commodore, the Boulevard is not far. If you are inclined to take the air there I will conduct you.'

"My astonishment was extreme, but I accepted the offer, and in the evening we went out. From that time forward this confidence always continued. Whenever I was desirous to enjoy liberty, I offered him a suspension of arms till a certain hour. This my generous enemy never refused; but when the armistice was at an end his vigilance was unbounded. . . . This man had a very accurate idea of the obligations of honour. He often said to me, 'Were you even under sentence of death, I would permit you to go out on your parole, because I should be certain of your return.'"

It is also related, though by another, that in those pleasant rambles about Paris together (under an assumed name for the Commodore, of course, who also spoke French like a native, resulting in the making of some very agreeable acquaintances including several charming ladies)—in which so much mutual confidence was displayed that the captive and the keeper sometimes

changed offices, the noble prisoner taking under his charge the elevated gaoler, as the latter excellent soul would, now and then, indulge in so many *bons coups de vin* that not only care, but even assistance, was necessary to convey him back to the Temple. And so strange did this travestie seem, that, more than once, Sir Sidney actually experienced difficulty in being readmitted into prison with his tipsy friend and companion!

But these truces with the governor, once ended, did not prevent Sir Sidney from devising some means of escape. After several failures, his release and escape were secured by means of skillfully executed forged orders purporting to transfer him from the Temple prison to another prison in the city, but bearing the genuine seal of the war office, secured by devoted friends in Paris, through whose aid, also, he made his way to the coast where he found the means prepared for him to embark for England. By a strange sort of coincidence, on the 9th of May, 1798, just ten days before Bonaparte set sail from Toulon upon the expedition to Egypt Sir Sidney effected his escape. In London he immediately became the first lion of the day. It was at once apparent that the invasion of Egypt by the French would lead to difficulties with Turkey, which claimed the sovereignty over that country, and the British government was anxious to encourage this feeling by inducing the Turks to conclude an alliance with Great Britain.

The better to accomplish this, it was decided to bestow a diplomatic character upon the English officer who might be sent to the difficult task of co-operating with the Turkish fleets and armies.



SIR WILLIAM SIDNEY SMITH

Admiral of the Red

RECEIVES INDEPENDENT COMMAND IN THE MEDITERRANEAN SEA

The man fitted for such a mission above all others, who had just released himself from a French prison, and had also served in the Turkish naval service a short time, presented himself, as he had at Toulon, at the psychological moment of need for his services.

Among several aspirants for the honor of such a command the choice fortunately fell upon the most capable of them all, Sir Sidney Smith, and he was likewise named in the special powers as joint-plenipotentiary with the British ambassador at Constantinople, who as it chanced was his own brother, Mr. Spencer Smith. The fine ship-of-the-line, *Tigre*, of 84 guns, equipped with unusual care, bountifully supplied with the finest stores of provisions and fully manned with a picked crew of able seamen, to the command of which Sir Sidney was appointed sailed shortly afterwards for the eastern parts of the Mediterranean upon the most memorable, as well as honorable, mission of his career. His instructions were to proceed to Constantinople to negotiate the proposed alliance between Great Britain and Turkey against France for the unprovoked invasion of Egypt by the latter. In this success was not difficult as the Turks were so much incensed over it already that they at once accepted all the English proposals for an alliance, and, likewise, the proffered subsidies, to assist them in putting their fleets and armies upon a war footing.

Sir Sidney also bore several valuable presents from his Britannic majesty, George III., to the Grand Seignior, as a slight expression of the high regard entertained by

the former for the latter, among which were twelve handsome brass field-pieces, engraved with the royal motto, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*," with caissons so constructed as to be portable on camels.

That exalted ruler, treating the royal British present in the evident spirit hoped and desired, immediately sent them to the Ottoman armies to use for the slaughter of the French invaders,—by whom, however, it was afterwards complained by the Turks, most of those fine cannons were, "by one of the inscrutable decrees of Allah, allowed to be taken from the faithful followers of the Only True Prophet, and used by the Infidel French dogs in the slaughter of the Grand Seignior's own brave troops and servants"—a cruel perversion, it must be allowed, of the purposes of the royal and imperial courtesies in the new *entente cordiale* between the rulers of Britain and Turkey, which must have been truly exasperating to those enlightened sovereigns!

INCURS PERSONAL ENMITY OF EARL, ST. VINCENT AND
LORD NELSON

At this time the first evidences of a jealous enmity to Sir Sidney, in high quarters, were openly shown. It appears to have partly grown out of the fact that he was not fitted, either by habit or temperament, to act as second in command to any commander, but his highly honourable appointment to, and continuance in, a separate command in the Eastern Mediterranean, also, gave great umbrage in several high quarters, more especially to Earl St. Vincent, commander-in-chief of the British naval forces in that sea, having headquarters at Gibraltar, and, to Lord Nelson, it was so great and serious an annoyance, after his own renowned victory at the Nile over

the fleet of Admiral Brueys, that the Earl of St. Vincent feared Lord Nelson would quit the royal service, and wrote to Lord Spencer from Gibraltar that, "An arrogant letter, written by Sir Sidney Smith to Sir William Hamilton when he joined the blockade off Malta, has wounded Rear-Admiral Nelson to the quick (as per enclosed) which compels me to put this strange man immediately under his lordship's orders, as the King may be deprived of his (Lord Nelson's) valuable services—as superior to Sir Sidney Smith at all times, as he is to ordinary men. I experienced a trait of the presumptuous character of this young man during his short stay at Gibraltar, which I passed over, that it might not appear that I was governed by prejudice in my conduct towards him."

Doubtless the two letters referred to above would add to the interest of this recital, could their contents be known, but it is evident that Sir Sidney had as little awe of Lord Nelson as he had of respect for the contemptible person who was British ambassador at Naples, whose connivance at the open intrigue between his wife, the notorious Lady Hamilton, and Nelson had evidently been referred to in no flattering terms in the letter of Sir Sidney. This rather extreme readiness to become embroiled with powerful people operated against him, and despite his brilliant services, was probably the main cause of his failure ever to be intrusted with a great command, for which he was undoubtedly fully qualified.

The treaty of alliance with the Sultan having been concluded, Sir Sidney proceeded to draw up in concert with the Turks, plans of combined operations by the land and sea forces against the French in Egypt which were, in brief, the assembly of 20,000 Turkish troops in the

Island of Rhodes, whence they should be transported by sea in the allied fleets for a descent upon the coasts of Egypt near Alexandria, while a second Turkish army of 50,000 men was to cross the desert from Syria and march upon Grand Cairo, either army to be supported by all the Mamelukes and Arabs who could be assembled by Murad Bey in Egypt itself, as circumstances required.

Bonaparte having learned that the arrival of Sir Sidney Smith at the Ottoman court would soon be followed by a widely combined attack upon Egypt by the allied forces, determined to open the campaign himself by marching against the Ottoman army collecting in Syria, instead of waiting for the storm to burst upon his head in Egypt. For this purpose he assembled all the troops that could be spared from the defense of that country, amounting, however, only to 13,000 men, including 900 cavalry and 49 field-pieces.

Sir Sidney being apprised of this intended movement, left Constantinople in the *Tigre* February 19, 1799, arrived off Alexandria March 3, and, joining the blockading squadron, vigorously bombarded its defenses, in the hope of thus diverting Bonaparte from his march into Asia long enough to allow the Turks to complete their preparations to attack Egypt from both Rhodes and Syria, neither of their armies being then in readiness for active operations. But this bombardment of Alexandria produced no effect whatever upon Bonaparte, who easily divined its object, and pressed his march across the desert to Palestine. Seeing the failure of his efforts to arrest Bonaparte's invasion, Sir Sidney, reinforced from the blockading squadron by the *Theseus* of 74 guns, and several small gun-boats, then sailed in all haste for Acre, before which he anchored on the 15th of March,

while the French army appeared there the next day. Recognizing the importance of Acre as the key of Syria and the East, and seeing the weakness of its defenses, he instantly landed his seamen and marines, the day of his arrival, to both aid and compel the Turks to strengthen them in the few precious hours remaining before the French could arrive.

The force of only two battle-ships allowed Sir Sidney for the defense of such a place as Acre against such an army, led by a hitherto invincible conqueror, was perilously inadequate, and in all the desperate evenly-balanced struggle which raged, without ceasing, for sixty days before its lines, he was never once reinforced by Lord Nelson or the Earl of St. Vincent, the commanders-in-chief of the British naval forces in the Mediterranean—the former basking in all those days of bloody heroic combat, in the charms of the infamous Lady Hamilton at Naples with whose “shawl dances,” and *poses plastique*, he had become madly infatuated, and the latter lying idly at Gibraltar—though three or four such ships could readily have been spared out of the thirty or more they had between them, the destruction of Brueys’ fleet at the Nile having reduced the French to impotence upon that sea.

And though such a reinforcement, or even two more, must have placed the result at Acre beyond doubt, his jealous angry superiors, seemingly, by their indifference to the interests of England itself in the outcome, as well as to the fate of Sir Sidney, had no other purpose or wish in view than to see him defeated and discredited (while the chances of one’s being killed, meanwhile, would always be exceedingly good at such a place as Acre!) and so left him to fight it out as best he could.

Not even after his triumphant defense of Acre and the retreat of Bonaparte to Egypt, was he sufficiently strengthened to properly blockade Alexandria and patrol the coast, at the time Bonaparte's squadron escaped to France: for of his two battleships one, the *Theseus*, was absent undergoing repairs of damages sustained from a severe explosion of shells mentioned hereinafter, while the *Tigre* was gone to Cyprus for a fresh supply of water, which could not be had on the coast of Egypt. Had he even had one other battle-ship to leave on guard before Alexandria, in his own enforced absence of a few days in the *Tigre* the two small frigates of Bonaparte could never have emerged from that harbor, and thus would have obliged him to remain in Egypt during the crisis in France—with what results, who shall say?

MEMORABLE DEFENSE OF ACRE

BATTLE OF MOUNT THABOR

At this time the Pacha of Acre was a ferocious, avaricious old Turk, Achmet Djezzar, surnamed "the Butcher," from the numerous cruel massacres he had perpetrated. By his merciless exactions from the people, extending over many years, he had accumulated, and *preserved*, a large treasure, and lived in some splendor in his seraglio, in the midst of a large garden, with his numerous harem which he did not scruple to recruit by forcibly seizing and carrying there the prettiest Christian and Jewish maidens to be found in Syria.

The successive storming and capture of Gaza and Jaffa by the rapidly approaching French army had not shaken

his belief that the defenses of Acre, under the blessing and protection of Allah, to which he felt himself fully entitled, were impregnable to the Infidels, and with his treasures, arms and artillery, he had shut himself up in that stronghold, determined to make the most desperate resistance with the aid of a garrison of about 6,000 well-armed and equipped janizaries and Arnaouts.

Acre, so noted for its long siege and the heroic exploits of Crusaders and Saracens around its walls, is situated on a peninsula, which enables the defenders to unite all their means of defense on the isthmus which connects it with the main land. A single wall, with curtains flanked by square towers, and a wet ditch, constituted its sole means of defense, but in the hands of such a garrison were really formidable. The guns of the British squadron protected its entire water front, and could, also, rake assaulting columns in flank. Sir Sidney and the Pacha used the small interval of time they had left in strengthening the defenses of the place in every possible manner.

The British squadron at anchor in the Bay of Acre, apprised the French general that the task before him would be a difficult one, as his army took position before the walls, along a curving ridge of moderate elevation, not far distant. On the following day Sir Sidney was fortunate enough to capture the flotilla despatched from Alexandria with the heavy guns, stores and platforms for the siege of the town as it was coming around the headlands of Mount Carmel, not far from where the ancient brook Kishon of the Scriptures falls into the Bay of Acre. These guns, 44 in number, were immediately mounted on the ramparts of Acre, and contributed greatly to the defense of the place, in fact, decisively.

At the same time there appeared at Acre, Colonel Philippeaux, a French Emigrant officer of engineers, who offered his services to the Pacha, and exerted his talents, which were of a high order, in repairing and arming the fortifications. And Sir Sidney himself landed at the head of a large body of seamen and marines to aid in the defense of the town. The great loss sustained by the besiegers from the capture of their flotilla, reduced their battering train to one 32-pound carronade, four 12-pounders, eight howitzers and thirty 4-pound field guns.

Yet such was the energy of the French engineers and the works of the besiegers advanced with such rapidity, that the Turks made a sortie on the 26th of March to arrest them, but were driven back into Acre with heavy loss. A mine was also run under one of the principal towers, which was severely battered, despite a tremendous fire from all the guns of the besieged, aided by the guns of the British ships in the Bay; the explosion took place two days after and a practicable breach was effected. The French grenadiers instantly advanced to the assault and running rapidly forward to the edge of the counterscarp were arrested by a ditch fifteen feet deep, which was only half filled up with the ruins of the wall.

Their ardour speedily overcame this obstacle, and jumping into the ditch, they mounted on each other's shoulders and ascended the breach effecting a lodgment in the ruined tower under a murderous fire. But the impediment of the counterscarp having prevented them from being adequately supported, the Turks in vast numbers were thrown upon them, and after a desperate struggle succeeded in expelling them from that part of the ramparts and driving them, with great slaughter, into

their own lines, at the same time decapitating, according to their custom, all the dead and wounded French who could not be carried off by their comrades, and bearing their gory heads in triumph to lay at the feet of the ferocious Djezzar in his palace, who bestowed liberal rewards upon those who brought these ghastly trophies.

A second assault on the 1st of April met with no better success, and the French troops were withdrawn into their works to await the arrival of several heavy guns, sent from Egypt by sea to Jaffa and thence by land to Acre. Both sides laboured incessantly to strengthen their positions, and the heavy artillery of the besieged kept up an incessant fire upon the besiegers who had no adequate means of responding.

Meanwhile the Turks were collecting all their forces on the other side of the River Jordan to raise the siege. The Musselman populations of all the surrounding provinces had been aroused: the Mamelukes of Ibrahim Bey, who had escaped from Egypt, the levies and the janizaries of Hamah and of Homs, of Aleppo and of Damascus, joined to an immense horde of irregular cavalry from the Syrian Desert, formed a vast army, which the people of the country boasted was "innumerable as the sands of the sea or the stars of heaven," and crossed the Jordan by the Bridge of Jacob to attack the French troops posted around Cana in Galilee and Nazareth! Names and scenes forever memorable in Christian annals.

Knowing Bonaparte would not wait for this army to attack him in his entrenchments before Acre, where he would thus be between two fires, and that he would be obliged to divide his forces in order to march to encounter the Pacha of Damascus who was advancing

through the mountains of Naplouse, Sir Sidney and Djezzar Pacha at once prepared to attack the French lines when thus weakened by Bonaparte's absence: on the 9th of April, therefore, a grand sortie of janizaries, headed by the English officers, and supported by marines from the fleet, took place and obtained some success at first, but, by an uncommon exertion of vigour in the French lines, the sortie was finally repulsed with dreadful slaughter, including the brave Major Oldfield of the British royal marines, who fell in one of the embrasures of the French lines: a furious struggle ensued for the possession of his body, the marines striving to drag it away by his neck-cloth, whereupon a mighty French grenadier drove a pike clear through it into the earth and thus held it so firmly that the neck-cloth gave way, and the remnants of the gallant marines, borne backward in the rush of flying janizaries, were obliged to leave the body of their brave commander with the enemy who, however, did not fail to inter it with fitting military honours.

Another burial service, illustrative of the conditions as between the English and French, at all events, occurring soon after this, may be in place to mention with this.

It is given, as authentic, in Lanerton's interesting memoirs of Sir Sidney Smith, and, somewhat abridged, is as follows:

A heavy, stupid sort of ordinary seaman from the Tigre, while serving his turn on the shore in the trenches, had noticed the body of a French general, splendid in his uniform, lying exposed in the very centre of the narrow space between the opposing trenches, and it dwelt upon his mind to such an extent that he determined, at all risks, to give to this glittering dead enemy a decent burial, and not suffer him to rot among the heaps of dead

French and Turks, lying thickly around, and poisoning the air with an almost unbearable stench, but which neither side would grant a truce to bury.

Nothing divided the hostile entrenchments but this narrow sort of street, and so closely placed were the foes to one another that even a low conversational tone could be heard from one embankment to the other, above which nothing appeared but a line of bayonets, for if a hat or a head, or any object, appeared on either side it was instantly saluted with a volley of bullets.

It was about noon, and the respective hostile lines were preserving a dead silence, anxiously watching for the opportunity of a shot at each other. Our seaman, without having mentioned his purpose to any one, had provided himself with a spade and a pick-axe, and suddenly broke the ominous silence by shouting out, in a stentorian voice: "Mounseers, a-a-hoy!!! 'Vast heaving there a bit will ye? And belay over all with your poppers for a spell!!" And then shoved his broad, ruddy, unmeaning countenance over the lines. Two hundred muskets instantly covered him, but seeing him with only his peaceful implements, and not exactly understanding his demand for a parley, the French forebore to fire, while Jack very leisurely scrambled over the entrenchment into the open space, paying no further attention whatever to the hostile muskets, but, going to the dead French general, he took his measure, and proceeded to dig a grave alongside him. When this was finished, shaking what was so lately a French general, very cordially and affectionately by the hand, he reverently placed him in his grave, shoveled the earth upon, and made all smooth above him.

When he had finished, he made his best sailor's bow

and foot-scape to the Frenchmen looking on, shouldered his implements, and climbed back into his own quarters with the imperturbability that had marked his appearance, amidst the hearty cheers of both sides. Jack only remarked that now he should sleep better with this off his mind.

A few days later, another French general, in his resplendent uniform, came aboard the *Tigre* on some matter of negotiation, after completing which he expressed an anxious desire to see the interrer of his late comrade and friend. Jack was summoned, and praised for his heroism in an eloquent speech of which he hardly understood a word, though it was interpreted to him. The general then offered him a purse filled with gold pieces, which he was at first unwilling to accept, but finally satisfied his scruples by telling the general that "he would be glad to do the same thing for him, as he had done for his friend—for nothing!" A courtesy which the gallant general smilingly begged to be excused from undergoing, and said *au revoir* to all.

The struggle between the besieged and the besiegers grew daily in intensity, with heavy losses to both sides. The season was advancing; March with its chilly winds had gone, and April gave place to May and its lengthening days for mutual slaughter. The short warm spring nights, bathed in a great golden moon, or lighted up by the gleam of a myriad bright stars in the Syrian skies, were as soft as those of Italy, but the curse of the mosquito was upon the land with the coming of May, almost banishing sleep, and adding so much to the discomfort of the troops on both sides, who possessed no means of protection against such a pest, that the return of the day

with all its horrors and dangers was almost a welcome relief.

The thunders of over three hundred guns in the hostile batteries, afloat and ashore, reverberated in the East, even beyond the Jordan, the Waters of Merom and the Sea of Galilee, and were heard with awe, far to the South amid the hills of Judea, where peaceful shepherds wandered with their flocks, or rolled away into the West, across the blue waves of the Mediterranean, but the appeal of that ceaseless roar of cannons, upon Acre's desert strand, telling of brave men dying there in heaps, during those two terrible months, fell upon deaf ears at Naples and Gibraltar, whence not only ships, but English troops, from England itself even, might have been sent by Lord Nelson or the Earl of St. Vincent, in full time to preserve Acre from all danger of capture, and aid its heroic defender, whose energy and courage only rose the higher as he realized what this cold desertion and betrayal meant!

The bloody defeat of the grand sortie of April 9th with the full strength of the garrison and fleet by only half the French troops left to guard their lines, convinced Sir Sidney and Djezzar that Acre must have relief from without. Their principal hopes rested upon the great army of Abdallah, Pacha of Damascus, already advancing to raise the siege, which Bonaparte had just before marched to encounter in the valley of the Jordan, with a force scarcely six thousand strong—so far inferior, indeed, to the Turkish host of over 30,000 men, that his defeat seemed assured, after which the capture or destruction of the remainder of the French army would follow the combined attack of the garrison of Acre and the pursuing army of Abdallah Pacha.

They had not long to wait for news of the crisis in Galilee—in this case the worst! On the 16th of April Bonaparte totally defeated the Ottoman army in the celebrated battle of Mount Thabor (the Mountain of the Transfiguration of Christ) with great loss, and captured all its artillery, standards, and ammunition while the remains of the defeated army fled in confusion behind Mount Thabor, and finding their retreat by the Bridge of Jacob cut off, rushed in desperation, in the night, through the deep waters of the Jordan, where great numbers were drowned. A total dispersion followed this defeat, and no part of that army ever returned to molest the French, whose rear being thus completely secured, their victorious troops returned to Acre to resume the siege, with greater vigour than ever. The besieged were stunned by the tidings of the disastrous Ottoman defeat, the truth of which was fully attested, when they saw exhibited to their gaze, by their exultant foes, the trophies and standards of the defeated army, including, above all, the crescent and three tails of the Pacha of Damascus.

Bonaparte had found time to conclude a sort of alliance with the Druses and other bold and hardy Christian tribes in the mountains of Syria, who only awaited the capture of Acre to declare openly for his cause. And he addressed a proclamation to all the Christian tribes of Syria, inviting them to join his standard, and throw off the cruel yoke of Achmet Djezzar Pacha; whereupon, the Pacha and Sir Sidney—knowing how intense was the desire of the French of all ranks to return to France, which they could no longer do, after the destruction of the French fleet in the Battle of the Nile—caused numerous letters to be sent into the French camp before Acre, urging the soldiers to mutiny and desertion, and offering

to convey safely to France, with their arms and effects, every soldier who would take advantage of the offer; yet, such was the attachment of the men to their general, that it is not known that one of them did so, although Bonaparte found, as he said afterwards, that this alluring offer, "certainly shook some of them."

Sir Sidney, at the same time, issued another proclamation, in his own name to the Christian tribes of Syria urging them, "to trust to the faith of a Christian knight rather than to that of an unprincipled renegado."

In a counter proclamation to the French army, Bonaparte answered the letters and proclamation of Djezzar Pacha and Sir Sidney, declaring, in order to check the evident effect of Sir Sidney's offer among the troops, that "owing to the heat of the climate and the excitement of war, the English commodore had actually *gone mad*, and any further communication with him was, therefore, prohibited." This insulting reflection upon his sanity, so enraged Sir Sidney that he instantly sent a challenge to Bonaparte to meet him in single combat, to which the young French commander-in-chief, despising the rank, as well as the challenge, of one so far below him in reputation as a mere commodore, proudly replied: "If Sir Sidney will send Marlborough from his grave to meet me, I will think of it. In the mean time, if the gallant commodore wishes to display his personal prowess, I will neutralize a few yards of the beach, and send a tall grenadier, with whom he can run a tilt."

Stung to the quick, and conscious that he could make no fitting reply, our gallant "Christian knight," (as he had described himself) was obliged, for the only time in his career, to swallow an affront in impotent rage and silence.

Commenting upon the crushing contempt of this reply to Sir Sidney's challenge, Sir Walter Scott said: "The scorn of this reply ought to have been mitigated, considering it was addressed to one, in consequence of whose dauntless and determined opposition, Bonaparte's favourite object had failed, and who was presently to compel him for the first time to an inglorious retreat."

The operations of the siege went on with relentless energy day and night. The French artillery was, at length, reinforced by three 24-pounders and six 18-pounders brought up by land from Jaffa, where they had been debarked by the French cruisers from Alexandria; they were at once mounted and a heavy fire opened on the vehemently contested northeast tower. Mines were run under the walls, and all the resources of art exhausted to reduce the place, but in vain.

The defense under Philippeaux and Sir Sidney was not less determined nor less skillful than the attack; external works in the fosse were erected to take the enemy in the flanks as they advanced to the attack; the mines of the besiegers were countermined, and frequent sorties made to delay their approaches, and carry off their entrenching tools. In these desperate contests, both General Caffarelli, who commanded the French engineers, and Colonel Philippeaux, who directed those of the defense, were slain.

An English writer has said: "In no other military effort upon record did the French display greater perseverance, or more desperate bravery. In every one of their attacks they seemed to understand beforehand that destruction was to be the rule and escape the exception. With this predestination strong upon them, they went up to the breach coolly and regularly, and with as much

nonchalance as if death were an unimportant part of their military evolutions."

Under all disadvantages the French pushed their lines forward, making no less than nine desperate assaults, only to be repulsed with heavy losses. Whenever the French penetrated into the town, as they did several times, they found the streets and houses barricaded, while the cries and shrieks of the women, who ran through the streets throwing, according to the custom of the country, dust in the air, excited the janizaries and male inhabitants to a resistance so frenzied, on every hand, that only retreat saved them from annihilation in such confined places, where it was impossible for their columns of attack to either deploy or fight to any sort of advantage.

But the besieged, on the other hand, so far from waiting for the assaults of the enemy behind their walls and entrenchments, led by Sir Sidney Smith, made no less than *twelve* furious sorties against the French lines, generally with heavy columns supported by the fire of every gun that could be brought to bear, thus bringing on struggles approaching regular battles from the numbers engaged, with correspondingly heavy losses.

In all, no less than *twenty-one* such attacks and counter-attacks were made on the two sides during the sixty days of open trenches, being *one for every three days* the siege lasted—an example of continuous, desperate fighting, with scarcely a parallel in any siege in modern times.

Fortunately for Sir Sidney and his heroic garrison, the succour they had in vain looked for by land from Abdallah Pacha, reached them by sea. On the evening of

the 7th of May a large Turkish fleet, having 7,000 troops and much artillery and ammunition on board, appeared in the Bay of Acre.

The historian, Sir A. Alison, gives the following admirable account of the operations of the siege at this decisive period:

“Napoleon, calculating that this reinforcement could not be disembarked for at least six hours, resolved to anticipate its arrival by an assault during the night. For this, the division of Bon, at ten at night, drove the enemy from their exterior works. The artillery took advantage of that circumstance to approach to the counterscarp and batter the curtains. At daybreak another breach in the ramparts was declared practicable, and an assault ordered. The division of Lannes renewed the attack on the tower, while General Rambaud led the column to the new breach. The grenadiers, advancing with the most heroic intrepidity, made their way to the summit of the rampart, and the morning sun displayed the tri-colour flag on the outer angle of the tower.

“The fire of the place was now sensibly slackened, while the besiegers, redoubling their boldness, were seen entrenching themselves, in the lodgments they had formed, with sand bags and dead bodies, the points of their bayonets only appearing above the bloody parapet.

“The troops in the roads were embarked in the boats, and were pulling as hard as they could across the bay; but several hours must still elapse before they could arrive at the menaced point. In this extremity Sir Sidney Smith landed the crews of the ships, and led them, armed with pikes, to the breach. The sight reanimated the courage of the Turks, who were beginning to quail under the prospect of instant death. Immediately

a furious contest ensued: the besieged hurled down large stones on the assailants, who fired at them within half pistol-shot, the muzzles of the muskets touched each other and the spearheads of the standards were locked together. At length the desperate daring of the French yielded to the unconquerable firmness of the British, and the heroic valour of the Musselmans; the grenadiers were driven from the tower, and a body of Turks issuing from the gates attacked them in flank while they crossed the ditch, and drove them back with great loss to the trenches.

“But while this success was gained in one quarter, ruin was impending in another. The division headed by Rambaud succeeded in reaching the summit of the rampart, and leaping down into the tower, attained the very garden of the Pacha’s seraglio. Everything seemed lost; but at the critical moment Sir Sidney Smith, at the head of a regiment of janizaries, rushed to the spot. The progress of the assailants was stopped by a tremendous fire from the housetops, and the barricades which surrounded the seraglio; and at length the French who had penetrated so far, were cut off from the breach by which they had entered, and driven into a neighboring mosque where they owed their lives to the humane intercession of Sir Sidney Smith, while the remainder of the attacking column was expelled over the breach, with very great losses on both sides.”

Bonaparte, obstinate to very madness, gave two days’ rest to his troops, and then ordered another assault, which is thus eloquently pictured in Sir Sidney’s official report to Lord Nelson:

“A little before sunset, a massive column appeared advancing to the breach with solemn step. The Pacha’s

idea was not to defend the breach at this time, but rather to let a certain number of the enemy in, and then close with them according to the Turkish mode of war. The column thus mounted the breach unmolested, and descended from the rampart into the Pacha's garden, where in a very few minutes the bravest and most advanced among them lay headless corpses; the sabre, with the addition of a dagger in the other hand, proving more than a match for the bayonet. The rest retreated precipitately; and the commanding officer, who was seen manfully encouraging his men to mount the breach, and who we have since learned to be General Lannes, was carried off wounded by a musket-shot. General Rambaud was killed. . . . Bonaparte will, no doubt, renew the attack, the breach being, as above described, perfectly practicable for fifty men abreast: indeed, the town is not, nor ever has been, defensible, according to the rules of art, but according to every other rule it must and shall be defended; not that it is in itself worth defending, but we feel that it is through this breach Bonaparte means to march to further conquests. It is on the issue of this conflict that depends the opinion of the multitude of spectators on the surrounding hills, who wait only to see how it ends, to join the victors; and with such a reinforcement for the execution of his known projects, Constantinople, and even Vienna, must feel the shock."

It will thus be seen that, even then, Sir Sidney fully realized the true nature of the contest in which he was engaged against the vast designs of Bonaparte, and that the loss or salvation of the miserable heap of ruins called Acre was but as dust in the balance in comparison with the moral effect of victory or defeat.

Despite his heavy losses, Bonaparte still refused to order a retreat. "The fate of the East," said he, "is in yonder fort; the fall of Acre is the object of my expedition; Damascus will be its first fruit." Although the 7,000 men from the fleet had now landed, he resolved to make a final effort on the 10th of May, with the division of Kléber, which had just arrived from the Jordan, and, proud of its great victory at Mount Thabor, eagerly demanded to be led to the assault. "If St. Jean d'Acre is not taken this evening," said one of the colonels, as he was marching at the head of his regiment to the assault, "be assured Venoux is slain." He kept his word; the fortress held out, but he lay at the foot of the walls. The summit of the breach was again attained; but the troops were there arrested by the murderous fire which was poured upon them from all sides. In vain other columns, and even the Guides of Napoleon, his last reserve, advanced to the attack; they were all repulsed with dreadful slaughter. Among the killed in this last encounter was the heroic General Bon, and many other officers, including a large part of his own staff.

Success being now hopeless, he at last made preparations for a retreat, after sixty days of open trenches; a proclamation was issued to the troops announcing that their return to Egypt was required to withstand a descent which was threatened by a large Turkish army from the Island of Rhodes. The plague was in Acre and the army had caught the contagion at Jaffa. By persisting longer, Bonaparte was liable to weaken himself to such a degree as not to be able to repulse new enemies.

No event, down to the retreat from Moscow, so deeply affected Bonaparte as the retreat from Acre. It

had cost him 3,000 of his bravest troops, slain or dead of their wounds: the army had become infected with the plague, and his reputation for invincibility was dispelled. But these disasters, great as they were to an army situated as his was, were not the real cause of his chagrin. It was the destruction of his dreams of Oriental conquest that distressed him most. Standing on the mount of Richard Cœur de Lion, on the evening of the fatal assault by Kléber's division, he said to his secretary, Bourrienne, "Yes, Bourrienne, that miserable fort has indeed cost me dear; but matters have gone too far not to make a last effort. If I succeed, as I trust I shall, I shall find in the town all the treasures of the Pacha, and arms for 30,000 men. I shall raise and arm all Syria, which at this moment unanimously prays for the success of the assault. I will march on Damascus and Aleppo; I will swell my army as I advance with the discontented in every country through which I pass; I will announce to the people the breaking of their chains, and the abolition of the tyranny of the pachas. Do you not see that the Druses wait only for the fall of Acre to declare themselves? Have I not been already offered the keys of Damascus? . . . I will arrive at Constantinople with armed masses; overturn the empire of the Turks, and establish a new one in the East, which will fix my place with posterity; and perhaps I may return to Paris by Adrianople and Vienna, after having annihilated the house of Austria."

Splendid as his situation afterward was, he never ceased to regret the throne which he relinquished when he retired from Acre, and repeatedly said of Sir Sidney Smith, "THAT MAN MADE ME MISS MY DESTINY."

Certainly two such strokes as Toulon and Acre might well cause him to pass the highest eulogium, grudging though it may have been, that he ever paid to any of his opponents, when he uttered those memorable words of Sir Sidney Smith!

In the *Memoirs of Napoleon Bonaparte*, by Bourrienne, occur the following statements concerning the siege of Acre, and the character of Sir Sidney Smith: "At Jaffa we had sufficient artillery; at St. Jean d'Acre we had not. At Jaffa we had to deal only with a garrison left to itself; at St. Jean d'Acre we were opposed by a garrison strengthened by reinforcements of men and supplies, supported by the English fleet, and assisted by European science.

"Sir Sidney Smith was, beyond doubt, the man who did us the greatest injury.*

"Much has been said concerning his communications with the General-in-Chief. The reproaches which the latter cast upon him for endeavoring to seduce the soldiers and officers of the army by tempting offers were the more singular, even if they were well-founded, inasmuch as these means are frequently employed by leaders in war. As to the embarking of French prisoners on board a vessel in which the plague existed, the improbability of the circumstance alone, but especially the notorious facts of the case, repelled this odious accusation. I observed the conduct of Sir Sidney Smith closely at the time, and I remarked in him a chivalric spirit, which sometimes hurried him into trifling eccentricities; but I affirm that his behaviour towards the French was that

*NOTE.—Sir Sidney Smith was the only Englishman besides the Duke of Wellington who ever defeated Bonaparte in military operations. Sir John Moore in Spain, and Lord Hood with his allied fleets and armies at Toulon, were each obliged by Napoleon to make precipitate retreats before his vigorous attacks.

of a gallant enemy. I have seen many letters, in which the writers informed him that they "were very sensible of the good treatment which the French experienced when they fell into his hands." Let any one examine Sir Sidney's conduct before the convention of El Arisch, and after its rupture, and then they can judge of his character."

Before he quitted St. Jean d'Acre, Bonaparte determined to leave a terrible token of his presence—he overwhelmed the town with his fire, and left it almost reduced to ashes. He then bent his course towards Jaffa where he arrived in two days' march, his columns marching along by the sea, harassed all the way by the fire of the English gun-boats, which Sir Sidney caused to pursue them closely.

Through fire, hardship and disease he had lost 4,000 men. He carried away with him 1,200 more wounded, while the garrison of Acre, and the crews of the British fleet were weakened by the loss of over 7,000 of their numbers from fire and disease.

In order to avoid the burning passage across the Desert with the field artillery, it was embarked at Jaffa, but the whole of it fell into the hands of Sir Sidney Smith, with many of the more seriously wounded similarly embarked; with tireless energy Sir Sidney followed the movements of the retreating French army with the light vessels of his squadron, and harassed it incessantly until it re-entered Egypt, with not much over half the numbers with which it had advanced to the conquest of Asia.

And so ended one of the most memorable sieges in history, in which a heroism and constancy beyond all praise was shown by both sides.

And here may be recounted one more anecdote to

illustrate Sir Sidney's coolness and readiness of answer. At a most critical moment in the siege he had warped the Tigre in shore as far as could possibly be done, in order to bring her guns to bear on the flanks of the assaulting columns of the enemy. It is related that, "As Sir Sidney Smith was going over the ship's side to land and hasten to the breach, the first lieutenant and the master of the Tigre chose that unseasonable moment to *serve* him with a written protest against '*placing his majesty's ship in danger of being lost*'; to which the saviour of Turkey calmly replied, 'Gentlemen, his majesty's ships are built on purpose to be placed in danger of being lost, whenever his majesty's service requires it, and of that the commanding officer is the best judge!' Coolly glancing over his too prudent, but now crest-fallen subordinates, he ordered them to their proper posts, to open fire on the enemy, while he himself hastened ashore to the 'imminent, deadly breach' and its perilous encounters—in which he seemed to bear a charmed life, for strangely enough he was never seriously injured in the many close combats in which he always took a conspicuous part during this siege. Always fresh from his "tub" in his fine quarters on board the Tigre, clean-shaven, immaculate in linen and dress, this typical English officer and dauntless fighter would coolly advance into the trenches to repulse the assaults of the enemy, or to lead the even more perilous sorties against them.

When the Grand Seignior, at Constantinople, who was still suffering from the shock of the great defeat inflicted upon his armies at Mount Thabor, learned of the retreat of the French from Acre he was overcome with joy, and

presented the messenger who bore the tidings with seven purses of gold containing 3,000 florins: he despatched a special Tartar courier to Sir Sidney with an aigrette and sable furs (similar to those bestowed on Lord Nelson for the victory of the Nile) worth 25,000 piastres, and afterwards conferred upon him the insignia of the Ottoman Order of the Crescent.

In England there was tremendous enthusiasm, and Parliament passed a formal vote of thanks on behalf of the nation, to Sir Sidney, and the officers and men under his command.

A pension of one thousand pounds per annum was also voted to the gallant commodore as a further testimonial to his great services. The City of London presented him with its freedom, and a sword valued at 100 guineas. And from the Turkey Company he received another valued at 300 guineas.

HIS FIRST EGYPTIAN CAMPAIGN

BATTLE OF ABOUKIR

The retreat of Bonaparte from Acre and his arrival at Cairo early in June, 1799, was speedily followed by the disembarcation, from the combined British and Turkish fleets, under the command of Sir Sidney Smith on the 11th of July, of the long-expected Turkish army which had been assembling for many months past in the Island of Rhodes, commanded by Mustapha Pacha, and consisting of 18,000 well-armed and equipped janizaries, the bravest troops of the Grand Seignior, who had reluctantly allowed them to be drafted from the great

garrison of Constantinople, and a numerous train of artillery.

It was landed upon the narrow, sandy peninsula of Aboukir, about five leagues distant from Alexandria, without opposition from Marmont, the governor of that city, who felt himself too weak to leave his entrenchments in the face of the formidable and skillfully directed preparations Sir Sidney had made to protect the descent of the Turkish troops.

No cavalry accompanied this army, as it had been arranged in the plan of campaign previously agreed upon by Sir Sidney and the Sublime Porte at Constantinople that Murad Bey should descend from Upper Egypt with at least 3,000 Mamelukes, skirt his way along the edge of the desert at some distance from the Nile, in order to conceal his movements, as well as to avoid collisions with the French troops, and thus join the army of Mustapha Pacha at Aboukir in undiminished strength.

In accordance with this, the Ottoman commander-in-chief, having his army and *matériel* safely landed, quietly waited in his cantonments among the sand hills of Aboukir for the appearance of the Mamelukes, to enable him to take the field against the French army, which he knew to be rapidly concentrating at Cairo to meet him.

Unfortunately for this plan, the passage of so large a force of Mamelukes, even through the confines of the desert, swift and secret though it was, did not escape the hawk-like vigilance of the scouting parties of Bonaparte's chasseurs and Arabian spies, and Murad Bey was headed off by the Citizen-General Murat with a strong body of French cavalry, much strengthened by several fine batteries of horse-artillery, in the desert near the Lakes of Natron, and some distance west of the Great

Pyramids of Ghizeh, as he was hastening to the rendezvous at Aboukir; after a sanguinary hand-to-hand combat the disciplined valour of the European squadrons and batteries triumphed over the undisciplined masses and personal daring of the Mameluke horsemen, who sustained losses so severe that their heroic chief was obliged to retrace his steps into Upper Egypt, and take refuge in the Libyan Desert, where he was unable to make another movement, in the brief time which elapsed, before the thunder-bolt which fell upon the hapless Mustapha Pacha and his army at Aboukir, shut up in that fatal death-trap of a peninsula, brought to a sudden end this most tragic campaign.

Mustapha Pacha, however, encouraged by the powerful aid of the allied fleets at anchor in the Bay of Aboukir, and confident in the fighting power of his 18,000 fierce janizaries, was filled with pride and self-confidence, and did not doubt that he would soon destroy the Infidel army and conquer Egypt again for his imperial master, "the Grand Seignior at Stamboul, who had chosen him for wisdom and courage, among all his servants, to perform that most honourable service." Sir Sidney Smith had quickly taken the measure of this haughty fool of a pacha, but could do nothing to remedy the obvious danger of having such a commander for the Ottoman army, by endeavouring to have a more suitable appointment made, at such a distance from Stamboul with the crisis so near at hand.

In his letters to Murad Bey, Mustapha Pacha had highly offended the heroic Mameluke prince, by his vain-glorious boastings that, "A very different fate would meet the Infidel dogs of Franks from that which had followed the numerous contests of the Mamelukes with

them, if they ever dared to appear before him and his invincible janizaries!"

"Pacha," exclaimed the indignant Murad Bey, in his reply, "render thanks to the Propheet that they have not appeared, for when they do *you will vanish like dust before them!*" A prediction so literally and awfully fulfilled, a few days later, that it must have given a shock to Murad Bey himself, despite his anger towards the conceited Pacha, intensified as it was by bitterness over his own latest defeat at the Natron Lakes by the same Infidel dogs!

When the Mamelukes were thus forced to retreat into the deserts, there was then nothing left to fight Bona-parte but the Turkish army, well supplied with artillery, destitute, indeed, of cavalry, but encamped behind two lines of entrenchments extending nearly across the neck of the Aboukir peninsula, and ready to fight with all its traditional obstinacy. Sir Sidney Smith placed all his gun-boats at either extremity of the Turkish lines, in the sea or in Lake Maadieh, in order to strengthen the defense as much as possible, as his larger ships could not approach close enough to take part in the battle.

In this position was Mustapha's army when Bona-parte suddenly appeared at 6 o'clock on the morning of July 25, 1799, with only 6,000 of his veterans, including the cavalry and flying artillery which had just beaten Murad Bey, who, having placed themselves across the neck of the peninsula at the mainland, instantly advanced to attack the first lines of entrenchments which, by a sudden rush upon the surprised Turks, were carried with a great loss in killed and drowned to the latter, who rushed in crowds into the sea to escape death on the land, for in this terrible battle quarter was neither asked

nor expected on either side after the cruel fate of the garrison of the Castle of Aboukir, three hundred in number, which the Turks had stormed immediately after landing and massacred to a man, cutting off the heads of the dead and wounded alike in their savage fury.

Sir Sidney hastened on shore to be present and lend his personal aid to Mustapha Pacha, but so great had become the terror and disorder that he could effect nothing, and was unable even to make his way to the headquarters of the Pacha, amid the surging, disordered masses which nearly trampled him under foot, while the rapid and daring advance of the French had so mixed together the opposing armies that the English gun-boats, so advantageously posted by Sir Sidney to rake the flanks of the attacking columns of the enemy, were obliged to cease firing lest they should slaughter their own allies, a circumstance of great advantage to the enemy, who also quickly opened a well-directed fire, from the heavy guns mounted in the captured Turkish lines, upon the light-armed allied gun-boats and obliged them to withdraw entirely from firing-range.

The remains of Mustapha Pacha's first lines having fled back upon his second line, the bulk of the Turkish infantry, now stripped of its artillery and having no cavalry to support it, after a brave resistance, were driven into a narrow space along the shore of Aboukir Bay by the furious charges of the Republican cavalry under Murat, and the murderous onslaughts of the infantry which, with dripping bayonets, drove the huge masses of Turks headlong into the sea, where over twelve thousand of them perished in a hopeless attempt to wade and swim to their ships, more than a mile distant!

Even while these fierce charges of Bonaparte's cavalry and infantry still continued, the English and Turkish naval officers witnessed, by the aid of their glasses, every detail of a most thrilling spectacle, when several batteries of his famous horse-artillery, fully mounted and drawn by powerful grey Arabian stallions, suddenly dashed forward to the sea-shore at their utmost speed across the sand hills amid clouds of yellow dust, and with marvellous quickness and a machine-like precision, swung into line of battle, halted, unlimbered and opened with a devastating storm of grape-shot at the very heels of the retreating janizaries—so close, indeed, that the red tongues of flame, flashing rapidly through the white smoke of the guns, seemed literally to *burn* their way into the disordered masses, while driving them still further into the deep waters where they soon sunk in death.

It was, in truth, the suicide of a beaten, terror-stricken army, dreading the chances of death in the sea less than the terrors of further butchery upon the land, the tragic suddenness of which appalled the stoutest hearts among the horrified on-lookers of the allied fleets, who realized the catastrophe about to happen, and yet were powerless to extend help, in the few moments which elapsed, before all was over with the drowning host!

Four thousand of the Turks were slain on the land, desperately fighting to the last, while about two thousand fugitives, enclosed in the Castle of Aboukir at the extremity of the peninsula by a ring of glistening steel, were allowed to surrender two or three days afterwards when the sight of the bodies of 12,000 Turks floating in the Bay of Aboukir had somewhat softened the hearts

of the infuriated French troops towards that unhappy remnant of Mustapha's army.

The proud Mustapha Pacha himself had been captured by an irruption of the Republican cavalry into the very centre of his camp, after having, in despair, fired at and slightly wounded Murat, who, in return, with a stroke of his sabre, cut off two of his fingers and sent him prisoner to Bonaparte, who courteously offered to commend him to his imperial master at Stamboul for the courage he had shown in the battle it had been his misfortune to lose, but was repulsed by the proud Turk with the haughty reply: "Thou mayest save thyself that trouble! My master knows me better than thou canst!"

The small army of the victors, whose loss had been surprisingly small, though reinforced by 2,000 of Kléber's division, who arrived in the evening after the battle was over, was actually burdened by the captured trophies in standards, cannon, small-arms, ammunition, tents and supplies of every sort, which had been landed in vast quantities by the allied fleets.

The rout of his Ottoman allies had been so sudden, the disorder and the perils on all sides so great that our gallant commodore, with the utmost difficulty, effected his own escape to the boat awaiting him from the Tigre, which was nearly overwhelmed by the drowning janizaries, as the frantic host struggled for a few moments in the agonies of death—a bare two minutes under the water is enough!—while the sturdy English seamen, after obeying Sir Sidney's humane command to take on board as many as possible, rowed with all their might to escape the deadly hail of shot from the hostile batteries, and to pull away from the sea of despairing faces



THE BATTLE OF ABOUKIR (July 25, 1799)

and outstretched hands of those they could not save, whose big, red-plumed turbans—as their hapless wearers disappeared beneath the waves—remained floating on the surface of the sea, bobbing up and down, like some vast bed of flowers agitated by the wind!

Such was the unparalleled overthrow in which for the first time, perhaps, in the annals of war, a hostile army was entirely destroyed.*

Save for the mere crews of the Turkish ships of war, and their fleet of transports, who were in the case of the latter non-combatants, Sir Sidney's allies had so completely vanished, and a silence so profound had followed the clamour, noise and confusion of the battle that, as he ascended the sides of his flag-ship *Tigre* that fatal evening, he could scarcely credit the evidence of his own senses as to the reality of the awful tragedy he had just witnessed, and so narrowly escaped being a victim to himself.

A melancholy night was passed on board the allied fleets, as the numerous volunteer boat crews returned with empty boats to their waiting ships, after vain efforts at rescue of comrades of whom none remained to rescue, or, indeed, ever to return, save those who would rise in two days more from the depths of Aboukir Bay!

*NOTE.—Several writers, apparently, with the idea of detracting as much as possible from this astonishing victory of Bonaparte's, have greatly reduced the numbers of the Ottoman army at Aboukir, some even to 8,000 or 9,000 men.

Not only are they at variance with many of the best and most accurate authorities, who give the numbers as 18,000 and even more, but a moment's consideration would show that the landing of so small a force as 9,000 men anywhere in Egypt would simply have been to consign it to certain destruction; not only would 9,000 men have been totally inadequate to invade Egypt, but such an attempt would have argued a want of sense and judgment on the part of both the English and Turkish cabinets, which, fully understanding the difficulties of such an enterprise, did, in fact, assemble 20,000 men in the Island of Rhodes to undertake it, and actually disembarked 18,000 of this army with a large train of artillery, which was also to have been reinforced, as we have seen, by 3,000 Mameluke horsemen, to enable it to take the field in sufficient strength to have a fair chance of success.

Sounds of grief and loud lamentations burst from the frenzied Turks gathered on the decks of their ships. "Oh! Allah! Allah! The Faithful have this day perished in thy sight, and thine Hand was not lifted to save them! To-night thy servants sleep beneath the waves, while the proud Infidels are resting in their tents, and trailing thy standards in the dust! Woe! Thrice woe, is Islam this day!"

A frightful, uncanny sight was presented to the English and Turkish fleets when on the third day the drowned hosts suddenly rose by thousands to the surface of the sea, directly among the ships still riding at anchor, as if appealing to be taken on board again. It was too much even for the iron-nerve of the English, who quickly weighed their anchors and sailed round to the front of the harbor of Alexandria, some fifteen knots distance, and joined the rest of their small blockading squadron, all under Sir Sidney's command.

Meanwhile, the Turkish war-ships and their immense fleet of transports, tenantless now, and without further motive to remain longer upon the coast of Egypt after the sudden destruction of the fine army they had nourished and supported, spread their sails and fled precipitately from this scene of horror, overwhelmed with grief and despair.

But, Mustapha Pacha's dead janizaries, unheeding now of desertion, remained behind in Aboukir Bay, as their comrades-in-arms sailed away, swinging back and forth upon the tides, and then began a slow, solemn movement back to the beach whence they had so strangely fled, as though to avenge their wild panic by landing again to renew once more the fierce battle they had just lost—A LAST ASSAULT OF THE DEAD!—fearless

now of hostile bayonet or battery, unheralded by beat of drum or blare of brazen-throated trumpet!—those ghastly battalions, with voiceless lips and weaponless hands, impelled by the tides and the winds, throw themselves blindly forward with the white breakers upon Aboukir's fatal strand—in long, broken lines and formless masses, advancing and receding, rising and falling, with the restless tides, whose confused jostlings cause aimless blows and faint rattle of steel by the scabbards of undrawn sabres still worn in gay-coloured sashes, which cease, suddenly, as the wearers drift apart—dull, meaningless shocks and strange noises amid the hollow roar of the sea, more terrible than any living tumult of battle—assaults which cease not with the coming of the hours of darkness, more persistent and determined than those of the bravest columns—careless of repulses, those invincible regiments, reinforced by more corpses with every wave, press onward,—ever press onward!—till they rest in tangled heaps at the foot of those low, sandy heights—*where they will hold firm, this time!*—yet, only to rot and fester there, beneath the burning rays of an Egyptian mid-summer sun, the prey of the beaks and claws of countless vultures which tear at bloodless lips and sightless eyes!

Conscious of the danger from such an exposure of thousands of corpses the French troops made the utmost efforts, with the enforced help of the Arabs and other natives who had flocked to the scene in hundreds for the sake of plunder, to bury as many of the dead as could be rescued, during the brief time it was possible to approach or touch them, by throwing them into long trenches hastily hollowed out of the hot, dry sands. But vast numbers of bodies could not be interred, and the

horrible emanations from decaying flesh and bones poisoned the waters and shores of Aboukir Bay throughout the remainder of that year, causing them to be shunned by all save the beasts and birds of prey.

The morning after the battle Bonaparte sent to the Turkish fleet a flag-of-truce which, under the pretext of exchanging prisoners, was to endeavour to obtain some news from Europe. Sir Sidney Smith stopped this messenger, had him come on board the *Tigre*, treated him very handsomely, and learning, among other things, that the French in Egypt were ignorant of the long train of disasters to the Republic in Italy and Germany—having heard nothing from Europe for the past ten months owing to the strict blockade—he indulged in the malicious courtesy of sending by the flag-of-truce to the French head-quarters a file of the latest European journals, which made Bonaparte and the French army acquainted with the disasters experienced by the Executive Directory in Europe, the loss of Italy, the reverses in the Alps, the retreat of Masséna to Zurich, the capture of Corfu by the Russians and English, and the close blockade of Malta which promised soon to deliver it to the latter power.

If Sir Sidney Smith may be truly said to have made Napoleon miss his destiny at Acre, he may also, by this thoughtless act at Alexandria, be said, with much of truth, to have contributed directly to the instant determination of Napoleon to return to France, where he arrived at the very moment to be elevated to supreme power, when the Republic was *in extremis* under the assaults of the European allies, and his coming, even a few months deferred would have been too late!

And, as though Fortune could not then do enough for

her favourite, when Bonaparte had secretly made all his preparations to escape to sea, and his small squadron of two frigates and two xebecs—entirely too weak to force a passage—lay in complete readiness to slip out of the harbor of Alexandria, the hour the blockading fleet might leave the way open, the hostile guardian at the gateway, was called away by imperative necessity. Of course, Sir Sidney had no suspicion of these secret designs, or nothing could have induced him to relax his vigilance for a single moment, since the capture of Bonaparte would have been of greater moment than the mightiest victory and would, besides, have been balm upon the wound to his pride in the matter of the challenge to personal combat at Acre; indeed, there was no reason whatever to suppose that a dash of any sort was to be apprehended from the remnants of the French fleet that had been so long shut up in the harbor of Alexandria.

At this very time, it also chanced, unfortunately for Sir Sidney, that his ships had all run so short of water that it was absolutely necessary—since none could be procured on the desert coast of Egypt, all the ports of which and both mouths of the Nile being in the hands of the enemy—to sail across to the Island of Cyprus for a fresh supply, as well as to repair the great damage done on board the *Theseus*, one of his large ships, by an accidental explosion of some sixty langridge shells, captured from the French vessels taken near Jaffa during the retreat from Syria. Accordingly he sailed for Cyprus, intending to return with all speed, leaving only one brig in observation before Alexandria.

Thus it happened that the way having been left unguarded for a few days, Bonaparte was enabled to set sail for France and be too far advanced along the

African coast to be overhauled, even before Sir Sidney could be informed of his bold escape to the open sea; nor could the commodore have quit the blockade along the Egyptian coast; which had to be maintained to prevent any ships from France from bringing reinforcements and supplies to Alexandria, in order that he might have pursued the fugitive French squadron.

As may be imagined, though, his chagrin was extreme, when he learned what had happened in his enforced absence at Cyprus, but he was not a man to cherish vain regrets, and, therefore, resumed with energy and marked success the complicated duties of his post, which were much increased by the new conditions which followed the withdrawal of Bonaparte from Egypt.

THE CONVENTION OF EL ARISCH

BATTLE OF HELIOPOLIS

The sudden return of Bonaparte to Europe took the French army completely by surprise, and produced the utmost discontent and discouragement in all ranks, from the new commander-in-chief, General Kléber, down, excepting only a few officers like Desaix, Lanusse, Menou and Davoust. M. Poussielgue, the civil administrator of Egypt, and others prepared by Kléber's orders a report upon the state of the colony, filled, as afterwards appeared, with gross misrepresentations, stating that the army was reduced to half its numbers and could not muster 15,000 men, and that it was in such destitution from the want of arms, ammunition, clothing and money that it could no longer defend the country.

These despatches and a great number of letters from officers of the army, as full of despair as imprudent, were taken at sea by the English cruisers and sent to the English government, which at once published them all, and led the cabinet, which accepted them as true, directly into the most mischievous errors in their own views as to the Egyptian situation, as will appear by and by.

In this desponding frame of mind General Kléber sent one of his officers to make overtures of peace to the Grand-Vizier of Turkey, who was marching through Palestine at the head of a very large army, estimated to be from 70,000 to 80,000 strong, for the invasion of Egypt. Kléber's proposals met a favourable reception through the influence of Sir Sidney Smith, who was preparing to play a great part in the affairs of Egypt.

As all the letters intercepted by the English cruisers showed the impatient desire of the French of all ranks to return to France, Sir Sidney conceived the design of inducing General Kléber to negotiate and sign an honourable capitulation for the immediate evacuation of Egypt, and its restoration to Turkey, with the further purpose to have arrangements completed to ship the French army back to France before the French Directory could either give or refuse its assent to such a convention.

Kléber, on his part, also sent negotiators to Sir Sidney Smith, for as the English were masters of the sea, the return of his army to Europe would only be possible with their concurrence in the proposed negotiations with the Grand-Vizier of Turkey. General Desaix and M. Poussielgue, sent by him in that behalf, were invited by Sir Sidney to come on board his flagship *Tigre* to conduct the negotiations, which he hoped to simplify in many ways before he and the French officers should

enter into direct communications with the Grand-Vizier, who was then encamped with his army at Gaza, not far from the Egyptian frontier fortress of El Arisch.

Sir Sidney, delighted at having on board and thus having the opportunity to know intimately, in a social way, so distinguished a member of the French army as General Desaix, treated him, as well as his colleague, M. Poussielgue, with the greatest courtesy, and the fine hospitality that an English gentleman ever provides for honoured guests. A keen military observer, General Desaix, speedily recognized and expressed his admiration for the excellent order and discipline among the fine crew that manned this noble British battleship—to the evident pleasure and pride of his host.

The pretensions and demands at first put forth, on both sides in the negotiations, necessarily prolonged them, while, one after another, the inadmissible claims were being eliminated, in order to reach a fair basis for discussion, which was, at last, accomplished, in entire good-feeling on both sides.

The negotiations had gone on for a fortnight, on board the *Tigre* while floating at the pleasure of the winds off the coasts of Syria, Cyprus and Egypt, in this strange corner of the south-eastern Mediterranean, the shores of which had been semi-arid, or an absolute desert, as it is to-day, as it was in the days of Solomon the Magnificent, and, as far back as human history extends.

This desert strip and isthmus, of little value in itself, has, by reason of its situation and character as a sort of bridge, between the continents of Asia and Africa, been a battle-ground of the nations from the most remote antiquity; here, Egypt sought to halt and beat back the vast tides of Asiatic invasion, in battles whose

slaughter dyed its yellow sands in blood—only to be overwhelmed at last.

The face of this strip, often visible from the decks of the *Tigre* to the negotiators, has remained as completely unchanged, perhaps, as any known portion of the earth's surface, and is as difficult to cross to-day, as it was when the parched legions of Sesostri, of Cambyses, of Alexander, and of Bonaparte, in turn, toiled through its desolate, burning wastes.

Finally, as the participation of the Grand-Vizier could not be longer dispensed with, to any useful purpose, Sir Sidney proposed to repair to Gaza, the head-quarters of the Vizier, to arrange there a suspension of arms between the French and Turkish armies, and to prepare for the coming of the French plenipotentiaries, if he thought he could insure them safety and respect in the Ottoman camp.

This having been acceded to by the French officers, Sir Sidney landed to visit the Grand-Vizier at Gaza, and ordered the captain of the *Tigre* to meet him at Jaffa where General Desaix and M. Poussielgue with their staffs were to be landed if the place of conference should be transferred to Gaza.

At the sight of the semi-barbarous hordes of the Grand-Vizier, fighting among themselves over their provisions, or for the possession of a well, Sir Sidney became fearful for the safety of the French officers. Although he was assured by the Grand-Vizier of their safety if they should appear at Gaza, yet he insisted that their tents should be pitched in the very quarter of the Grand-Vizier and the Reis-Effendi, and that a guard of chosen men from the Vizier's own guards should be constantly posted about these tents; finally,

he caused his own tents to be pitched beside them, and brought a detachment of English seamen to protect both himself and the French officers intrusted to his honour from all violence before he invited them to Gaza.

Upon landing at Jaffa, General Desaix and M. Pousielgue saw, with a shudder of horror, amid the sand-hills near the seashore, the immense pyramid of the bleaching bones and skulls of what had been the Turkish garrison of Jaffa, some 4,000 in number, who had been captured the year before at the storming of that town by the French army and, most reluctantly, after a council composed of all the generals of the army had deliberated over it four days, caused to be shot by Bonaparte in order to secure the safety of his own small army, from the certain knowledge that the Turks respected no promise to Infidels, and that if liberated would at once rejoin the other Turkish forces to fight him as fiercely as ever.

This ghastly memorial of the Syrian expedition, the object of which was defeated at Acre by Sir Sidney Smith himself, was only too well calculated to incite the vengeance of Mussulman fanatics upon any Frenchmen who chanced to come in reach, and, therefore, the French negotiators saw, with great pleasure, the bayonets of the fine detachment of English blue-jackets which had been ordered by Sir Sidney to escort them by land from Jaffa to Gaza, and to guard their encampment while there.

Thus well protected they reached Gaza, admiring, *en route*, the magnificent grove of very ancient olives which forms an avenue several miles long north of the city, which itself, they found, stood upon an isolated hill about a hundred feet high, surrounded by ruinous walls. The French officers found their large, handsome tents pitched, very agreeably in the shade of some scattered palms,

olive and orange trees, not far from the site of the famed Gate of Gaza, from whence the mighty Samson, "Took the doors of the gate of the city, and the two posts, and went away with them, bar and all, and put them upon his shoulders, and carried them up to the top of an hill that is before Hebron." (Judges, chap. 16, v. 3.)*

While "the hill looking towards Hebron," was indeed still there, the batterings left by the French artillery were, also, very much in evidence, and forcibly reminded every one of the ravages it had inflicted only the year before. Nevertheless, the French officers were well received by the Grand-Vizier, Jouseff Pacha, a fine type of the Ottoman prince and gentleman, and took up their quarters securely in the midst of the Ottoman hosts which were encamped in irregular fashion, after the manner of Asiatics, upon the corn-fields and vineyards, interspersed and adorned by hedges of cactus, around Gaza—possibly, upon the self-same ground where Samson is, also, reputed to have performed his celebrated, unique exploit of catching 300 foxes, tying their tails together and putting "a fire-brand in the midst between two tails," setting fire to them, and then turning them loose in the ripened corn-fields and vineyards there, with results so disastrous to the unlucky Gazites!

The adjoining quarter of the Grand-Vizier presented one of the strangest medleys that could be conceived—of large striped tents, bright with heavy fringe and banners, crowds of servants in dresses of every colour, and

*NOTE.—To the south of Gaza is a remarkable hill, quite isolated and bare, with a small mosque and a grave-yard on the summit. It is variously called El Muntar, "The Watch-tower", "The Mount of Samson", and "The Hill of Hebron", and is supposed to be the same mountain "before (or facing) Hebron" to which Samson carried the gates of Gaza.

On the east of the city are shown the Tomb of Samson, and the remains of a race-course, the corners marked by granite shafts with Greek inscriptions on them.

numerous fine horses, camels, and dromedaries, richly caparisoned, ready for immediate use; 15,000 camels had been hired from the Arabs to aid in the transport of the army and its supplies to Egypt, and presented a stupendous sight of the kind.

The foreign negotiators were surprised at the sight of several large carriages, hung on springs after the European fashion, and a yet more interesting sight presented itself to their eyes, in the shape of twelve large litters or palanquins of wood, carved and gilt, and richly furnished and curtained with silken draperies of the brightest hues, in each of which was borne a pretty young odalisque, whose society the Grand-Vizier had felt to be indispensable to alleviate the discomforts and fatigues of the campaign he was about to undertake in Egypt—while the breeze, blowing to the foreign tents from those of the odalisques, was scented with the perfumes of aloes and attar of roses.

Quite needless to remark, perhaps, that whatever may have been the precautions to insure the safety of the foreign officers, they were, in fact, trifling, in comparison with those adopted by the green-eyed Blue-Beard of a Grand-Vizier, with a crowd of armed eunuchs and quadrupled guards of his most ferocious janizaries, to safe-guard that part of his encampment from all intrusion—so that all hopes of *introductions* had to be relinquished, if, indeed, ever entertained! It is quite possible that these gallant young foreign officers may have discussed among themselves, over the wine in their dining-tent, the jealous-sort of aloofness of the “unspeakable Turk,” in his absurd social customs, though the chronicles be silent upon this point.

After long discussion, it was agreed between the

French plenipotentiaries and the Grand-Vizier that hostilities should cease for ninety days: that the French army should evacuate Egypt, yield up to the Turkish troops the fortresses in the eastern part of the country, at stated intervals, and Grand Cairo in forty days. That the French army and all its civilian attendants should be transported back to Europe in vessels furnished by Turkey, with all their arms, artillery, effects, etc., and receive 3,000,000 francs to meet their expenses, during the time the evacuation was going forward. And, lastly, Sir Sidney Smith engaged in his own name, and in the name of the Russian commissioner, to furnish the French army with pass-ports, which should prevent molestation from English or Russian cruisers.

General Desaix was opposed to the evacuation of Egypt under any conditions, and refused to sign this celebrated convention—named in honor of the frontier fortress of Egypt, El Arisch, situated in the desert eighteen miles west of the granite pillars which mark the confines of the Continents of Asia and Africa—without an express order from Kléber as commander-in-chief, and sent his aide-de-camp, Savary, (afterwards made a general and Duke of Rovigo by the Emperor Napoleon) to Kléber's head-quarters at Salahieh, where he was encamped with a large part of his troops to oppose the Turkish invasion of Egypt.

The latter, sharing the ardent desire of nearly all the French army to return to France under almost any honourable conditions, at once gave the order to Desaix to sign the convention of El Arisch, and sent Savary back to Gaza with it. General Kléber also charged Savary to claim the French wife of a sergeant killed at El Arisch, whom he knew to have fallen to the share of a pacha,

upon the capture of that fort and massacre of its garrison by the Turks a short time before, being desirous, as he said, not to leave behind him a single individual belonging to the French army.

Savary says: "On arriving at the Turkish advanced post, I received an escort which conducted me to the Vizier's tent, round which were strewed the bodies of wretches who had been put to death during the day. I found Sir Sidney with the Vizier, and seized that opportunity to claim the woman I have mentioned. I then learned from the Vizier that he himself had given her to the Pacha of Jerusalem; but, he said he would ask for her back, and immediately send her on to us. I went thence with Sir Sidney Smith to General Desaix's tent, where the treaty was signed on the night of my arrival."

The Vizier had, at once, made known to his good friend, the Pacha of Jerusalem, his desire for, as well as the importance of, the immediate return of his fair captive to her countrymen who had demanded it of him.

This request to the Pacha developed a most unlooked for state of affairs at Jerusalem. Far from being a forlorn "captive," this young and pretty French widow, with the guile and the arts of all widowhood, had already completely fascinated and enslaved that unsophisticated Oriental personage, the Pacha of Jerusalem, and was unwilling to abandon the rich conquest she had made.

Soon after the convention was signed, Sir Sidney and General Desaix took leave of each other with evident friendly regards, and also parted on good terms with the Grand-Vizier by whom they had been handsomely entertained and treated.

Savary further relates that, "Just as General Desaix, with his staff and escort, was about to start on his re-

turn through the desert to Egypt, a letter was brought to him from Jerusalem; it was from the captive widow, who thanked him for the interest he had shown in her fate, but declared that she did not wish to take advantage of it, as she found herself extremely well off, and very handsomely used by the Pacha, and, therefore, was resolved to remain where she was: she wished us success and a happy journey.

“At a later period, this female sutler became the protectress of the Christian establishments in Syria, to which she rendered important services. She was of use to us in the time of the Consulate, and was provided with the means for supporting the ascendancy she had acquired.”

Sir Sidney Smith returned to Jaffa and went on board the *Tigre*, justly proud of the splendid diplomatic victory he was conscious of having won, by means of which, and without the sacrifice of a single life the vast designs of Bonaparte would be completely frustrated, France finally driven from Egypt and the East, which would return to its usual peaceful aspect.

Above all, it relieved Great Britain from the strain and losses of having to continue hostilities, in that remote region.

And he, also, fully comprehended that this triumph was, altogether, due to the fact that his own vigilance had enabled him to open negotiations for the evacuation of Egypt at the moment of greatest despondency in the French army which followed upon Bonaparte's sudden departure for Europe.

In Egypt preparations were immediately made by Kléber for the evacuation, to the great joy of the army. The Grand-Vizier advanced, and the French handed over to him, consecutively, the fortresses of Katieh, Salahieh,

and Belbeis, while Kléber directed the troops to march to Alexandria and Rosetta, where they would embark.

At the same time, the English cabinet had received notice of the overtures made by Kléber to the Grand-Vizier and Sir Sidney Smith, for the evacuation of Egypt upon the honourable terms above noted. Having already in its possession Kléber's false report to the Directory of the state and numbers of the French army in Egypt, the English cabinet deemed such terms wholly inadmissible to an army whose situation was represented as hopeless by its commander to his own government, and despatched a positive order to Lord Keith, new commander-in-chief of the British fleets in the Mediterranean, at Minorca, not to grant any conditions to General Kléber except an unconditional surrender of his army as prisoners of war. The communications of Lord Keith did not reach Sir Sidney Smith till about the 20th of February, 1800, to whom they caused the deepest chagrin and regret.

He had acted without precise instructions from his government, believing his authority sufficient, and that his action would be approved. Better acquainted than the government at home with the real state of things in Egypt and the actual strength of the French army, he knew General Kléber would never surrender himself a prisoner of war; and with bitter disappointment, he saw the Convention of El Arisch, which he had so skillfully managed to wring from a momentary weakness, wholly set aside.

He instantly wrote to Kléber, however, to express his great mortification, to inform him frankly of what was passing, to advise him to suspend the delivery of any more fortresses to the Grand-Vizier, and to conjure him

to wait for fresh orders from England before he took any definite resolution.

General Kléber at once acted upon this most honourable warning, stopped the evacuation, recalled his troops to Cairo, and gave notice to the Grand-Vizier to suspend his march, otherwise he should renew hostilities.

The Grand-Vizier replied, with force and brevity, that the convention of El Arisch was signed: that it must be executed; and, in consequence, that he would continue to advance upon Grand Cairo.

In his letter to M. Poussielgue, one of the French commissioners who had negotiated the convention (General Desaix having already departed for France, upon the faith of that convention) Sir Sidney said: “. . . It would only be throwing out a snare to my brave antagonists, were I to encourage them to embark. I owe it to the French army, and to myself, to acquaint them with the state of things, which, however, I am endeavoring to change. At any rate, I stand between them and the false impressions which have dictated a proceeding of this kind. . . . I then propose, sir, that you should come on board, in order to consult on what is to be done in the difficult circumstances in which we are placed. I view with calmness the heavy responsibility to which I am subject; my life is at stake—I know it; but I should prefer an unmerited death to the preservation of my existence by exposing both my life and honour.”

Napoleon himself was fully sensible of Sir Sidney's noble course upon this occasion, and said: “He manifested great honour in sending immediately to Kléber the refusal of Lord Keith to ratify the treaty, *which saved the French army*. If he had kept it secret for seven

or eight days longer, Cairo would have been given up to the Turks, and the French army necessarily have been obliged to surrender to the English. He also showed great humanity and honour in all his proceedings toward the French who fell into his hands."

There was much of grandeur in this conduct of Sir Sidney's: the temptation to remain silent was increased by the fact, as has been said, that it was a treachery, not his own, but merely of permitting one by others, and of thereby removing an army of nearly 30,000 tried veterans from the ranks of his country's enemies, yet he hesitated not to follow the dictates of his own high sense of honour by giving instant notice of their danger to his gallant foes.

Being informed of the respective ultimatums Kléber and the Grand-Vizier had addressed to each other Sir Sidney hurried up agents to interpose between them, and make proposals for an accommodation, stating that full explanations had already been sent to London, which would cause the convention of El Arisch to be ratified to a certainty; in this situation he urged them to suspend hostilities and wait.

To this, both parties consented upon conditions, though, which could not be reconciled. The Grand-Vizier insisted that Cairo should be surrendered to him, and Kléber that the Vizier should fall back to the frontier—a deadlock from which fighting was, evidently, the only issue.

The Grand-Vizier, thereupon, resumed his advance, and on the 19th of March, 1800, the hostile armies met on the plain of Koubbe, a few miles east of Cairo, in the famed battle of Heliopolis, in which Kléber with only 12,000 French veterans completely overthrew the Otto-

man army 70,000 strong, slaying over 8,000, and capturing many thousands of prisoners, all its artillery, baggage and tents, including, also, the twelve gilded palanquins of the Grand-Vizier, and his European carriages, the dazzling occupants of which, it is to be feared, fell into rude rough hands—a rare and most luscious spoil of war in this short campaign. Certain articles of Oriental voluptuousness were taken with the odalisques, the singularity of which produced shouts of laughter among the French troops, who rested from several days of arduous pursuit in the very edge of the desert east of Salahieh, into whose sandy wastes the remains of the enemy had been driven to perish of hunger and thirst, after the loss of all their provisions.

In a few days the fortresses had all been recovered by the French, their garrisons surrendering without resistance, and the remains of the great Turkish army had retreated to Gaza, whence it had advanced in all the pride of apparently irresistible military strength—after losing great numbers from hunger and thirst, and from attacks of hostile Arabs, who plundered the disorganized wrecks, to complete the misfortunes of which the plague broke out amongst, and nearly destroyed. The Grand-Vizier, with great difficulty, effected his own escape at the head of only 500 horsemen, from this overthrow, which was, in truth, one of the most disastrous the Ottoman arms ever sustained.

The Turks held the timely warning given by Sir Sidney Smith to General Kléber, the cause of it, and never forgave him, as will appear hereafter. The great victory of Heliopolis completely restored French affairs in Egypt, and its spoils, together with the contributions levied on the rebellious inhabitants of Cairo and other towns,

and the immense booty taken in that battle by the soldiers for their personal use, placed the army in the greatest affluence and comfort: the troops returned to their quarters joyous and triumphant, and having learned that Bonaparte was become First Consul, felt no doubt he would speedily send reinforcements and everything else needed. Kléber in consequence of it, abandoned all thoughts of giving up Egypt, and set on foot many plans to improve his position, as well as the condition of the country itself.

In the midst of his great designs, General Kléber was cut off by an obscure fanatic, Sulieman Haleby, of Aleppo, who asserted that he was inspired by Allah to slay the enemy of the Prophet and of the Grand Seignior, who had slaughtered such numbers of the True Believers at Heliopolis, but who, also, confessed on his trial that he had been further incited to the act by the Aga of Janizaries at Gaza, who furnished him with a dromedary and money to go to Grand Cairo. Under the mask of asking charity, he accosted the General when walking in the gardens of the palace and presented a petition. While Kléber was in the act of reading it, the assassin drew a dagger, twenty inches in length, and rapidly stabbed him in five different places, when he sunk to the earth mortally wounded.

The skeleton of Sulieman Haleby, who was, of course, put to death for his crime, was sent to Paris and may be seen there in the Museum: the bones of the right arm, in particular, are perfectly black.

Upon Kléber's death, General Menou, who had been appointed second in command by Bonaparte at the same time he made Kléber commander-in-chief, assumed the command in Egypt.

Menou declined all steps towards an accommodation, rejected the new overtures which the Grand-Vizier, who dared not return to Constantinople to face the enraged Grand Seignior, and now, much humbled by the disastrous results of the defeat he had sustained in the battle of Heliopolis, and hastened to make, filled with profuse expressions of his amicable sentiments.

Nor did the new proposals of Sir Sidney Smith, whose explanations had been well received in London, and who was now empowered by his government to carry into effect the convention of El Arisch, meet with a better reception. The British government having at last been undeceived as to the falsity of Kléber's intercepted despatches to the French Directory, had hastened to send fresh instructions to Lord Keith at Minorca, countermanding the former orders not to suffer the passage of the French army, except as prisoners of war, as well as ratifying all the terms of the convention itself, but it was too late, as the French had determined to keep Egypt.

Sir Sidney's course in negotiating the convention of El Arisch was at first severely criticised by the English cabinet, and in Parliament even his authority was questioned. Whatever differences of opinion may have existed on that point, there can be no question that what he did was eminently well done, and the undoing of it had nearly cost Great Britain's ascendancy in Egypt: and, after the slaughter of several thousand of the bravest English troops in the subsequent expedition under Sir Ralph Abercromby against the French in Egypt, to say nothing of the immense expense that had to be incurred, the British government were finally obliged to do, with not much glory, that which Sir Sidney Smith had before done, without the sacrifice of either blood or treasure,

and with glory to England and honour to himself—suffer the French army to return to France, under almost the precise conditions as those of the repudiated convention of El Arisch!

Sir Walter Scott states, however, that “When the British government received advice of this convention, they refused to ratify it on the ground that Sir Sidney Smith had exceeded his powers in entering into it. The Earl of Elgin having been sent out as plenipotentiary to the Porte, it was asserted that Sir Sidney’s ministerial powers were superseded by his appointment.

“Such was the alleged informality on which the treaty fell to the ground; but the truth was, that the arrival of Kléber and his army in the south of France, at the very moment when the successes of Suwarrow gave strong hopes of making some impression on her frontier, might have had a most material effect upon the events of the war.

“Lord Keith, therefore, who commanded in the Mediterranean, received orders not to permit the passage of the French Egyptian army, and the treaty of El Arisch was in consequence broken off.”

For the rest, all remained quiet in Egypt after Kléber’s death, while the British government concerted new measures with the Sublime Porte for another campaign to wrest Egypt from the French. A British army was to land near Alexandria, and act in concert with another large Turkish army collecting in Palestine which should again cross the desert and advance upon Grand Cairo, while a second army of English troops and Sepoys from India should sail from Bombay and lend its aid by an attack from the shores of the Red Sea.

In the meanwhile Sir Sidney returned to the tedious

duties of the blockading squadron off the coast of Egypt. He had by this time a very high place in the esteem and confidence of the French army, for his honourable course towards it, and so could relieve the tedium of the long idle days off Alexandria on the *Tigre*, by extending and receiving courtesies from his admiring foes, among the French officers in the garrison of Alexandria.

Indeed, it may be questioned whether he would not have received as many privileges at the hands of some of his gallant antagonists there, as he had formerly done from the worthy governor of the Temple Prison at Paris, had he chosen to ask for them! A man's true disposition is often shown best in some small matter, and it lends a pleasing light to Sir Sidney's to refer to the following incident, while he lay before Alexandria with his blockading squadron.

He had learned that a young Frenchman, M. Thevenard, whom he knew to belong to a fine French family at Toulon, was held in miserable captivity by the Turks: he procured his release and caused him to be landed at Alexandria; yet, realizing the forlorn condition M. Thevenard might be in, did not stop with what he had done, and sent to him, under flag of truce, the following note of invitation:

“On Board the *Tigre*, June 15th, 1800.

“Mr. Thevenard is requested to come and dine with Sir Sidney Smith on board the *Tigre*, this day at three o'clock.

“Sir Sidney takes the liberty to send some clothes, which he supposes a person just escaped from prison may require. The great-coat is not of the best; but, excepting English naval uniforms, it is the only one on board the *Tigre*, and the same Sir Sidney Smith wore during his

journey from the Temple till he reached the sea. It will have done good service if it again serves a similar purpose, by restoring another son to the arms of his aged father dying with chagrin."

And his kindness did not end there; he supplied him with money and all kinds of necessaries, together with letters of recommendation and a safe-conduct, to enable him to reach his home in safety and comfort.

Another equally fine instance of his humane treatment of his foes is also contributed from a French source.

M. Delasalle, lieutenant of dragoons, serving under Bonaparte in Syria, published an account of his capture by the Arabs, of his being brought a prisoner into Acre, and of his deliverance by Sir Sidney Smith, which does equal honour to the gratitude of the narrator and the chivalrous humanity of the former. After having spent four days in constant expectation of death from the Arabs, he was brought before Djezzar Pacha, where Sir Sidney vainly interceded for his liberty. The hapless lieutenant was committed to one of the dungeons, where the ferocious Djezzar had crowded his victims, and he hourly expected his fate. But he was happily deceived. The unwearied, generous efforts of his illustrious enemy at length overcame the tyrant's fierceness, and M. Delasalle was released. Sir Sidney at once had him conducted on board his flagship, the *Tigre*, where he was loaded, he tells us, with all the courtesy Richard Cœur de Lion could have shown to a French knight.

THE SECOND EGYPTIAN CAMPAIGN

BATTLE OF ALEXANDRIA

In the first days of March, 1801, a powerful fleet of British war vessels appeared in Aboukir Bay, escorting about two hundred transports, having on board 19,000 British troops and a numerous artillery, destined for a descent upon Egypt. The fleet anchored amid the wrecks of the Battle of the Nile, upon the spot where Lord Nelson had so signally triumphed over the French armada, less than three years before, and in waters scarcely yet free from the taint of the bodies of the 12,000 Turks engulfed there in the tragic Battle of Aboukir, little more than a twelve-month before.

This, the only really practicable landing place upon the coast of Egypt, was left almost undefended by the utterly incompetent General Menou, who now commanded the French army. Only about 1,600 men with twelve guns, appeared to dispute the landing of the British, when had 8,000 or 10,000 done so, the defeat of the attempt could not have been doubtful.

However, the small force actually present made a heroic resistance; the landing of the British troops, under a heavy fire of artillery and musketry, was admirably conducted by the fleet, in which Sir Sidney Smith rendered important service. The first division of 5,500 men, embarked in one hundred and fifty boats rowed by the stoutest sailors in the fleet, advanced with great rapidity. Alison thus describes what followed:

“The French allowed them to approach within easy

range, and then opened at once so heavy a fire that the water seemed literally to be ploughed up with shot, and the foam raised by it resembled a surf rolling over the breakers. Silently the boats approached the tempest, the sailors standing up and rowing with uncommon vigour, the soldiers sitting with their arms in their hands, anxiously awaiting the moment to use them. When they reached the fire, several boats were sunk and the loss among their crowded crews was very severe; but the line pressed forward with such precision, that the prows of almost all the first division struck the sand at the same time. The troops instantly jumped out into the water, and rapidly advancing to the beach, formed before they could be charged by the enemy."

After a furious combat of an hour's duration, the small French force which had made so stout a resistance was obliged to retreat, after severe losses to both sides. The gallant conduct of the British troops, the splendid spectacle which their landing, in scarlet uniforms and Scotch kilts presented in the morning sun, excited the admiration even of the French. "The debarcation," says General Bertrand, "was admirable; in less than five or six minutes they presented 5,500 men in battle array; it was like a movement on the opera stage; three such completed the landing of the army."

Some uneasiness was at first experienced by the want of water; but Sir Sidney Smith soon relieved their anxiety by telling them that, wherever date-trees grew, water must be near, and such was found to be the case.

The Battle of Alexandria, resulting in Menou's defeat, soon after followed, and Sir Sidney, though having no command ashore, nevertheless took part in it, bearing himself with conspicuous courage.

When Sir Ralph Abercromby was unhorsed and mortally wounded in a charge of the French dragoons, one of whom he disarmed after an exciting personal encounter, Sir Sidney was the first man to reach his side as the dragoons were driven off and was presented by Sir Ralph with the sabre he had taken in this combat.

Sir Sidney himself had received a severe contusion upon his shoulder in combat with swords with another of those bold riders, in which his own blade was broken off almost at the hilt, which, doubtless, caused Sir Ralph to present to him the sabre he had himself captured.

General Menou's measures to meet the landing of the English were so senseless as to suggest treachery to his own cause had he not been incapable of it. After the British army had landed against the strong opposition, sixteen hundred men in fact, made, he hastily assembled about 12,000 men to fight the losing Battle of Alexandria, March 21, 1801. It is clear from his own returns that he could with ease have had two-thirds of that number, with a strong body of cavalry and sixty guns drawn up on the shores of Aboukir Bay to meet the English when they landed there on the 8th of March.

The first division of 5,500 English infantry, with only the muskets it bore, landing upon an open beach and instantly attacked by so overwhelming a hostile force, aided by cavalry and the converging fire of sixty guns, must have been destroyed or captured, despite all its bravery, together with the crews of over 150 large boats, amounting to above 2,000 of the best seamen in the fleet which would itself have been thus as seriously crippled as the army by so great a loss. Even had General Abercromby been willing to throw another division of his infantry against such odds, its defeat must have

followed. But the loss of his first division must have settled the fate of the expedition; the Battle of Alexandria then would never have been fought, and the French would have remained secure in Egypt, ready to resume, whenever reinforced, the career of conquest in Asia.

On the 21st of March, 1801, the French lost the Battle of Alexandria.

On the 23rd of March, 1801, the Emperor Paul was assassinated at St. Petersburg, and with his life ended the plans of the First Consul and the Emperor of Russia for the invasion of British India by a great Franco-Russian army 110,000 strong.

And thus, the assassin's dagger, in the resolute hand of Count Pahlen in Russia, and the stupidity of General Menou in Egypt, *finally ended, within the space of two days, forever, all the Napolconic dreams of Oriental conquest!* Thenceforward the struggle was limited to the narrower theatre of Europe.

A large force of Turks landed soon afterwards, and aided in blockading Menou in the lines around Alexandria to which he had withdrawn with his shattered army after the battle of the 21st of March. More English troops having also arrived, an Anglo-Turkish army advanced in the direction of Cairo leaving a sufficient force behind to hold Menou in check.

Sir Sidney Smith was not permitted to take part in any other operations on land, but was sent on board his ship by order of the English general in command. This strange action by General Hutchinson was taken in an unworthy complaisance to the demand of the Capitan-Pacha, who, with the other Turks, now bitterly hated Sir Sidney, blaming upon him the great defeat at Heliopolis: the Turkish pachas loudly asserted that his

prompt notice to Kléber of Lord Keith's disavowal of the convention of El Arisch, alone brought on that battle, so fatal to them.

And so great was the umbrage taken by the Turks at the honourable conduct of Sir Sidney, that all military or other intercourse between them ceased—a circumstance which, however, occasioned neither regret nor mortification to that high-minded gentleman and officer.

He remained, therefore, with his own squadron, taking no further part in affairs on shore, blockading the coast of Egypt, and saw the French army evacuate the country, by the close of summer, in English, instead of Turkish ships, and with all the other stipulations he had secured at El Arisch once more conceded to it,—with the sole difference, that the division of the French army under Menou at Alexandria as a penalty for having prolonged its defense, after the rest of the French troops at Cairo had evacuated Egypt with *all* its artillery, arms, baggage, etc., was only permitted to take with it *ten guns out of a total of perhaps forty field-pieces and all its arms, baggage and effects!* THIRTY CANNONS GAINED! The annals of history may be searched in vain for anything approaching such an absurdity, at so great a cost in blood and treasure, for such was the sum-total of the difference in results, between the convention of El Arisch and the convention of Alexandria!

QUITS THE SCENES OF GLORY IN THE EAST FOR ENGLAND

On the 5th day of September, 1801, having bidden adieu to his noble ships *Tigre* and *Theseus* and their brave crews, which had, during nearly three years, ren-

dered such distinguished service at Acre and elsewhere, under his own splendid, daring command, he finally quit the East—leaving there an imperishable reputation as BONAPARTE'S FIRST CONQUEROR.

Bourrienne says: "Ten days before Bonaparte's departure for Egypt a prisoner (Sir Sidney Smith) escaped from the Temple who was destined to contribute materially to his reverses. An escape so unimportant in itself afterwards caused the failure of the most gigantic projects and daring conceptions. This escape was pregnant with future events; *a false order of the Minister of Police prevented the revolution of the East.*"

And Bonaparte himself said with some bitterness to his secretary, Bourrienne, after a visit of inspection he made to the Temple Prison in which he visited the very room once occupied by Sir Sidney, shortly after he became First Consul: "And Sir Sidney Smith! I made them show me his apartment. If the fools had not let him escape I should have taken St. Jean d'Acre!"

Sir Sidney embarked at Alexandria on board the *Carmen* frigate, having, with Colonel Abercromby, son of the heroic commander-in-chief, Sir Ralph Abercromby, slain at the Battle of Alexandria, been chosen to deliver to the English government the official despatches, giving the results of the late campaign of the British naval and military expedition to Egypt.

His arrival in London was marked by enthusiastic demonstrations of welcome. But the British cabinet was too sensible of its own blunder, in having repudiated the great service rendered by Sir Sidney Smith, in securing the convention of El Arisch, to have the courage and magnanimity to recognize it, by conferring the honours and promotion, justly due, upon the man who had

thereby far better accomplished the purpose of rescuing Egypt from French domination, than had been done by the government itself, at a heavy cost, in worse than uselessly wasted blood and treasure, after a campaign, by the combined British and Ottoman fleets and armies, lasting over a year!

The obligation, so to speak, was too great to be admitted to a comparison with the *official* course, by any recognition of it, or, to be forgiven by those highly placed persons in the naval service, whose jealousy and dislike of Sir Sidney have already been shown in these pages.

The English people, however, could not be blinded as to the real truth, and peace having soon after been declared at Amiens between Great Britain and France, the constituency of Rochester spontaneously returned him to a seat in Parliament, which he held, in faithful discharge of its duties, until the renewal of the war again called him to service afloat.

IN command of a squadron, he was actively employed along the French coast in a service whose dangers and difficulties cannot be described here. At the expiration of several years of this service, he was tardily advanced to the rank of Rear-Admiral of the Blue, November 9th, 1805. But influences, too great to be overcome, had denied him the honour of participating in the greatest of England's naval triumphs—the Battle of Trafalgar, where, in October, 1805, Lord Nelson almost annihilated the immense fleets of France and Spain, and thereby nearly ended any further important naval enterprises by the enemy during the remainder of the war.

BECOMES PROTECTOR OF SICILY AND THE EXILED COURT
OF NAPLES

The Emperor Napoleon having made his eldest brother, Joseph Bonaparte, King of Naples in 1806, soon after the Battle of Austerlitz had prostrated Austria and Russia, sent him to enter upon the possession of his new Kingdom, with an army of French bayonets to prop up his throne.

The Bourbon King Ferdinand accompanied by Queen Caroline and his court, fled to the neighbouring Island of Sicily, and made Palermo, situated on the bay of that name, a city second only to Naples in size, and hardly inferior to it in the beauty of its environments, his capital.

The British government at once despatched a naval force, consisting of five ships-of-the-line, several frigates, gun-boats and transports to guard the Straits between Sicily and the mainland, as well as the entire island, against any attempted invasions by the French, and intrusted the command of this fleet to Rear-Admiral Sir Sidney Smith; a force of English troops was also sent to assist in the defense. The Admiral found the exiled court established in the fine old royal palace at Palermo, surrounded by beautiful gardens filled with flowers and orange trees, commanding a fine view of the superb Bay of Palermo and the sea beyond—but existing in a state of constant dread, bordering upon terror, lest the French might appear first. Nearly all the richest and noblest families of Naples were thus established at Palermo, and formed a society, in conjunction with the local no-

bility of the Island, equal, in the possibilities of gayety and social enjoyments, to almost any capital in Europe.

Among all the romantic incidents of that most marvelously interesting of all periods in the world's history, it is doubtful whether there arose a stranger, more romantic situation than that which resulted from this unique service to which Sir Sidney was ordered at Palermo. Upon his sudden appearance with his fine fleet in fighting trim and mood at Palermo, terror was banished, and hope and joy, in the feeling of safety assured, instantly took its place.

The recognized champion and defender of a defenseless fugitive court, in its beautiful place of exile, he instantly became *persona gratissima* there: the broken old King, and the strong-minded but dissolute Queen, Caroline, welcomed him with the utmost joy, and sought, in every possible way, to win his sympathy and friendship—a sentiment not difficult to reach by such appeals to a nature so generous and chivalric as was his. And thus we find a strong bond soon uniting the English admiral and the Sicilian court.

To the ardent imaginations of the throng of noble and beautiful young women of the court, this strange type of the handsome English soldier and man of the world—so different from all the other men they had ever known—became idealized, as at once hero, friend, and gallant admirer, of them all! A “lion among the ladies,” he may indeed have been, but he was also a “lion in battle,” as he gave constant proofs while engaged in the service off the coast of Italy. Often did his warm friends from the windows of the ancient palace and from the garden terraces wave farewells and utter prayers for his safety, as his battle-ship *Pompée*, with all sails set,

bore away to sea to engage in mortal combat with the hostile batteries on the mainland, and with joy, welcome his triumphant returns! On one of these expeditions he actually landed upon and captured the Isle of Capri, in the very mouth of the Bay of Naples itself, and held it for some time against all efforts to retake it.

Othello never had in Desdemona a more sympathetic listener to his tales of adventure, than had he, on such occasions at the entertainments to celebrate his presence at court, when he would describe only the gallant deeds of others, never forgetting, either, those of his French antagonists, whose gallantry he ever admired, and had experienced a hundred times over.

The court at Naples had long been distinguished for its licentiousness, and following the unscrupulous example of its dissolute Queen who made no secret of her relations with her paramour and prime-minister Acton, the scenes of the old days at Naples, with Nelson and his beautiful mistress, Lady Hamilton, left out, were easily repeated at Palermo, with a far handsomer and more agreeable subject than the one-eyed, one-armed Nelson, infatuated as he was, to the point of obsession, by the charms of that one vulgar woman to the exclusion of all others.

It is quite possible that the strong friendship between our Admiral and the Queen may not have been marked by actual guilt as her age, though, assuredly, *nothing else!*—may have stood in the way.

However, no distractions, even such as the court at Palermo offered so willingly, could prevent Sir Sidney from giving full attention to his many duties: his vigilance never relaxed: by landing arms, exciting insurrections in every quarter on the mainland, and attacking,

when least expected, every exposed point, he became a veritable terror to King Joseph and his supporters.

Yet, he courteously and humanely refrained from interrupting the ceremonies, illuminations, torch-light processions and festivities in the City of Naples, when Joseph proclaimed himself King of the Two Sicilies, as he might easily have done by the fire of his fleet, which had sailed close into the Bay of Naples,—saying to those who urged him to bombard the city, and thus put an end to the celebration of that event, that he, “considered that the unfortunate inhabitants had evil enough on them, and that the restoration of the capital to its lawful sovereign and fugitive inhabitants would be no gratification, if it should be found a heap of ashes, ruins and bones.”

While Sir Sidney Smith was thus so usefully employed abroad, an investigation was proceeding in England which deeply implicated the honour of the Princess Caroline of Wales, together with several persons of exalted position, among whom, it is much to be regretted, was prominently, and, indeed, chiefly named Rear-Admiral Sir Sidney Smith.

Upon his return from Egypt in the autumn of 1801, his renown was at its height; he remained several years in London, and was eagerly sought in the highest society. His own high position as a naval officer and his great personal attractions that appealed so strongly to women, had brought him within the circle of the Princess of Wales.

In the best of the biographies of Sir Sidney, much difficulty is noticeable in dealing with this scandalous affair, and it was, at last, stated as a sort of conclusion on the subject, that, “His conduct, at that period, will ever be involved in an impenetrable darkness—a dark-

ness made the more deep and inscrutable by the solemn and yet ridiculous attempts of commissioners and privy counsellors to dispel it. We have carefully perused all the depositions affecting the continence of that unfortunate Princess, during her residence at Blackheath, and the only safe conclusion at which we can arrive is, that the laxity of morals, and the licentiousness of the manners of almost all concerned in that investigation, make us feel shame for the conduct, with but few exceptions, for all the parties concerned. Whether the attractions of Sir Sidney Smith were only incitements to, or actually the cause of, criminality with the Princess, he now only knows. That he was much in her society and that his attentions pleased this unfortunate woman cannot be doubted.

“It is no less certain that he was discovered in her company at times, and in situations, that neither befitted her rank nor his position as a future subject to the heir-apparent. This intercourse continued with unabated strictness for several months. Having placed himself conveniently proximate to the Princess” (in a place of residence with mutual friends near Blackheath, who seemed to know what was going on) “he was seen for weeks daily in her society; and being thus unguarded in his conduct, he gave too much scope for the voice of scandal to breath guilt upon the fame of a person already too much open to suspicion. . . . We shall not go into details of the evidence which imputed criminality to our officer, but merely state that first a coldness, and then a quarrel, having occurred between him and the object of his attentions, he shortly after forsook her society altogether.”

A curious light is thrown on the proceedings of this

investigation, as well as the *argumentative* character of the defense offered by the Princess, in a lengthy letter addressed to the King, her father-in-law. Referring to a former deposition by one of her attendants (a witness against her) which was carefully analyzed, the Princess observes that, “. . . he says that he found us in so *familiar* a posture as to *alarm* him very much, which he expressed by a *start back* and a look at the gentleman. In that dated on the 23rd of February, however, (being asked, I suppose, as to that which he had dared to assert, of the familiar posture which had alarmed him so much) he says: ‘There was *nothing particular* in our dress, *position* of legs or arms that was extraordinary. . . . And now he does recollect, we appeared, he says, ‘a little confused’—a little confused! The Princess of Wales detected in a situation such as to shock and alarm her servant, and so conscious of the impropriety of the situation as to exhibit symptoms of confusion: *would not her confusion have been extreme?*’

A suggestive deduction which the kind-hearted old King was considerate enough not to discuss in his reply!

The after-life of this Princess showed only too plainly her criminal weaknesses. Besides Sir Sidney Smith, a Mr. Lawrence and several other highly placed persons were also deeply involved by the evidence taken in this scandalous affair, which caused a great sensation in Great Britain and on the Continent though, in truth, scarcely a royal family in Europe of that day could have dared to point the finger at that of Great Britain upon any assumption of superior moral decency in their own habits.

As the entanglements already described by no means included all the royal and noble ladies with whom our

gallant *preux chevalier* afterwards became involved, in similar intimate relations, it may be as well to observe here, once for all, that in judging of his conduct, it should be remembered that there was nothing even approaching a betrayal of innocence in any of these ladies; that, on the contrary, every one of them was quite destitute of moral character, or of scruples of any sort, and only too ready to engage in such intrigues, whenever their inclinations, or their interests, prompted them.

Moreover, such were the social conditions of that time, that such connections were treated with the utmost leniency, almost as matters of course, and such royal frailties to be regarded as patterns for similar conduct in countless imitators.

As even the most felicitous conditions cannot long endure, it likewise so came about in this instance at Palermo, and Sir Sidney was suddenly ordered to leave Sicily, to take part in the celebrated attack by the English fleet on Constantinople early in 1807.

He departed from Palermo, after a sumptuous banquet had been tendered him, leaving regrets behind that may not be described, and bearing with him the following touching letter of farewell from Queen Caroline: "I cannot find sufficient expressions to convey the painful feeling which your departure (so very unforeseen) has caused, both to me, and among my whole family. I can only tell you that you are accompanied by our most sincere good wishes, and, more particularly on my part, by gratitude that will cease only with my life, for all that you have done for us. . . . May you be as happy as my heart prays for you! I still cherish the hope of seeing you again in better times, and of giving you proof of those sentiments which, at the present moment, I can-

not express but you will find in all times and places (whatever may be the fate reserved for us) our hearts gratefully attached to you, even unto the grave. I am, most truly, your very sincere and devoted friend, Caroline."

THE EXPEDITION TO CONSTANTINOPLE

The great diplomatic duel at Constantinople in the winter of 1806-7, between Great Britain and Russia on the one side, with France on the other, had ended in a complete triumph for the latter power, which first succeeded in inducing the Sublime Porte to dismiss both the British and Russian ambassadors, and to follow up those dismissals by declarations of war against those two powers.

But, unwilling to accept defeat without a last effort, the British government determined to accomplish by force that which it had failed to do by diplomacy.

Accordingly, a fleet of eight battleships, two frigates and several bomb vessels, under Vice-Admiral Sir John Duckworth, was ordered to concentrate off the Isle of Tenedos, with instructions to force the passage of the Dardanelles, anchor before the City of Constantinople, and compel the Sublime Porte to return to peace and a renewal of the former alliance with Great Britain and Russia, at the same time declaring war upon France, or, if these conditions were rejected, suffer the alternative of having his capital bombarded and reduced to ashes.

Sir Sidney Smith was ordered to take the command of the bomb vessels of this fleet: ever ready to loyally serve his country and king—though so insignificant a post was

quite unworthy to offer him—he hastened to join Admiral Duckworth's fleet, which he found lying near the mouth of the Dardanelles, waiting for a favourable wind to enable it to advance to force the passage.

This fleet was inadequate to so great and hazardous an undertaking, and had the misfortune to lose by fire the *Ajax* of 74 guns, the very day before it was to set out thus reducing it to seven battleships. But the British admiral resolved, nevertheless, to force the passage with these, and aided by a strong south wind, entered the Straits on the morning of February 19th, 1807.

The Turkish forts and castles defending it were so poorly manned and so completely taken by surprise that no difficulty, and hardly any loss, was experienced from the fire of their great guns in the passage.

Admiral Duckworth then attacked and burned the vessel of the *Capitan-Pacha*, of 64 guns, which was lying in the Strait, while Sir Sidney with his bomb vessels captured and burned five Turkish frigates, one of which made a desperate defense. Finding himself confronted by a heavy battery of thirty guns, Sir Sidney boldly landed at the head of a body of seamen and marines, charged and captured it in gallant style, spiked the guns, and hastened to rejoin the fleet to appear before Constantinople on the morning of the 21st of February.

So far the success of the undertaking had been most brilliant, and the magnificent spectacle presented by the ancient capital of the Eastern Empire, rising majestically above the glittering blue waters of the Sea of Marmora, thrilled the hearts of those gallant Britons with the pride and joy which only victory can inspire.

Knowing, also, that the defenses of the city were quite unarmed, no one doubted, for a moment, the complete

success and glorious termination of this most audacious enterprise. The British ambassador, Mr. Arbuthnot, was on board the flag-ship with Sir John Duckworth to direct the negotiations and was thoroughly conversant with the diplomatic situation at Constantinople; but, unfortunately, he chanced, at this critical juncture, to be so severely prostrated by illness that the conduct of the negotiations had to be left entirely in the hands of the brave, but thick-headed Admiral Duckworth, who fell into the grievous error of thinking himself to be as good a diplomat as he was a fighter. The bluff old seaman immediately delivered the British *ultimatum*, and gave notice of the time he would allow for its acceptance or rejection.

So far, so good; but, from that hour the ruin of this splendid feat began, in a series of diplomatic subterfuges to gain time to arm the defenses of the capital, which were inspired by the able French ambassador, M. Sebastiani, and into which, as into so many snares, the unsuspecting Duckworth fell. Parts of this correspondence and other details of these rather singular negotiations, which will be found interesting, as well as somewhat amusing, are given in another paper of these volumes entitled "Great Britain and Russia against France at Constantinople in 1807"; as Sir Sidney Smith had no voice in this feature of the expedition, those details do not properly belong here.

The Turks having by the help of 200,000 men, working under the scientific direction of French artillery and engineer officers (sent by Napoleon to direct the work of fortifying the Straits against the Russians) mounted over one thousand pieces of artillery, in the short space

of a week, then dropped further artifice, and bade defiance to the British fleet, whose opportunity for decisive action had by now completely vanished.

Admiral Duckworth, seeing himself thus outwitted, and the perils to his fleet in the city's defenses and at the Dardanelles increasing with every hour, had no choice but to retreat in the utmost haste, with the first wind which would enable him to reach the Dardanelles. But none such blew for several days longer, and when he did succeed in reaching that Strait, found the Turks there better prepared for his retreat than they had been for his advance; the fleet again forced the passage after a heavy bombardment on both sides and effected its escape into the Mediterranean, but it lost several hundred men, and had two of its largest battleships nearly destroyed, besides great damage done to nearly all the other vessels.

Thereafter, Admiral Duckworth took possession of the Isle of Tenedos for the service of the fleet, and contented himself with a strict blockade of the Dardanelles, into which, however, he did not venture again, as the French engineers had speedily rendered any further attempts to pass them very dangerous and, in fact, hopeless.

This bold attempt upon the liberty of the Ottoman Empire having failed, though from no want of courage, at all events, the services of Sir Sidney Smith were no longer required in this quarter of the world in mere blockade duty, and in the following October he was assigned to the command of the fleet off the coast of Portugal—a service which was to lead to events quite as strange and romantic as those in Sicily, but upon the other side of the globe, at Rio de Janiero, Brazil.

FLIGHT OF THE HOUSE AND COURT OF BRAGANZA TO
BRAZIL

Without going into the intricacies of the political relations of Great Britain and France with the two Peninsula powers, it will, perhaps, suffice to state that at this period, 1807-08, Spain was the ally of France, and Portugal of Great Britain.

Therefore, the French emperor determined that Portugal should be compelled to renounce the British alliance, accept a French alliance instead, and close its ports to British commerce, at the same time confiscating all British goods found in that country. Portugal was then under a regency, and the Prince-Regent was informed that upon such terms, the House of Braganza might retain its throne; otherwise, it should cease to reign; and General Junot was despatched with an army of 25,000 young French conscripts, aided by a large Spanish force, some 40,000 strong, to carry this policy into execution.

The British government was not prepared, at the time, to land an army to dispute the possession of Portugal with the French and Spanish invaders, but it promptly despatched a strong fleet, under Sir Sidney Smith, with orders to cruise off the coast of that country, and blockade its ports whenever it should accept a French alliance.

That rickety little kingdom, placed thus literally "between the devil and the deep sea," appealing for mercy from both, and unable to resist either, sought to evade doing anything by making all sorts of illusory promises. In the midst of these feeble efforts, it was suddenly convulsed with terror by the intelligence that Junot's army had crossed the frontier from Spain, and would, in consequence of the refusal, or, rather, failure to comply with

the French demands, occupy Lisbon, dethrone the Braganzas and divide the country into three parts, of which the northern and southern parts should fall to Spain, and the central provinces, with Lisbon, to France, for such disposition as it might see fit to make of it.

Opinions and counsel were, as usual in such cases, violently divided: some advised submission and alliance with France, since it appeared irresistible on land: others, a courageous resistance and reliance upon the aid of its ancient British ally: while others, still, urged the royal family and court to fly on board the Portuguese fleet and other shipping to Rio de Janiero, the capital of Brazil, and the Portuguese possessions in South America, where it was said they might continue to reign, free from foreign coercion: and last, but not least, to take with them, and thus preserve, the accumulated riches of former ages of greatness, amounting to fully 500,000,000 francs in gold, silver, diamonds and plate, the seizure and appropriation of which by the French, otherwise, under one pretext or another, could not be doubted.

Distracted by such conflicting views, the Prince-Regent, under severe pressure and even threats of bombardment of the city and destruction of the Portuguese fleet by Sir Sidney Smith, finally agreed to adopt this last course, and frantic efforts were made to prepare the crazy Portuguese fleet, and as many merchant vessels as possible, in the limited time allowed, for the long sea voyage to South America.

Sir Sidney, however, had in the first instance urged the Prince-Regent to resist the French invaders, offering to land his seamen and marines to aid the Portuguese garrison of 14,000 men to defend Lisbon, but to this manly course could by no means bring him to consent.

Alternately swayed by fear, indolence, and, perhaps, by sheer inability to act, the unhappy Prince-Regent still delayed to embark, even after he had seen the announcement in the *Paris Moniteur* that "the House of Braganza had ceased to reign."

Determined, at all hazards, to remove the court and, above all, its vast treasures, beyond the reach of the French emperor, Sir Sidney at last threatened to sink the Portuguese fleet rather than see the French become the possessors of such immense treasures; thus constrained the Prince-Regent was obliged to yield and hasten to embark.

The Portuguese fleet was quite unprepared for a voyage across the Atlantic, and still less so for caring for the immense throng of gentlemen and ladies of the royal court, their children and servants who would take part in this migration to the Western Hemisphere. But, by great exertions and the active aid of a large force of British seamen sent to the arsenal of Lisbon for that purpose by Sir Sidney, eight sail of the line, three frigates, five sloops and a number of merchant vessels, in all six-and-thirty sail, were got ready on the following day for the embarkation.

The scenes of this embarkation are thus graphically depicted by Thiers: "In terrible weather, amidst pelt-ing rain, the princesses, the queen-mother, with wildly rolling eyes in consequence of her mental malady, almost all the persons composing the court, many of the great families, men, women, children, servants to the number of seven or eight thousand, were seen confusedly embarking in the squadron and in about a score of large vessels employed in the Brazil trade. The furniture of the royal palaces and of the wealthy houses of Lisbon,

the funds in the public chests, the money which the Regent had for some time past taken care to amass, that which the fugitive families were able to procure, all lay on the quays of the Tagus, half-buried in the mud, before the eyes of an astounded population, alternately melted by so grievous a spectacle, and irritated at so cowardly a flight, which left it without government and without means of defense.

“Everything was embarked by the 27th of November, and thirty-six ships of war or merchantmen, ranged around the admiral’s ship in the middle of the Tagus, as broad before Lisbon as an arm of the sea, waited for a favourable wind, while a population of three hundred thousand souls, divided between grief, anger, curiosity and terror, sorrowfully gazed at them. At the mouth of the Tagus the English fleet was cruising to receive the emigrants, and to protect them, if necessary, with its guns. . . .

“The Portuguese fleet, having waited under sail the whole of the 27th and part of the 28th, had at length crossed in the evening the bar of the Tagus, thanks to a change of wind, and fugitive royalty had been greeted with salutes by the English fleet.”

The Portuguese men-of-war presented a wretched appearance in contrast with the trim British ships, as they had had only three days to prepare for this voyage; scaffolds were still hanging by their sides, and, in short, they rather resembled wrecks than vessels of war. In the general confusion of the embarkation, parents were separated from children, husbands from wives, and both remained ignorant of each other’s safety till they landed in Rio de Janiero.

A tremendous stir of superstitious emotion and fear

was occasioned among the immense throng which gazed after the receding ships as well as upon the ships themselves, by the circumstance that, just as the English fleet fired the royal salute to the Portuguese fleet crossing the bar, *the sun became eclipsed*, and all mournfully repeated the words: "*The House of Braganza has ceased to reign!*"

During this strange scene, the first battalions of Junot's grenadiers were hurriedly entering the open, unresisting gates of Lisbon—just too late to seize the flying court and fleet, laden with its vast treasures.

By another coincidence, which deeply affected the people, Lisbon thus tamely surrendered to its new masters on the eve of the anniversary on which, a hundred and sixty-seven years before, Portugal had thrown off the yoke of Spain, and re-established the national independence!

Truly, the cup of humiliation ran over, on that bitter day, for the unhappy little kingdom, whose people regarded the ominous eclipse of the sun as a sign that heaven itself, as well as its own rulers, had forsaken them.

Rear-Admiral Smith detached four of his battleships under Captain Moore to form the escort for this royal *cortège*, with orders to see it in safety to Rio de Janiero; doubtless, the strangest and most pathetic which has ever crossed the Atlantic!

This narrow escape of the court of Portugal and its immense treasures was entirely due to the strenuous—even high-handed—measures of Sir Sidney Smith, and yet, Lord Strangford, the British minister at Lisbon, who had wholly failed, Napier relates, to induce the royal Portuguese family to emigrate to Brazil, and who was

actually in London when it did so, nevertheless received the red riband, and Sir Sidney was neglected. Another significant proof of the political jealousy and dislike which pursued him in high quarters at home.

It is quite impossible to measure the value or the importance of the service Sir Sidney rendered to England in thus snatching from the outstretched hands of the French emperor a treasure which, in his possession and employed with his consummate ability, would have been more potent than an army of 100,000 men, and the loss of which was a greater blow to his power than the loss of two or three ordinary battles would have been!

PROTECTOR OF BRAZIL AND THE EXILED COURT OF LISBON

On the 15th of January, 1808, Rear-Admiral Sir Sidney Smith received orders to sail for Brazil with two more battleships, and assume command of the entire British fleet of six battleships and a number of smaller vessels, with his station at Rio de Janiero, in order to protect that city as well as Brazil itself against any enterprises of the French, who were quite able to send out a fleet of about that strength from Brest or Toulon at any time the winds might blow the British blockading fleets out to sea for a couple of days, and thus enable a raiding squadron to escape their vigilance.

Upon his arrival at Rio de Janiero the Admiral found the royal exiles and court already established in considerable splendor and comfort, thanks to an unlimited supply of gold and the great quantities of rich furnishings and plate that had been brought over by the fleet from the palaces at Lisbon and Cintra. The harbor of Rio de

Janiero is one of the noblest in the world, and in beauty of country and scenery around it, is hard to equal.

Having selected a suitable anchorage for his fleet, quite apart from all the other shipping in the harbor, in order to preserve the discipline as well as the health of his crews, he then caused all his ships to be as fully repaired as the resources of the port allowed, refitted as to rigging, scraped and painted, so that it was soon in fine condition, and ready to put to sea for active service against a hostile fleet, which, however, never appeared and left to Sir Sidney no more serious employment than cruises along the Brazilian coast. He also caused complete soundings of the harbor and channels to be made, and was thus enabled to prepare for use a better chart of those waters than either the Portuguese or the British admiralty could furnish.

The wife of the Prince-Regent of Portugal was the Princess Carlotta, daughter to Charles IV., King of Spain, and was possessed of some beauty, considerable intelligence, and ambition enough to engage her for years in intrigues to place herself on the throne of Spain.

As soon as it was known at Rio de Janiero that Charles IV. and his son Ferdinand VII., who had displaced his father by a revolution at Aranjuez and attempted to reign for a short time under that title, had both been induced by the French emperor at Bayonne to abdicate their rights to the Spanish throne, and remain as his pensioners in France, along with the rest of the royal Spanish family, the Princess Carlotta determined to assert her claims not only as the next in the succession to the Spanish throne, in the event of the death or perpetual captivity of her brother Ferdinand VII. but, also, to the immediate government of the Spanish king-

dom as hereditary Regent; and to induce the Spanish tribunals to acknowledge her claims was the object of several missions sent from Rio de Janiero by her to Cadiz, to London, and elsewhere in Europe.

The Council of Castile actually recognized Carlotta's pretensions, but the Regents of Spain would pay no attention to them. Nevertheless her agent, Pedro Souza, renewed his intrigues when the Cortes assembled at Cadiz, and by the liberal use of money obtained from the majority of its members a *secret* acknowledgment of the claims of the Princess.

Carlotta did not scruple, at the same time, to use all her arts and fascinations to enlist the sympathy and support of Sir Sidney Smith to her cause, who readily fell in with her ambitious views under the influence of her persuasions and the more especially as his own government began by favouring them.

Accordingly, he actively assisted her, and exerted powerful influence in her behalf in London. Thus for a time, at all events, all went well at Rio, where political intrigues served to kill time; and romance, gallantry and, perhaps, love held high carnival in that distant capital of the antipodes, whose passionate royal princesses set an example of levity in conduct that was eagerly followed by the ardent young noble ladies of the court, whose admiration for this strange, fascinating Englishman was as intense as had been that of the fair exiles at far distant Palermo.

Garden parties, the opera, balls and banquets upon an elaborate scale of luxury served to amuse and entertain the indolent throng, to which our gallant admiral made fitting return by a handsome reception to the royal family and court on board his fleet which is thus de-

scribed: Having caused another battleship, equal in size, to be lashed alongside of his flagship, and wide gangways curtained and carpeted laid to connect the two ships, the decks of the one ship were cleared and furnished for the reception and ball, and of the other for the banquet. A multitude of lights, superb decorations of flowers, palms, etc., wines in profusion, and fine music, lent a peculiar charm to this entertainment beneath the stars of the glittering Southern Cross, and the effulgent rays of the full tropic moon, to the inspiration of which a brilliant throng in court dresses shimmering with diamonds, and English and Portuguese officers whose gorgeous uniforms were brave with decorations, danced, flirted and made love.

But news of a sinister change in London now began to chill the hopes which had run so high in Carlotta's intrigues in Spain. At the outset the British cabinet had inclined to favour her claims to be declared hereditary Regent of Spain, but, afterwards, changed its attitude, under the pressure of strong political and military reasons, to open opposition to the Princess Carlotta. This unlooked for reversal of British policy produced the greatest confusion and uneasiness in court circles at Rio de Janeiro, but which need not be described here, further than to state that it finally resulted in the complete disappointment of all the ambitious hopes and restless intrigues of Carlotta.

Under this sudden and complete change of policy in London, the strong support openly given by Sir Sidney Smith to the plans of this Princess, now occasioned marked displeasure to the British government, of which his enemies at home did not fail to take advantage, by

having him superseded in June, 1809, and recalled to England.

Thus were the warm, new ties suddenly sundered, which had made life as bright for him, in the beautiful capital of the Southern Hemisphere, as it had been in the enchanting days at Palermo, and, amid the heart-felt regrets, adieus, and tears of some of the exiled court at Rio de Janiero he embarked on his flagship for home, where he was warmly welcomed everywhere, despite the jealousy and dislike to him in certain high quarters.

The practical withdrawal of France at this time from any further serious naval enterprises, left the British navy but little to do, outside of the duties of the blockade of the enemy's coasts. On the 21st of June, 1810, Sir Sidney was, at last, promoted to be vice-admiral, and, in the summer of 1812, he was sent out to the Mediterranean, as second in command, under Admiral Sir Edward Pellew, of the British fleets, in those seas with the special duty assigned to him of bottling up the French fleet at Toulon, which had attained to rather formidable strength, under the incessant efforts of the Emperor Napoleon to create a strong new navy for France. But all his vigilance, during the two years which followed, was not rewarded by any opportunity to meet the hostile fleet in battle, which did not venture upon the open sea.

It was no very great run to cross the Tyrrhenian Sea to Palermo, and he did not fail, as opportunity offered, to revisit and be welcomed amid those never-to-be-forgotten scenes by his faithful friends, though Queen Caroline was no longer there, having been obliged to reside in Vienna since the year 1811. Doubtless, it may not have been too late to gather up some of the silken

strands of a past not wholly forgotten on either side in the years that had passed since his stay in Sicily. Sir Sidney was the companion of kings as well as of queens and princesses, however, and he found time to handsomely entertain the exiled King of Sardinia and his suite, on board his flagship *Hibernia* in the harbor of Cagliari, whither he had come on some diplomatic concerns.

With the restoration of the Bourbons to the throne of France in 1814, his active career in the British navy came to an end. With other distinguished officers he received the much-coveted order of K. C. B. in the year 1815. More demonstrations of the popular admiration for him followed upon his return to England, and the freedom of the City of Plymouth was voted to him by the mayor and commonalty, presented in a silver box. Finally, in 1821, he was made a full Admiral of the Red in the British navy.

COMBATS WHITE SLAVERY IN THE BARBARY STATES

But his usefulness and activities did not cease when he left the active sea-service in 1814. He projected the union of all the orders of knighthood in Europe for the abolition of White Slavery by the corsairs of North Africa, the evils of which had excited his indignation and pity, during his service in the Mediterranean.

He published in London, August 31, 1814, his "Memorial upon the Necessity and the Means to Exterminate the Pirates of the Barbarian Nations," and presented it for consideration at the re-union of all the knights of

the European orders, which took place at Vienna, December 29, 1814. It recited that, "Whilst the means of abolishing the slave-trade of the Negro on the western coast of Africa are discussed, . . . it is astonishing that no attention has been turned to the Northern coasts of this same Continent, which is inhabited by Turkish pirates, who not only oppress the natives in their neighborhood, but carry them off and dispose of them as slaves, in order to employ them in armed vessels, to tear away from their firesides the honest cultivators of the soil, and the peaceable inhabitants of the shores of Europe.

"This shameful piracy is not only revolting to humanity, but it fetters commerce in the most disastrous manner, since, at present, mariners can neither navigate the Mediterranean nor the Atlantic in a merchant vessel, without the fear of being carried off by pirates, and led away into slavery in Africa.

"The Algerine government is composed of an *orta*, or regiment of Janizaries, revolted soldiers assuming not to recognize, even in appearance, the authority of the Ottoman Porte, who, however, does not acknowledge this independence. The Dey is always that individual of the *orta* who has the most distinguished himself by his cruelty, and in enriching his confederates by permitting them to practise all manner of violence in Africa, and piracies at sea, against the weaker European nations, or those whose immediate vengeance it does not fear. . . . This barbarian has also another formidable method of extorting money from Christian princes: he threatens them, as he has just served Sicily, to put to death all their subjects that may fall into his power; his well-known cruelty rendering these threats the more

formidable, because to him the means of making use of the money of one Christian prince to carry on the war that he has declared against another; he can thus place all Europe under contribution, and force, in a manner, nations, each in its turn, to pay tribute to his ferocity, in purchasing from him the lives of the unfortunate slaves, and peace. It is useless to demonstrate that such a state of things is not only monstrous but absurd, and that it no less outrages religion than humanity and honour."

This eloquent and powerful appeal, excited the greatest interest not only at Vienna, but throughout Europe, and we learn that the Memorial was "Received, considered and adopted at Paris, September, 1814; at Turin, October 14, 1814, and at Vienna, during the meeting of the Congress of the Allied Sovereigns."

Whatever results might have followed the outburst of European indignation it caused, it is impossible to surmise, as the sudden return of Napoleon from Elba in March, 1815, so convulsed Europe that no further concerted action by the Knights could be had, but Sir Sidney had, nevertheless, given the impulse which caused the British government itself to despatch the naval expedition which, in 1816, under Lord Exmouth, bombarded and reduced the defences of Algiers to a heap of ruins, caused the liberation of every white captive, the payment of damages, and solemn promises by the Dey of a full reform of his outrageous methods.

There was, however, a wide-spread feeling that the command of this great punitive expedition against the white slave-trade in the Mediterranean, should have been conferred upon the man, who had not merely inspired it, but was, in truth, by far the ablest living naval officer

of Great Britain—Vice-Admiral Sir Sidney Smith—to whose splendid career it would have afforded so glorious and well deserved a finale.

But here, as for so long before, the venom of political jealousy and personal pique was to again deprive this heroic man of his fairly-earned right to honourable distinction.

FIXES PERMANENT RESIDENCE AT PARIS

It can hardly be supposed that this final act of cold injustice, added to those which had preceded it, would fail to profoundly affect one having so proud and honourable a character as Sir Sidney Smith.

And it is, perhaps, true that it may have had much to do with his voluntary residence in Paris for the rest of his life. Not that he was at all soured with his country which to the end, ever remained for him, as most glorious and beloved: but a thorough cosmopolitan and man of the world, he had long since learned to accept the disappointments of life in the true spirit of philosophical resignation, not to say indifference, and so offered no protests and made no complaints.

Quite apart from this, however, there were, in truth, many reasons why Paris, which almost unbroken war had closed to Englishmen for more than twenty years, should, upon the restoration of peace, attract at once throngs of the rich and the educated from all countries.

This social volcano, whose ideas had revolutionized and overwhelmed Europe so nearly, was suddenly extinguished and grown quiet, under the pressure of a million foreign bayonets, and now that it could, once more,

be safely approached, it possessed all the curious power of attraction, which makes every one wish to behold with his own eyes the very scenes, out of which such tremendous detonations and upheavals have come.

And, indeed, what spot on earth could compare in interest with a city still refulgent with the glorious days of the Empire? There were still to be found the heroic remnants of those warriors who had raised France to the pinnacle of glory—a thousand absorbing memories permeated the very atmosphere of Paris, the half-extinguished embers of the Revolution, of the Reign of Terror, seemed even then to linger in its streets, along with those gloomy fanatics and ferocious Jacobins, who were still as ready to cry, *Vive la Révolution!* as the Royalists to answer with *Vive le Roi!* or the defiant veterans of the Empire, with their soul-stirring shout of *Vive l'Empereur!* which had hardly ceased to resound in the ears of terrified Europe.

But above all and beyond all, *it was still the Emperor* who filled the thoughts and excited the admiration of all, even of his enemies. Though chained to the distant Rock of St. Helena, he could not be banished from the hearts of his people and his army. Europe felt this, and the wretched Bourbons realized, in terror and bitterness, that France still belonged, not to them, *but to him!*

And the Paris he had done so much to adorn and beautify remained, more than ever, the social and intellectual capital of the world. Upon one possessed of the high mental attainments of Sir Sidney Smith, such a city acted as a powerful magnet. To such a nature as his, endowed as it was with rare social qualities and the highest culture, the heavy dullness of London society had long since become even repulsive, cursed as it was

with the coarse dissipations and unrestrained drunkenness which characterized it, at that period.

In his youth it had been tolerable enough to him, in the absence of any other, but in truth, London society had remained just as it was, and had advanced neither in culture nor intellect, while he had far outgrown it in both. With peace, the disbanding of most of the military and naval forces, coupled with the severe financial distress which began in 1816, England become intolerably dull, and London beheld with envy, the rich and idle of every country hasten to Paris to squander their millions.

Europe looked with indifference upon England, now that the Pactolean stream of golden guineas had ceased to enrich and tempt it to make war upon Napoleon, and London sunk in the intellectual and social scale, nearly to the level of such capitals as Vienna and St. Petersburg.

For Sir Sidney "the Fog Babylon," as Carlyle called it, was thenceforth impossible as a place of residence, when Paris stood ready to welcome him, as it did no other Englishman.

Besides which he ardently desired to examine with his own eyes the scenes, and to meet the actors in the most stupendous revolution the human race had ever known. He spoke the French language perfectly, and was well read in its literature.

Furthermore, despite the hard blows given and received on both sides in the war, Sir Sidney Smith understood and admired the French, and the French understood and admired Sir Sidney Smith as one of the bravest, and altogether as the most honourable of all their late foes, for his admirable behaviour towards the French army in Egypt when he could have betrayed and caused

its surrender, but nobly adhered to the dictates of honour, was most gratefully remembered by the French nation.

Under such conditions our Admiral, as distinguished in dress, manner and bearing as the most aristocratic and punctilious of the Gauls themselves, was welcomed in every circle he chose to enter in France. His friendships soon included names illustrious in the military and civil annals of the past twenty-five years, not merely of France, but of all Europe, for Paris had become, in a sense, the social as well as the intellectual capital of Europe, where the enlightened of all nations might meet in unrestrained social intercourse.

As to the character and manners of Sir Sidney, it was said of him at the time that, "His presence is esteemed an honour in every society, and his amiable and entertaining manners are a charm in every company, while his intellectual acquirements are of the highest order. . . . His heart, indeed, is the source of all good and elevated actions, and his conduct, on many occasions, recalls that beautiful saying of the moralist: 'I desire to be happy, but I live in society with other men who also desire to be happy; let us then endeavour to discover the means by which I can augment my own happiness, whilst I add to, or, at least, do not diminish, that of others.' Sir Sidney was ever actuated by the most liberal and far-sighted views. Where was the great accumulation of misery, there was his gallant and gentle heart."

Honoured and esteemed at home as well as abroad, he passed his remaining years in the enjoyment of the most congenial and elevated social surroundings in Paris, which had grown dear to him, dying there on the 26th day of May, 1840, and thus ending, amid universal regrets, a life which, in extent, variety and romance of

adventure, as well as splendid, heroic achievement, can scarcely be paralleled.

He was interred, after imposing funeral ceremonies, in France's great Necropolis, the Cemetery of Père Lachaise, crowded with its 300,000 tenants, where he rests beneath a handsome marble monument facing the *Chemin des Anglais*, at no great distance from those of a host of illustrious heroes and lieutenants of the Great Captain, the gilded dome of whose matchless sepulchre rises in solitary grandeur just across the Seine—Ney, "the Bravest of the Brave," Murat, the Magnificent, the Master-General of the Cavalry of the Empire, Masséna, Davout, Suchet, Oudinot—Marshals and Warriors, whose names will be remembered with admiration when all their paltry, princely titles of nobility are forgotten—assembled here, almost within the sound of their master's voice, awaiting the Great Final Muster upon the summits of those lofty, shaded heights—unheeding now the dull, ceaseless roar of Paris, whose restless, seething tide of life, once so familiar to them all, ever sweeps like those of the sea around the massive gray walls which mark the confines between the living and the dead.

TOULON—ACRE—EL ARISCH—LISBON—are glorious names in his career, which, in their tremendous consequences, rendered him a decisive actor in the mighty Napoleonic drama, and fairly entitled him to be classed with Wellington and Nelson in the galaxy of great British heroes.

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THE RETURN VOYAGE OF BONA- PARTE FROM EGYPT

This memorable event has been represented by the enemies of Bonaparte as an unfeeling desertion of the devoted army which had followed him to Egypt, to pursue his own selfish ambitions in Europe, instead of remaining with it and sharing its fate. Much bitter controversy with those who deny this view has been the result. It is not intended here to attempt a discussion of the merits of this conflict, but, chiefly, to present, at some length the conditions under which the return to France was undertaken, and then to relate some of the little-known details and incidents of a voyage so momentous in its after-effects upon the history of the world.

Bertrand, Bourrienne, Savary, Bessierres and others, (several having been present), have all given different interesting details, and so, rather than attempt the tedious method of quoting them separately, all shall speak together in one connected statement. They will relate its perils and its deadly monotony, as the ships beat along the desert coast of Africa, for almost a month against adverse winds and currents: the haunting dread, which hung over the minds of all of capture by the English fleets which swept the Mediterranean from end to end in undisputed mastery: they will picture the daily events of the voyage and the manner in which the illustrious exiles, in the prolonged isolation from the rest of the

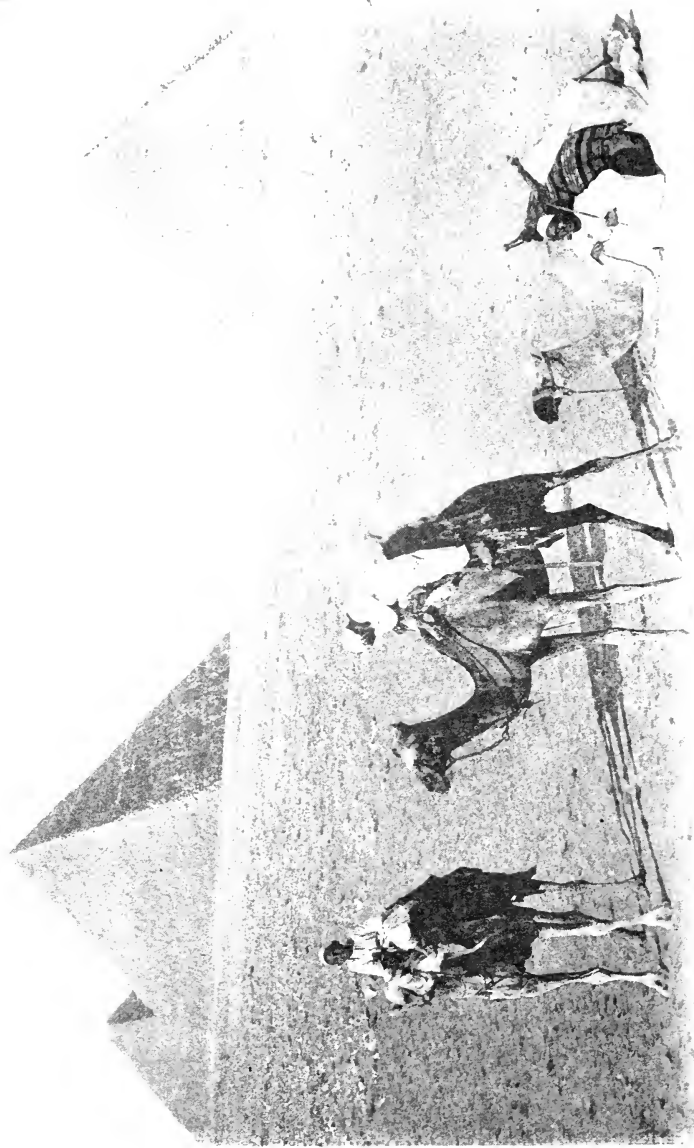
world, sought to pass away the time, by discussions upon the news they had just received of the great disasters to France, by discussions upon Egypt, upon religion, upon the history of the African coast so slowly drifting by: by games of cards, by fencing bouts, by invitations to dine upon the different ships—in short, their daily life at sea.

With what surpassing interest would not the voyages of Ulysses, of Hannibal, of Cæsar, of Pompey, of Antony and Cleopatra in these classic seas be invested could we only know some of their details and conversations!

The battle of Aboukir in July, 1799, resulting in the entire destruction or capture of the Turkish army of 18,000 men, who had shortly before been landed on that dangerously exposed sandy peninsula by the Turkish and British fleets under the orders of Commodore Sir Sidney Smith (from which, if defeated, no escape was possible) had been followed by an armistice with the latter to arrange for an exchange of prisoners, and the embarkation of the wounded Turks, with whom the French did not wish to be burdened.

Great courtesy prevailed between the British and French officers, and presents were even exchanged. Finding that the latter were quite unacquainted with the great disasters to the Republic in Europe, from which they had received no authentic intelligence for ten months owing to the strict blockade by the British fleets, the English commodore indulged the malicious pleasure of sending files of the leading Continental journals to the French head-quarters detailing them in full.

But he little dreamed the consequences to which this bit of courtesy or malice would so quickly lead. Kept in ignorance of the disasters of France, Bonaparte would,



THE GREAT PYRAMIDS OF GIZEH

doubtless, have remained quietly in Egypt for many months longer, returning to France too late to save the country in its struggle with banded Europe. And this summons to the rescue of France, at the crisis of her fate as well as his own, came by the unsuspecting hand of one of the most determined foes he ever had—Commodore Sir Sidney Smith—who had foiled his magnificent designs of empire in the East—surpassing those of Alexander the Great—by repulsing all the assaults of his grenadiers at St. Jean d’Acre, and who now Cerberus-like grimly shut him and his army up in Egypt by maintaining throughout many weary months the strictest blockade of the coasts of that country.

Bonaparte sat up all night in his tent on the seashore, devouring with eager eyes the unbroken tales of disaster to France told by these journals, so unwisely sent by Sir Sidney. “My God!” he exclaimed to Bourrienne, “the imbeciles have lost Italy. All the fruits of our victories are gone! I must leave Egypt!”

Foreseeing the impending overthrow of the Republic by the allied powers, he resolved during that night to return to France at once. He only disclosed his purpose to three persons, Berthier, his chief-of-staff, Bourrienne, his secretary, and Rear-Admiral Gantheaume, commander of the naval forces at Alexandria, under strictest injunctions of secrecy, lest some rumor of it should reach the English and so defeat it, and also, because it would have led to serious trouble in the army, had it become known before their departure.

Having given secret orders to Gantheaume as to the preparations he should make in equipping a squadron for sea, from the remnants of the French fleet in the harbor of Alexandria, he returned with his victorious

troops to Grand Cairo, whither he took with him Mustapha Pacha and his captive officers with the flags and trophies of Aboukir, to grace his entry and prove to its people the reality of his great victory. He celebrated there the Feast of the Prophet, with unusual splendour, to the great satisfaction of Mustapha Pacha and the officers taken at Aboukir and in Syria; the day after the fête he sent several of the best disposed of these officers to Constantinople and Mecca where their reports might produce a good impression. He had also found time to complete the system of the civil administration and courts of justice he had established for Egypt. Among other abuses he corrected, soon after his arrival in Egypt, was the shameful custom of exposing nude women for sale in the slave market at Cairo, which he visited to acquaint himself with its methods, which were, apparently, not objected to by the native authorities or people.

Having already decided upon the individuals and the strength of the escort of troops he designed to accompany him to France, he invited several of the scientific men who had come to Egypt with him to be prepared to join him, at a moment's notice, upon an exploring expedition he was about to make into Lower Egypt, to examine the ruins, to consider plans for the better irrigation of that region and to find the best means of clarifying and dulcifying the waters of the Nile, etc. He had selected 400 chosen officers and men from the regiment of Guides to serve as escort, with orders to be fully prepared for a long march.

Meantime he drew up elaborate plans and orders for General Kléber whom he designed for his successor, to be delivered to him after his departure, for use in all

possible emergencies that then seemed likely to arise. He felt that the great results of the victories he had won had now fully secured the position of the army in Egypt. The army of 18,000 men under Mustapha Pacha had just been totally destroyed or captured at Aboukir: most of the Mamelukes were destroyed, and the country submissive and well-disposed; another Turkish army of 30,000 men had been defeated and dispersed at Mt. Thabor, besides their losses of 6,000 at El Arisch, 8,000 at Jaffa, 6,000 at Acre, and over 100 guns and many thousand stands of small arms, with all their supplies captured.

The career of Asiatic glory and conquest was now impossible and an able general like Kléber was fully qualified to command in Egypt under the existing conditions. He felt that the peril and the needs of France were far greater than those of his army which, indeed, he could aid more effectually by being there than in Egypt: he had power to fix his own return how and when he pleased. Feeling his presence henceforth useless in the East, he felt that it was imperatively necessary in the West—in short, that “everything announced to him that the moment fixed by Destiny had come”—as well for France as for himself.

Admiral Gantheaume had reported on the 13th of August that the four ships required would be ready for sea by the 20th of August, but that he saw little chance of success for the voyage before November, when the winds would blow from the South, instead of from the North-west as at this season and when the long nights would be favourable. But on the 19th a courier, mounted on the fleetest of dromedaries, arrived at Cairo at 5 a. m. with confidential despatches from the admiral to Bona-

parte stating that, "by unhopèd for good luck, the English fleet off Alexandria had disappeared, leaving only one small brig in observation before the port. So, his division would be anchored on the 24th at noon, outside the passes in the open sea several miles west of Alexandria near the coast; that he must appear on the seashore before noon on the 24th, so that they could profit by the land-breeze to beat away from the land."

Gantheaume's courier was not expected, but the forethought of Bonaparte had left little to be done, and the officers, savants and troops who were to accompany him on the supposed scientific expedition into the Delta of the Nile, were quickly ordered to prepare to march and in a short time left Cairo and the Pyramids out of sight as they marched swiftly to the north; obeying orders without question the troops made the march at a speed that only men seasoned as they were to such endurance on the burning sands of an Egyptian desert could have done, and on the 24th of August at 4 p. m. precisely—only four hours beyond the hour of noon, fixed by Admiral Gantheaume—they bivouacked upon the site of the ancient Roman camp west of Alexandria on the shore of the sea, where they saw with surprise four French vessels riding at anchor, in the offing, while a number of fishing boats lined the shore.

General Menou had been summoned from Alexandria by Bonaparte, who handed to him his own appointment as second in command, and that of Kléber as commander-in-chief; he also charged Menou with his farewell address to the army, which he had dictated in his tent to his secretary, in which he briefly stated his reasons for returning to France, his strong love for them, and promised succour at the earliest possible moment.

He then announced their destination to his companions, whose joy was indescribable. He had brought with him Generals Berthier, Lannes, Murat, Andreossi and Marmont, Professors Denon, Monge, Berthollet and other savants, the officers Duroc, La Vallette, Beauharnais, Merlin, Bessierres, and Bourrienne, his secretary. The fine Arabian horses of the officers and escort were left to run loose upon the beach to find their way back to Alexandria, where all was still and warm, when the guards at the gates were alarmed in the gathering darkness, by the wild galloping of horses which from a natural instinct were returning to the city through the desert: all ran to arms at seeing the saddled and bridled horses which belonged to the regiment of Guides, and at first thought some disaster had befallen a detachment in pursuit of the Arabs; with these, also, came those of Napoleon and his generals, so that for a time Alexandria was in the utmost alarm: the cavalry hurried forth in the direction the horses came from, and only when they returned with the Turkish groom, who was bringing back one of Bonaparte's own horses, was it known just what had happened, which, likewise, caused an even greater sensation throughout the army, not unmixed with bitterness on the part of many who would, doubtless, have viewed this departure in a very different light, had they also been fortunate enough to be taken along.

Kléber, the new commander-in-chief, especially, expressed the most violent indignation on the subject, and wrote a long report to the French Directory upon the condition of affairs in Egypt, couched in the most desponding terms, grossly exaggerating the losses of the army, and representing its efficiency and its resources of all kinds as in so low a state, that it could no longer

defend Egypt (when quite the contrary was the fact!) and actually induced the British government, whose cruisers had captured and sent to London this misleading despatch of General Kléber—who was both a very able general and brave man, but who wrote under angry, desponding feelings to his government—to conclude that the French army would be an easy prey, and led directly to the celebrated expedition, under Sir Ralph Abercromby, against Egypt in the year 1801, which, after a bloody struggle, with the aid of the Ottoman army, compelled the French army under the incompetent General Menou, (who commanded it after Kléber's death in June, 1800), to evacuate the country.

Bonaparte, become First Consul soon after his arrival in France, himself received the duplicate of Kléber's false despatch to the defunct French Directory, and it is not the least noble among the traits of that great man's character, that he harboured no resentment for it against Kléber, but made allowances for him and the desponding feelings of home-sickness and dislike of Egypt which he knew pervaded the whole army there. To Kléber's letter, full of complaints against himself, he replied in a letter of praise and encouragement to the Egyptian army, concluding, "Place in Kléber the boundless confidence which you reposed in me; he deserves it."

Meanwhile, leaving Alexandria to its alarms and angry discussions, the victorious fugitives crowded into the boats and were rowed out, in the dim and silent night, to the frigates. Admiral Gantheaume had hurried the embarkation, and saw with vexation that it would be delayed till evening. He was stimulated by the sight of the English brig which at 3 p. m. had approached near

enough to reconnoitre the frigates at anchor and then headed for Cyprus, probably, to inform the English squadron under Sir Sidney Smith which had gone there to take water on board, of what it had observed. The last of the troops embarked after 7 p. m. and at 9, when the fleet sailed, the distant lights of Alexandria were faintly descried by the glimmering of the stars on the verge of the eastern horizon. A little later a breeze from the *southeast* arose—a prodigy in August, the season when the winds were always from the northwest!

The Admiral judged this breeze would push the fleet to thirty or forty leagues beyond the limits of the English cruisers off Alexandria, and at 6 a. m., it in fact found itself thirty leagues west of that port, off the Cape of Aras, but, shortly after sunrise this breeze failed entirely, and the usual north-west wind resumed with all its force.

The Generals Lannes, Murat, Marmont: the Sieurs Perceval, Denon, and the half of the guards embarked on the frigate *La Carrère*, named in honour of his friend General Carrère of the artillery, killed at Neumark in Carinthia in the campaign of 1797, commanded by Captain Dumanoir: Bonaparte, Berthier, Monge, Berthollet, Bourrienne and the other moiety of the guards embarked upon *La Muiron*, Admiral Gantheaume, Captain De la Rue in command, named in honor of his aide-de-camp, Colonel Muiron, who was killed at Arcola while shielding him from death by interposing his own body.

Admiral Gantheaume wished to take the shortest route to France by sailing directly through the middle of the Mediterranean, which would have involved the risk of meeting hostile fleets at any time, but Bonaparte refused to allow this and directed him to fix his course as near

as possible to the African coast, and to continue that unfrequented route as far as Cape Bon, Tunis.

"In the meantime," said he, "should an English fleet present itself, we will run ashore and march, with the handful of brave men and the few pieces of artillery we have with us, to Oran, Tunis, or some other port, and there find means to re-embark for home."

With our sea-route thus fixed, and the ships beginning their long battle against the adverse winds, we had leisure to examine our surroundings and the means we had of making such a voyage in comfort and safety. Our small fleet consisted of two fine Venetian-built frigates, *La Muiron* and *La Carrère* of twenty-eight guns each, which we found to be larger, more roomy and comfortable than French forty-four gun ships, drawing two feet less but not as good sailers, so that, if pursued by a superior force, hardly able to escape: also two small chebecs or transports, the *Fortune* and the *Revenge*, which had been doubled in their armament, both fine sailers and relied on to escape in while the frigates should draw the attention of a hostile fleet.

On all sides it was agreed that the Admiral had been very thorough in his preparations. He had selected the crews, consisting of over 400 men, from several thousand sailors at Alexandria, survivors of the Battle of the Nile, sent ashore by Nelson, or else escaped from our wrecks, who, in the idleness of the long blockade, had been organized in a marine brigade and trained in all the tactics of infantry, and so would now form an efficient addition to our force ashore. All the ships had been bolted strongly with iron and coppered, and thoroughly fumigated and cleansed in the arsenal at Alexandria as a protection against the plague, which then prevailed in

that city and other parts of Egypt: water for three and provisions for four months for the General, his staff, attendants and 400 troops, besides full supplies for the crews, had been shipped. An abundant supply of selected ammunition of all sorts was taken, and several pieces of artillery, the carriages of which, and the ammunition carts had been harnessed with unusual care, and so much strengthened as to be capable of the roughest service on shore, in case we should have to abandon the ships, which, fortunately, was not to happen.

As to the appearance of Bonaparte then, at the age of just thirty, as he stepped upon the deck of *La Muiron*, after fifteen months of active service in semi-tropical foreign climes, it was observed that he was very sallow: his skin was copper-coloured, his eyes sunken though bright, and his figure, though perfect, very thin, while all his movements showed perfect ease and strength. Although rather small, being just five feet six inches in height, English measure, his powers of endurance, under all conditions, were almost unequalled.

The four hundred men composing our escort were selected from the celebrated regiment of Guides, which had been formed by Bonaparte during the Italian campaigns, as a body-guard for himself and his headquarters. As this small battalion was the nucleus of the Emperor Napoleon's Imperial Guard, it deserves some notice. Very few among them had reached the age of forty years, but, in length of service, they were all veterans, whose admission into the Guides was itself a mark of distinction. In the campaigns in Italy, Egypt and Syria they had become seasoned to the greatest hardships, under which the unsound and the weaklings had all disappeared. They had lately traversed the 130 miles

of deserts between Cairo and Alexandria three times in less than five weeks; the first, a forced march to Alexandria to fight the Turks at Aboukir; thence back to Cairo, to take part in the triumphal entry of the army there, and lastly the forced march from Cairo to the seashore for this embarkation, in about four days, and thus they presented a lean, almost wolfish aspect, deeply bronzed by the sun and winds of the desert, unkempt, tattered and dusty as they came crowding over the sides of the frigates. But after a fortnight's rest aboard the ships at sea, with abundant rations, cool sea-water baths, and the attentions of barbers and tailors, the clean, hardy, robust fellows, drawn up on deck for inspection and the manual of arms, in which the General himself would sometimes exercise them, looked fit for any service, anywhere.

These men were nearly all excellent shots and experts in the use of the formidable weapons they carried, from frequent use in bloody combats with the Mamelukes and Turks whose favourite mode of fighting was hand-to-hand. As they were incorporated in the Consular Guard upon its formation when Bonaparte became First Consul, they made their first essay in arms, as a distinctive body, at the Battle of Marengo, June 14, 1800, and though the Guard then numbered only 800 men, it there gave glorious proof of its fitness to become the progenitor, so to speak, of the Imperial Guard of France—of the “Old Guard,” of Napoleon, which became immortalized in history, and will be recalled with admiration like Cæsar’s Tenth Legion, long after the other royal and imperial guards of hostile kings and emperors of that day have been forgotten. There has, in truth, been but one “Old Guard” and there can never be another like it in any army. A model of discipline and

fidelity as well as bravery its last square under Cambronne disdaining to fly, was to perish at Waterloo, falling in heaps around the eagles it had borne in triumph over the half of Europe.

Bonaparte also made it his business to frequently inspect the ships as well as the troops and crews with the minute care which plenty of leisure allows. Every musket, bayonet, sword and pistol was put in the best order by the armourers in each company: every cartridge-box kept filled, and every detail of equipment and uniform, from head-gear to foot-wear, put in the most serviceable condition. And these arms and accoutrements were not piled in confusion, but so arranged that the men could secure them and be in ranks, ready for battle, in an incredibly short time. Possibly such details may seem of no particular interest or importance, but to us they were of both, as the consciousness of our readiness to take care of ourselves on shore, should it come to that desperate alternative, did something to relieve the haunting fear of capture by the English, which was present in every mind from the hour we embarked till we finally landed in France. Under such leaders as we had, with a thousand, all told, of the best men in the army and navy of the Republic, we felt little apprehension of the merciless pirates of the African coast, who would, without hesitation, have enslaved or put to death whatever parties landed upon their shores if unable to protect themselves, nor did we doubt that we could make our way along the coast even to Oran, if need be.

The squadron always sailed in fairly close order with the transports leading. In the day we would tack northward, and in the evening stand for Africa till we came in sight of the coast, beating against the adverse north-

west winds and making sharp triangular courses, the bases of which would represent the distance we had covered from east to west along the coast. Some days only two or three leagues were made, and often we actually lost distance, the ships being borne backward by the strong adverse winds, and by the currents which upon this sea make themselves felt from west to east. Such progress was very discouraging, and it was even proposed to return to Alexandria rather than remain exposed to capture upon the open sea, but Bonaparte declared he would brave any danger rather than do so. The army officers would often address the naval officers, and ironically inquire: "about when they might expect to be landed in the harbor of Alexandria?"

The Admiral, much piqued by this, actually resolved once more to lay his course over upon Candia, but Bonaparte refused to allow it, and ordered him to hold his course as near the African coast as possible, and even penetrate deeply into the vast Gulf of Sidra to better hide: he added that the equinox was not far off, and that then the ships would make headway; that those days were well gained which we only lost in these lonely seas; that he must not mind the railleries of the ignorant. The Admiral the more readily conformed to this order, as it agreed with his own observations, and what he knew of those seas.

The troops were required to perform sentry duty just as though on land, though, of course, the numbers required were naturally smaller while on board ship. But they were not to be permitted to relax into carelessness or any kind of neglect of duty, and guard-mounts, inspections and dress-parades took place every day in the customary manner. At regular intervals during the

night watches the soldiers on guard shouted their "Sentinels—attention!" and were answered by the sailors in the tops with "G-o-o-d w-a-t-c-h!"—both calling in harsh, drawling tones. Nothing could be more dismal than this monotonous roll of voices—some in deep and others in higher keys—as the nights wore on, brilliant in the moonlight and others again of almost inky blackness, but always to the accompaniment of the sighing winds amid the sails and rigging, and the swash of the waves about the ships. But, at least, this strong, constant wind out of the cool northwest—unwelcome as it was to us from the long delay it caused—did us the service of sweeping back into the south the warm air of the African deserts which, but for it would have made it suffocatingly hot.

Thus everything contributed to make the voyage dull and monotonous, but nevertheless, the anxiety of all was extreme; the smallest sail on the horizon excited uneasiness lest they should be English; while we knew we might also encounter Russian and Turkish cruisers, no particular apprehension was felt about them, especially the latter, whose clumsiness in sea-faring matters was well known—but it was the English!—always the English!

Besides this, there was another cause for uneasiness, which was as to the steps the Directory might take against some of our company, for it was certain the publication of intercepted letters taken by the English, must have occasioned many unpleasant exposures at Paris. Others among us still, were in doubt as to the fate of their letters, whether or not they had been intercepted or if so, whether or not they would be published. All in all, the situation was very uncomfortable,

to say the least of it, to such persons, for no precautions of any kind could now be taken to ward off trouble that might face one immediately upon landing in France.

Still, there were often times when we sought to kill time by some kind of amusement—cards among them. The General-in-chief cared nothing for such games, but he joined in, especially at vingt-et-un, because more rapid, and it afforded him an opportunity to cheat—at which, even then, we officers had become courtiers enough to wink and humor him—but he never kept these winnings, giving them all up at the end of the games to be divided equally amongst the other players. The ships supplied a fair orchestra, and there were some fine voices, so that we enjoyed everything from selections from the operas to the hideous, discordant clamours of the Arab and Turkish music they had learned in Egypt, including various methods of Eastern dancing and oratorical recitations after the manner of the dervishes, in which species of buffoonery some of the performers were very amusing and entertaining.

It goes without saying that among so many Frenchmen, there were not wanting excellent *chefs-de-cuisine*: fish were abundant, especially the tunny, the largest and finest fish found in the Mediterranean, which our own men would catch, or, we would buy from the fishing-boats we sometimes met along the African coast: wine and a good supply of Turkish tobacco from Syria, had been brought from Alexandria, and entertainments back and forth among the ships were frequent.

We would linger long over these banquets, as they might be called, which, in truth, formed our greatest source of pleasure, affording as they did opportunities for many long and interesting discussions, in which

Bonaparte and our savants took the leading part. M. Denon, especially, interested us with his accounts of what he had seen at Thebes and throughout Upper Egypt, where he had, with the help of skilled draftsmen and assistants, secured a great mass of drawings and measurements of the gigantic ruins which still attest the grandeur of Ancient Egypt, and quantities of old manuscripts, written on parchment made from the papyrus, in hieroglyphics which cannot now be deciphered, so completely has the key to the learning of that distant period been lost to us. All the efforts of our savants to find any means whatever to extract the hidden secrets of this dead language, which must be of the highest interest, had failed, to their intense disappointment, while we could only express the hope that others might be more fortunate in the future.*

Fencing was indulged in as an exercise as well as a diversion, in which, among many that might be mentioned as highly accomplished fencers, Lannes, Captain De la Rue, Murat and Andreossi distinguished themselves.

Despite contrary winds we slowly made headway along the desert coasts of Egypt and Barca, and when, at last, we rounded the western promontory of the latter, and directed our course deeply into the Gulf of Sidra, much further away than we had been from the usual sea-route to the north, all felt a sense of relief; the fleet steered for Cape Mesurata, Tripoli, at the western side of this gulf, and thence we again followed the coast line of Tripoli, almost to the Island of Jerba, where it turned directly to the north along the coast of Tunis to

*NOTE.—The celebrated Rosetta Stone which gave the key to the hieroglyphics of Egypt was discovered by M. Mariette, himself a distinguished savant, about a quarter of a century after the Expedition to Egypt, so that the fulfilment of these hopes was not long deferred.

Cape Bon, the northern extremity of the African continent. Another means of passing the time was to watch the daily observations fixing our position, and many wagers were made as to the daily gain or *loss* in distance since the last observation. Certainly our naval officers and seamen deserved the highest praise for the skill and energy with which they battled with the winds that were always adverse to us, and using every device known to make headway, but so great were the difficulties that in three-and-twenty days we only made three hundred miles.

In all those anxious, wearisome days Bonaparte never permitted any evidences of uneasiness to escape him, whatever secret anxieties he may have felt; on the contrary, he reassured his companions by his usual allusions to his own destiny, "We will arrive safe, Fortune will never abandon us—we will arrive safe in the spite of the enemy."

He studied alternately the Bible and the Koran, admiring the sublimity of the Scriptures, and wearied by the stupidity of the Koran. One evening a group of officers and savants were conversing together upon the quarter-deck respecting the existence of God. As they were giving utterance to the arguments of atheism, Bonaparte paced to and fro upon the deck, taking no part in the conversation, and apparently absorbed in his own thoughts. Suddenly he stopped before them, and said, in those tones of dignity which ever over-awed, "Gentlemen, your arguments are very fine; but who made all those worlds beaming so gloriously above us? Can you tell me that?" No one answered. Bonaparte resumed his silent walk, and the party selected another topic for conversation.

The presence, with the army of Egypt, of a body of



Salons de Paris

BONAPARTE AND PHARAOH

"Why Hast Thou Disquieted Me, To Bring Me Up?"

M. Orange

a dozen or more of the ablest scientists of France, with a large number of skilled assistants, seemed not out of place in this strangely composed army of educated men of the Revolution, so unlike any other that had ever existed that the very privates, even, while in Egypt, sighed for the *opera*, and lamented the pleasures of the cultured society of Europe from which they had been separated!

Its only counterpart, perhaps, is to be found in the volunteers of the North and the South, particularly of the latter, in the great American Civil War of 1861, wherein the privates were the equals of their officers, both socially and intellectually—a condition which called forth prodigies of heroism and achievement that have never been surpassed.

Nothing more clearly indicates the innate grandeur of Bonaparte's mental horizon than the presence of these illustrious scientists with the Egyptian Expedition. Neither the armies of Alexander or Cæsar, nor those of any other great conqueror, in ancient or modern times, ever embraced such an organized body of savants as the Institute of Egypt, whose members, while the army was engaged in battles and conquests, were appointed by him to delve in the buried dust of almost forgotten ages, to open the tombs, to search the monuments, in order to first reveal to an astonished modern world the history of a past, which lived only in traditions little more understood than the mysterious hieroglyphics upon the splendid ruins which still attested their former grandeur. The Pyramids of Ghizeh, the Sphinx, and the great necropolis of Egypt, stretching away into the Libyan Desert to the South, with its buried millions of the followers of Egypt's vanished deities, were objects of pro-

found interest to Bonaparte, who frequently went out from Cairo to observe the work of the scientific exploring parties. He stood, with uncovered head, in the presence of the dead kings of ancient Egypt, as their gilded coffins were brought forth by the savants from their last resting places, in the most secret of hidden chambers in the stony depths of Cheops and Chefren, and placed against their huge sides, for the curious inspection of a new, alien race of men, the very birth of whose existence as a nation was to be in a Future so distant from their own.

What thoughts!—what sensations!—must have filled the mind of this curious, enlightened young Corsican conqueror of the Land of the Pharaohs, as his eyes met the fixed, sightless gaze of those royal mummies, thus suddenly brought into the glaring sun they, too, had once known, so long ago—as though demanding to know of him, like the ghost of the Prophet Samuel addressing Saul, at Endor—“Why hast thou disquieted me, to bring me up?”

The mutations and the vanities of earthly greatness have afforded no stranger illustration than this strange scene at the sepulchres of the Pharaohs of Egypt.

Our general often walked the deck, apart from the others, wrapped in reflections which no one ventured to intrude upon. All felt that they must be of a melancholy kind: his favourite aides-de-camp were all killed: Bon, Caffarelli, Brueys, Casabianca were no more: several thousand of his bravest troops had perished and the wrecks of our magnificent fleet, which Nelson had destroyed only twelve months before, still encumbered the shores of Aboukir Bay.

His dreams of Oriental conquest and the founding of

an empire extending from Constantinople to the Indies had vanished before the impregnable walls of Acre. Referring to these ambitions, he said twenty years afterwards at St. Helena, "St. Jean d'Acre once taken, the French army would have flown to Aleppo and Damascus; in the twinkling of an eye it would have been on the Euphrates; the Christians of Syria, the Druses, the Christians of Armenia, would have joined it; the whole population of the East would have been agitated."

Some one said he would have been reinforced by a hundred thousand men—"Say rather six hundred thousand," replied the Emperor, "who could calculate what would have happened? I would have reached Constantinople and the Indies; I would have changed the face of the world." Splendid as his situation afterward was, he never ceased to regret the throne which he relinquished when he retired from Acre, and repeatedly said of Sir Sidney Smith, "That man made me miss my destiny."

At another time, speaking of the course which he pursued in Egypt, he said, "Such was the disposition of the army that in order to induce them to listen to the bare mention of religion, I was obliged to speak very lightly on the subject; to place Jews beside Christians, and rabbis beside bishops. But, after all, it would not have been so very extraordinary had circumstances induced me to embrace Islamism. But I must have had good reasons for my conversion. I must have been secure of advancing at least as far as the Euphrates. Change of religion for private interest is inexcusable; but it may be pardoned in consideration of immense political results. Henry IV. said, '*Paris is well worth a mass.*' Will it, then, be said that the dominion of the East, and perhaps the subjugation of all Asia, were not worth a *turban*

and a pair of trousers? And in truth, the whole matter was reduced to this. The sheiks had studied how to render it easy to us. They had smoothed down the great obstacles, allowed us the use of wine, and dispensed with all corporeal formalities. We should have lost only our small clothes and hats."

He made no one the confidant of his plans and ambitions for the future, nor of the perils and uncertainties he must encounter in France. Even then we recognized that this extraordinary man possessed powers within himself which made us stand in awe of him, love him and ready blindly to obey him. Murat, Lannes and Marmont were all as brave as it was possible to be and brilliant commanders, but never, for a moment, ventured to set their opinions against his. And yet he was most kind to all, and so considerate of our comfort and interest as to inspire the strongest attachment and gratitude: already in his campaigns in Italy and the East this devotion had been proven by many brave men at the cost of life itself, and we still talked of the desperate duel Junot had lately fought with General Lanusse at Cairo, for having, as he considered, spoken slightly at a convivial party of some action of Bonaparte's.

Great as was his genius in so many ways, he possessed a profound understanding of the secret impulses of the human heart and mind, together with a knowledge of appealing to them, which gave him an empire over the minds of men never approached by any other man. He had observed that in the French, as in all the European armies of that day, the gun-carriages were driven by mere wagoners, who, being considered not as soldiers but as servants, and having no share in the glory of victory, were not touched by any sentiment. Treated almost as

outcasts, they were ready upon the approach of danger to cut their traces and gallop from the field, leaving the guns to their fate.

But this master of the gamut of human feelings, by one touch of his marvellous hand, lifted these lost ones out of their degradation and changed them into models of bravery and devotion to the service. He said: "The cannoneer who brings his piece into action, performs as valuable a service as the cannoneer who works it. He runs the same danger, and requires the same moral stimulus, which is the sense of honour." He converted these poor drivers into soldiers, armed and clothed them in the full uniform of their regiments. Their response to his action was instantaneous, and it became their great glory to take care of and defend their guns. They soon came to love their glittering, death-dealing brass pieces, bestowed names upon them, Sweet Marie, Lisette, etc., as terms of endearment.

The heart of man is a strange enigma. Even when most degraded it needs something to love, and these bold riders soon proved, by their heroism in battle, that they were ready to die rather than abandon these objects of their devotion. In crossing the Pass of the Great St. Bernard, night came on as some of these men were toiling upward through the snow-drifts with their guns. They refused to leave them in the cold storm to seek for themselves a dry bivouac, but threw themselves for the rest of the night upon the frozen, bleak snow beside them.

It was the genius of Bonaparte which penetrated these mysterious depths of the human soul, and called to his aid those mighty energies—greater than armies, greater than gold! "It is nothing but imagination," said some

one to Bonaparte. "*Nothing but imagination!*" he rejoined. "*Imagination rules the world.*"

Lannes and Murat, though devoted to Bonaparte, never liked each other, and their mutual jealousies seemed to increase with their subsequent renown and honours, especially after the marriage of Murat with the emperor's sister, Caroline, and his coming elevation to the throne of Naples. Both took part in the bloody attack upon the Russian entrenched camp at Heilsberg in June, 1807, leading to a needlessly heavy loss to the French, which gave rise to a furious altercation between Lannes and Murat, and an explosion of the former, who was subject to ungovernable fits of passion, even with the emperor himself. It is thus narrated with dramatic power, by the Duchess of Abrantes: "Your brother-in-law is a mountebank, sire—a tight-rope dancer, with his white dancing plume." 'Come, now, you are joking,' answered Napoleon, in good humor; 'is he not brave?' 'And who is not so in France? We point with the finger at a coward. Soult and I have done our duty; we refuse to allow the honour of that day to your brother-in-law—to his serene and imperial highness Prince Murat! Truly, these titles make one shrug his shoulders! The mania of royalty has seized him also; and it is to tack his mantle to your own that you wish to rob us of our glory. You have only to speak; we have enough remaining—we will willingly give it to him.' 'Yes!' exclaimed Napoleon, no longer able to contain himself: 'I will bestow or take away glory as I please: for hear ye! it is I ALONE who give you both glory and success!'" And this no one ever ventured to question.

"I had on this occasion," says Savary (referring to the assault on the lines at Heilsberg), "an exceedingly

warm altercation with the Grand-Duke de Berg (Murat), who sent to me, in the very thickest of the action, orders to move forward and attack; I bade the officer who brought the order to go to the devil, asking, at the same time, if he did not see how we were engaged. The prince, who would have commanded everywhere, wished that I should cease firing, at the hottest period of the fight, to march forward; he would not see that if I had done so I should infallibly have been destroyed before reaching the enemy. For a quarter of an hour I exchanged grape with the enemy; . . . while every one slumbered the emperor sent for me. He was content with my charge, but scolded me for having failed in the support of Murat. When defending myself, I had the boldness to say he was a fool, who would some day cause us to lose a great battle; and that it would be better for us if he was less brave and had more common sense. The emperor bade me be silent, saying I was in a passion, but did not think the less of what I said. Next day he was in a very bad humor; our wounded were as numerous as in a pitched battle."

General Andreossi, during the same campaign of 1807, was sent by the emperor as special military envoy to Vienna, to remonstrate and inquire the purpose of Austria, while professing neutrality, in assembling 150,000 troops in Bohemia, close upon his flank and lines of communication with France. Having obtained an audience with the Emperor Francis Joseph, Andreossi proceeded with his remonstrances and demands for an explanation of the Austrian armaments, in a manner that has rarely been approached in bluntness and directness. "The Emperor Napoleon," said he, "fears neither his avowed nor his secret enemies. Judging of intentions by public

acts, he is too clear-sighted not to dive into hidden dispositions; and in this view, he would infinitely regret if he were compelled to arrive at the conclusion that the considerable armaments which your majesty has had on foot since the commencement of hostilities, were intended to be directed, in certain events, against himself. Your majesty appears to have assembled on the flank of the French army all your disposable forces, with magazines beyond all proportion to their amount. The Emperor asks what is the intention of this army while he is engaged with Russia on the banks of the Vistula? Ostensibly intended for the preservation of neutrality, how can such an object be its real destination, when there is not the slightest chance of its being threatened?" This bold course was not without decided effect upon a cabinet whose armies, though numerous, were still much depressed by the disastrous defeats of Ulm and Austerlitz in the closing months of 1805, and whatever may have been the imperial irritation over it, Austria remained neutral and did not venture to draw the sword ready to its hand.

There was an element of the romantic as well as of the tragic in this strange voyage we were making upon these historic seas: in the deceptive light of the moon and stars the other ships with their white sails seemed to be floating through the air like the sailing spirits of Ossian. Recalling to memory the vast fleets of high-peaked galleys, propelled by oars as well as sails—Phœnician, Trojan, Grecian, Carthaginian and Roman, the countless ships of Crusaders and Turks, all crowded with the bravest of those by-gone ages, that had in turn swept over it as conquerors, or sunk beneath its waves in defeat and death—we almost felt that, in some mysterious way,

those ancient phantom navies and armies still haunted, still claimed, these scenes of their valour and conquests—that here we were merely intruders! Nay, worse still—mere fugitives, who dared not even pause in our furtive voyage! Gazing upon those shores (so close at hand that the white-crested breakers could be plainly seen) almost we expected we might hear the martial clangor of Cæsar's veteran legions, as they once more landed from their flat-bottomed ships, drawn up on that sandy beach, to march to victory at Thapsus, just beyond those heights!

As we approached the site of Carthage it recalled some of the greatest, most tragic events in ancient history—its long struggle with Rome, the greatness of the military genius of Hannibal, the fatal day of Zama, followed by the utter destruction of Carthage—and the spectacle of Marius sitting amid the ruins, a solitary exile. Above all, we discussed Cæsar and his victory at Thapsus (scarcely beyond the view from the quarter decks of our ships) over the great army of the Roman Senate under Metellus Scipio, Cato, and their barbarian ally King Juba of Mauretania, whose three hundred elephants contributed so much to their own overthrow by suddenly taking fright as they were advancing to the attack, wheeling about in flight to the rear, and throwing the allied troops into such disorder by breaking their ranks and trampling them under foot, that Cæsar's army, though far inferior in numbers, totally defeated them with heavy losses in slain, among them several hundred Roman knights, almost the last remains of those haughty youths who had dared to threaten Cæsar with their swords in the Senate-house: where Metellus Scipio, Sylla, Afranius and such numbers of the Roman aristocracy

perished, that the once mighty Senate of Rome which had fled to Africa for the protection of its army remained but the shadow of what it had been; of how Petrius and King Juba fled together from the field, and disdaining certain captivity, after a last sumptuous banquet, at a palace in the country belonging to Juba, lasting all night, with music and beautiful dancers attending, having agreed to die like warriors by each other's hand, King Juba slew Petrius as the grey dawn of morning's light stole into their banquet hall, and then ran upon his own sword; and then of Cato—Ultimus Romanorum—whom Cæsar wished to save, flying to Utica from the battle-field, falling upon his sword and dying, rather than accept "pardon at Cæsar's hands."

We could but admire the noble spirit of these ancients, in thus refusing to survive the ruin of their hopes and fortunes. And it seemed altogether appropriate, as we passed close along the coast, in sight of the scenes of their exploits—which have immortalized this now desolate corner of Africa—to offer a generous libation to the shades of mighty Cæsar and Hannibal—two of that small circle of the really great whose memory is not allowed to die!

Scipio Africanus is only remembered because he defeated Hannibal at Zama: Brutus because he was one of the conspirators who stabbed Cæsar to death: and Wellington, another great second-rate general like Scipio, because, in the monstrous chapter of accidents he was fortunate enough with Blucher's aid to defeat Napoleon at Waterloo. Yet, neither Scipio, nor Brutus, nor Wellington have ever been accorded seats in that small circle with Alexander the Great, Hannibal, Cæsar, Frederick the Great and Napoleon.

Our general gazed long and thoughtfully upon the shores of ancient Carthage in plain view as we slowly beat past them, and as he spoke of the exploits of Hannibal and Cæsar amid those scenes of ancient power and glory, repeated a favourite Corsican proverb: "The world belongs to him who knows how to seize it." Even then, himself hastening to and dreaming of conquests and achievements greater than Hannibal's or Cæsar's—who may fathom the reflections which filled such a mind when beholding a spot, the very atmosphere of which seemed in some mysterious way to proclaim the presence there still of those mighty spirits!

In reply to the question, which he preferred, Alexander or Cæsar, he evinced a knowledge and an understanding of the ideas of Alexander so profound, that it may well excite admiration: "I place Alexander in the first rank," said he, "yet I admire Cæsar's fine campaign in Africa. But the ground of my preference for the King of Macedonia is the plan, and above all, the execution, of his campaign in Asia. Only those who are ignorant of war can blame Alexander for having spent seven months at the siege of Tyre. For my part, I would have staid there seven years had it been necessary. This is a great subject of dispute; but I look upon the siege of Tyre, the conquest of Egypt, and the journey to the Oasis of Ammon as a decided proof of the genius of that great captain. His object was to give the King of Persia (of whose force he had only beaten a feeble advance-guard at the Grannicus and Issus) time to re-assemble his troops, so that he might overthrow at a blow the colossus which he had as yet only shaken. By pursuing Darius into his states Alexander would have separated himself from his reinforcements, and

would have met only scattered parties of troops who would have drawn him into deserts where his own army would have been sacrificed.

“By persevering in the taking of Tyre he secured his communications with Greece, the country he loved as dearly as I love France, and in whose glory he placed his own. By taking possession of the rich province of Egypt he forced Darius to come to defend or deliver it, and in so doing to march half-way to meet him. By representing himself as the son of Jupiter he worked upon the ardent feelings of the Orientals in a way that powerfully seconded his designs. Though he died at thirty-three what a name he has left behind him!”

It had not, as yet, fully dawned upon our minds that we were, even at that moment, listening to and serving one who would prove himself greater than either of them, or, any of that immortal group into which he would enter, the greatest of all!

We knew not at what hour the black hulls of an English fleet, emerging above the horizon, might oblige us to run ashore, and thus find ourselves upon those very plains and battle-fields of Zama and Thapsus—upon even the site of Carthage itself! And what a strange coincidence it would have marked in history, had Bonaparte thus found himself marching over the scenes so closely associated with the names of Cæsar and Hannibal! So real was this feeling among us of their presence, just beyond those heights, that as we looked back upon the disappearing outlines of Africa, we almost seemed to be leaving them behind us there, and murmured, “Alas! for Carthage! *Vale* Hannibal! *Vale* Cæsar! Marius, Cato—last of the Romans—and all your brave companions-in-arms!”

On this part of the voyage we were scarcely a hundred miles from Malta, then closely blockaded by the English and so, not only in easy striking distance from there, but liable to be intercepted by a fleet cruising about, in expectation of our coming, in the great strait between Sicily and Africa, in case the intelligence of our departure from Alexandria should have reached Malta in season. It was a time of extreme anxiety for us, but luckily no hostile fleet presented itself. The equinox had come, at last, and in a few days we had doubled Cape Bon—which had so long been in our thoughts—cleared the coast of Africa—and, with the aid of a wind from the south-east, stretched away, with every sail bent, for the western coast of the Island of Sardinia and thence to Corsica.

In doubt whether Corsica was still French, the *Fortune* sailed into the Gulf of Ajaccio, in which adverse winds obliged the fleet to take shelter, communicated with the fishermen, made signals to enter, and the fleet cast anchor before the town of Ajaccio—Bonaparte's birth-place!—on the 30th of September, 1799, at 2 p. m. The very rough weather which followed obliged us to sojourn there for a week, during which we heard further news from Europe, among other things of the loss of the battle of Novi in Northern Italy, and of the death of General Joubert, in command of the French army.

Bonaparte, who was consumed with anxiety to arrive in France, was much displeased by the long detention at Ajaccio, where his great reputation had greatly augmented the number of his kindred, who overwhelmed him with visits, congratulations and requests. Everybody in Ajaccio wanted to claim him as his cousin, and the number of his god-sons and daughters equalled

the one-fourth of the babies of the town. He frequently walked about Ajaccio, however, and pointed out with much interest the small domains of his ancestors, and the scenes of his youthful days. There M. Fesch, gave him French money for Turkish sequins amounting in value to 17,000 francs, all the money he brought from Egypt. Bourrienne, who, as his secretary, was in a position to know, declares Bonaparte never in Egypt touched any money beyond his pay, despite false charges, and that he left Egypt poorer than when he came.

We were advised that English cruisers were numerous in the seas between Corsica and France, and the danger of capture much increased in consequence, but, notwithstanding, every one in the fleet wished to risk the passage. In order to guard against this danger, as far as possible, Bonaparte bought at Ajaccio a large launch, intended to be towed by La Muiron, and it was manned by twelve of the best sailors Corsica could furnish, to escape to the shore if necessary. On the 7th of October we weighed anchor and headed for the open sea again, rejoiced to be once more on the way home, and soon the fleet was struck by a furious hurricane, quite common in those seas, known as *la brume*, but which fortunately passed quickly by. That evening an English fleet of fourteen sail was seen approaching in the midst of the rays of the setting sun. They made signals to us, and Admiral Gantheaume, fearing they would pursue us, proposed to return to Corsica, but Bonaparte replied, "No! No! Spread all sail! Every man to his post! Steer for the north-west! For the north-west!" This order proved our salvation. Fortunately night soon came on, for the English fleet was not far distant: we saw their signals and heard their guns more and more to the left. Escape

seemed impossible: the wind was fair and the night dark, and we could not tell how far we would miss the enemy's fleet. It was a night of fearful apprehension to all on board, and none slept in this crisis of our fate; the hours lingered on, and none could tell upon what new dangers the morrow's sun would shine. But all Bonaparte's preparations had been made for taking to the launch, orders given, the most important papers selected it was desired to preserve, and those named who should go with him.

Happily the first rays of the sun disclosed the English fleet peacefully steering away in the north-east; the French ships then stood directly north for the coast of France with every sail set, and at 8 a. m., October 8th, 1799, entered the roads of Frejus, after a voyage of forty-five days, and an absence from France of sixteen months and twenty days. This daring passage of Bonaparte gave rise to many cartoons in the European press. One of these in London, possessed so much point and historic truth, that Bonaparte himself laughed heartily on seeing it. Lord Nelson, who commanded at that time the naval forces of England in the Mediterranean Sea, was represented as guarding Bonaparte. The great British admiral, with all his heroism, was well known not to be exempt from the frailties of humanity, and had become so completely infatuated with the beautiful, but profligate wife of the British ambassador, Sir William Hamilton, at Naples, as to spend nearly all his time there with her, in an open *liaison*, aided by the friendly interposition and sympathy of the Queen of Naples who was no better than she. In the cartoon Lady Hamilton makes her appearance, whereupon the

gallant Nelson becomes so much engrossed in caressing his fair Delilah, that Bonaparte escapes between his legs.

Our sailors not having recognized the coast in the night, did not know where we were, and hesitated to advance. We were not expected, and did not know how to answer the signals, which had been changed during our long absence in Egypt. Some guns in the coast batteries fired several shots at us, but our bold entry into the roads, the crowds upon the decks, and in the rigging of the two frigates, and the manifest signs of joy soon banished all doubt of our being friends. As we entered the harbor of Frejus a signal at the mast-head of La Muiron informed the authorities on shore that General Bonaparte was on board. In such joy were we that all repeated by spontaneous impulse Voltaire's beautiful lines of the Exile of Sicily—beginning

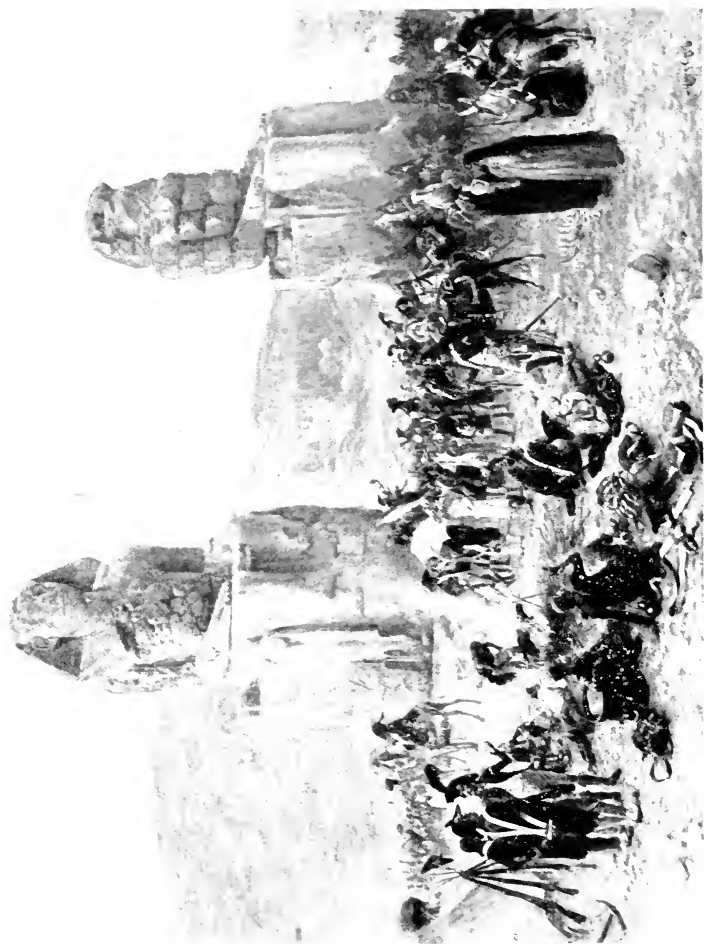
“Ah! I breathe once more:

’Tis only in this moment that I live again!”

Before the anchors were dropped the harbor was filled with boats, and the ships were surrounded by an enthusiastic multitude, thronging over the decks and rending the air with their acclamations.

The fleet brought the first tidings of the great victories of Mt. Thabor and of Aboukir, and this bright ray of glory, breaking through the clouds of disaster that had hung for so many months over France, produced the wildest joy as the harbinger of renewed victory.

All the laws of quarantine were, by common consent, disregarded. When warned that the plague prevailed in Alexandria, and that there was danger that it might be communicated from our effects, the people replied,



BIVOUAC OF FRENCH TROOPS AT THEBES

"We had rather have the plague than the Austrians." Fortunately our own precautions and strict habits of sanitation rigidly enforced during the long voyage from Egypt effectually prevented the slightest sign of it, and no harm resulted.

News of Bonaparte's arrival had been sent by the telegraph to Paris, six hundred miles distant. Upon landing he and his suite at once set out for Paris. The country felt that its liberator and saviour had come. All the way to Paris, at Lyons, and all the towns Bonaparte was received with rapturous demonstrations of joy.

Only those who saw his triumphal journey can form any notion of it, and it needed no great discernment to foresee something like the 18th of Brumaire, when he became First Consul of the French Republic, which did not hesitate to confide its destinies to his mighty hands in the place of the mean and fanatical troupe of hypocrites and mediocrities in power at Paris, who, under the names of liberty and republicanism, had reduced it to abject slavery within, and to the verge of destruction without.

In the eloquent words of Sir Walter Scott:

"He had returned clandestinely, and almost alone; yet Providence designed that, in this apparently deserted condition, he should be the instrument of more extensive and more astonishing changes, than the efforts of the greatest conquerors had ever before been able to effect upon the civilized world."

THE LAST INCENSE TO THE GODS OF THEBES

In Mid-February, 1799, the rising sun of a perfect Egyptian winter day was gilding in splendor the ancient monuments and temples of Thebes, which long ages ago had become ruinous and its vast population extinct, leaving only the mighty shell, which had stood tenantless, in lonely grandeur, unheeding the march of the ages, the prey of the ravages of time, and of the desecrations of wandering vandals and iconoclasts whose puny efforts could only injure, not destroy, the most massive, imposing monuments ever raised by Human Genius to Impotent Superstition. The tawny flood of the majestic Nile showed through the vistas in the ruins and green tops of stately doum palms, while flocks of glossy black pigeons, which found habitation there, circled in swift flight in the clear air—the counterpart of countless such days that had dawned upon silent Thebes, and faded with the evening sun, sinking into the yellow sands of the Libyan desert. But uncanny sounds come from the summits of these ruins as night falls. Owls, ospreys, all the night-birds with hooked beaks and round yellow eyes, and wings that move so noiselessly, have their homes here, and issue forth with darkness to the nocturnal festival, full of strange cries and noises.

Near the limits of the ruined city, in striking contrast to such surrounding, was an encampment of several hundred Mamelukes, with their baggage, women, Ara-

bian horses and camels, lately come, under their leader Hassan Bey, who had escaped into Upper Egypt from the route of the battle of the Pyramids in July, 1798, where the military power of the Mamelukes, who then ruled Egypt, had been shattered against the impenetrable squares of the French infantry, after a series of charges never surpassed in desperate valor.

Till that day—so fatal to them—they had despised mere foot-soldiers, whom they believed they could so easily ride down and cut up with their keen cimeters, amid their terrifying war-cries. Only infantry appeared before them at this battle at the foot of the Pyramids, as the French cavalry, just landed from their ships, was still unmounted.

“You shall now see us,” said their leader, the proud Murad Bey, “cut up those dogs like gourds,” as he hurled his 10,000 splendid horsemen in one vast mass, with the utmost fury, upon the bayonets of Napoleon’s veteran legions.

Speaking of the Mamelukes, Jomini says: “Nothing can compare with the beauty of the coup d’œil presented by this African cavalry; the elegant forms of the Arabian horses, relieved by the richest trappings; the martial air of the riders; the variegated brilliancy of their costume, the superb turbans enriched with their plumes of office, altogether presented to us a spectacle new and peculiar.”

Inasmuch as these warlike mercenaries were for so long prominent in the history of Egypt, and, at the period of the French invasion, in full control of it, some account of their origin, and so forth, may be of interest to the reader.

The Mamelukes were not of African or Egyptian origin, but pure-blooded Caucasians, and were nearly all

recruited by the adoption of slaves from Georgia and Circassia, purchased with heedful regard to strength and appearance when children, by the Beys, who, twenty-four in number, occupied each, with the Mamelukes under him, one of the districts into which Egypt had been divided by them.

All were carefully trained to arms, and reared in the Mohammedan faith. They always fought on horseback: armed with keen cimeters, pistols, carbines and blunderbusses of the best English workmanship, and mounted on the finest Arabian horses, they formed, individually, the finest cavalry in the world. They were accustomed to lavish great wealth in the decoration of their persons and horses, and to carry with them large sums in gold and jewels—the bulk of their individual fortunes: the gold and trappings found upon the body of each of these resplendent horsemen were worth from 1,200 to 2,000 dollars. The French soldiers had heard that Murad Bey possessed a wondrous white camel, covered with gold, diamonds and ropes of golden beads, which dwelt in their imagination, in their conversation, and inspiring an ardent desire to become the captors of so rich a prize, they were ready to pursue him into the furthest recesses of the Desert. These Mamelukes used superbly adorned saddles, with very high backs and fronts, with short stirrups, thus enabling them to stand almost upright, in perfect security, when delivering blows or thrusts with the sabre.

They could not act with the same effect in large masses as in small bodies, as the squadron and regimental formations of the Europeans were not known in their tactics.

Sir Walter Scott (1, p. 293) says of them:

“But with their military bravery began and ended the

catalogue of their virtues. Their vices were unpitied cruelty, habitual oppression and robbery of the wretched inhabitants, and the unlimited exercise of the most gross and disgusting sensuality."

Their encampments in Upper Egypt were infested by troupes of ghawazies or dancing-girls, who, attracted by their wealth, splendid dress and fine physique, attached themselves to the Mamelukes, and followed them wherever they went, thus ultimately causing the degradation and ruin of the fighting qualities of that superb cavalry.

After a severe defeat at Samanhout by the infantry of General Desaix, Hassan Bey and his lieutenant Osman, had taken refuge in the country of the Barabras, outside of the Nile valley, but famine obliged him to return to the river, with baggage, women and treasures, and he had encamped near Thebes.

At dawn the 12th of February, 1799, he had caused his camels to be watered at the river, and as they were passing back to their camp through the ruins, he learned from one of his horsemen that a body of French cavalry was rapidly approaching to attack him. Instantly he ordered his convoy of baggage and women, which was now in great danger, to fly towards the desert. A scene of wild turmoil and panic then ensued among those veiled, painted beauties, as those who had time to secure and mount upon camels fled in the utmost haste.

Inspired by the double motive of protecting their women, and the opportunity of at last meeting in open combat only the French cavalry, unaided by the dreaded squares of that solid infantry, against which they had so often vainly dashed with frantic bravery, the Mamelukes welcomed the coming battle with ferocious joy, as Hassan led them to meet the French horsemen, to the

foot of the monuments of the former grandeur of THEBES,—the very name of which excites the recollection of great ideas—of great events in the ages past! The vast statues of the Colossi seated, in majestic calm, upon their huge thrones, high above the surrounding plain, were about to behold with stony gaze, a tragedy, unique even in their vigils, reaching nearly forty centuries into the dim past. And upon what scenes had they not gazed! Before them, in the days of their splendor and deification, they had seen the most imposing pageants, religious as well as military, in their honour, and had been enriched by countless offerings for ages.

In the “Romance of a Mummy,” Theophile Gautier pictures the triumphal entry into Thebes, under the eyes of a million spectators, of Rameses the Great, upon his return from his celebrated expedition to Ethiopia, when that city and the deities worshipped there were at the summit of their greatness and glory.

Preceded by eight hundred musicians, in fantastic garbs, playing upon trumpets, tabors and sistras to the accompaniment of hundreds of drums, and immediately behind them the captive barbarians, with their brutish black faces, dressed in a short skirt of different colours, held by braces, with their guards walking beside them, regulating their steps by beating them with staves—Rameses, surrounded by his gigantic guards, appeared, seated in the royal litter, his dress covered with precious stones and ropes of golden beads, which sparkled in the sunlight; he wore sandals with returned toes, like those of skates, on his long, slender feet, placed close together like those of the gods on the walls of the temples; his impassive, granite-like face—smooth and pallid, sealed lips, and eyes, much enlarged with black lines, gazing

fixedly ahead—bearing upon it satiety of pleasure, surfeit of desires gratified as soon as expressed, and the seal of the isolation of a demi-god, who has no equal among mortals, inspired a feeling of awe and fear among beholders.

A tame lion lay at his feet with his head resting upon his paws. A rope bound the war-chariots of the captive chiefs to the litter of the Pharaoh, who thus dragged them behind him like wild beasts, with their elbows fastened by straps, causing these men, with their fierce, despairing faces to sway unsteadily with the motion of the chariots, driven by Egyptians. After them came the chariots of the young royal princes, harnessed to the most beautiful horses with red-plumed bridles, and manes cut short like a brush.

Behind these princes followed 20,000 war-chariots, the Egyptian cavalry, ten abreast, in admirable order, each drawn by two horses, and carrying three men, one to drive and the others to fight. The deep roar of such a moving mass, the rattle of weapons, the loud commands of the officers, the helmets, plumes and breast-plates, the gilded bows and polished brass swords, glittering terribly in the rays of the sun, gave an impression that the onslaught of such an army must sweep away the nations like a whirl-wind.

To the chariots succeeded a vast array of infantry, whose strong, steady marching, and easy handling of their spears, shields, battle-axes and other weapons, were heightened in their effects by their reddish copper complexions, darkened by their recent expedition to Ethiopia. Following them came the allied troops, easily distinguishable from the soldiers of Rameses by their peculiar dress, their broad-bladed swords and jagged battle-axes which

must have produced wounds which could not be healed.

An army of slaves followed with the spoils recounted by the heralds, and the beast-tamers dragged along crouching panthers and cheetahs, ostriches fluttering their wings, giraffes and brown bears—taken, they said, in the Mountains of the Moon. A large portion of these spoils was borne to the temples (already filled with such riches) as thank-offerings to the gods, followed by great sacrifices and oblations to them in which the Pharaoh and all his court took part. These were, indeed, prosperous days in Egypt for gods and men alike, but which, like all human felicity, could not last, and in the evil days that came upon Egypt from foreign invasion and conquest, they had heard the halls and courts of gigantic Karnak and the porticoes of beautiful Luxor re-echo the profane shouts and barbaric music of the conquering Persian hosts of Cambyses—they had heard, too, the measured tread of the Roman legions, as they came to fix the boundaries of the Empire far to the south, upon the confines of Ethiopia. They had seen the Macedonian phalanxes of Alexander the Great, and those cohorts of Cæsar, which had beaten Ariovistus upon the Rhine in the heart of Germania, come and go. And many a ruthless, destroying horde of Moslem fanatics had vented their fury upon them, long after the great race and religious superstitions to which they owed their existence had perished together. They had endured the inundations of the mysterious Nile for countless seasons, while the sand-storms of the desert had beaten fiercely upon their age-stained brows.

They had outlived the greatest empires which had in turn possessed them, but whose existence, in comparison, seemed brief and ephemeral—for hundred-gated Thebes

was ancient when Herodotus, the Father of History, gazed in awe upon its magnificence, as also when Egypt's beauteous queen Cleopatra, with splendor of retinue and silken-sailed galleys, landed upon its quays to receive the homage of the once vast metropolis of the South, and to offer incense and worship to its still dreaded deities in their mighty temples.

And now, thirty-three centuries after Rameses had raised to the highest pinnacle the glories of the XIX Dynasty, a strange duel, inspired by the mutual hatred and conflicting ambitions of the two greatest and most distant powers of modern Europe, was about to take place at the very foot of their thrones, for it was the design to strike England a mortal blow in Hindustan—not to subdue a few thousand semi-barbarous Mamelukes—which brought Bonaparte, greatest conqueror of them all, and his legions to the Nile—to long-forgotten, half-buried, ruinous Thebes, 3,000 miles from Paris!

It is related by M. Denon, the eminent savant who accompanied the expedition into Upper Egypt, that when the French troops approached Thebes, "the whole army suddenly and with one accord stood in amazement at the sight of its scattered ruins, and clapped their hands with delight, as if the end and object of their glorious toils, and the complete conquest of Egypt, were accomplished and secured by taking possession of the splendid remains of this ancient metropolis."

General Davout (afterwards celebrated as a marshal of France, as victor of Auerstaedt, and prince of Eckmühl), the commander of the French troops in that region, learning of the presence of Hassan Bey and a large body of Mamelukes at Thebes, marched along the Nile with two regiments of cavalry to attack them.

General Bertrand, in Egypt at the time, thus recounts the details of this strange combat amid the ruins of Thebes, between blue-coated, helmeted French dragoons and turbaned Mamelukes in their splendor of gaudy banners and gold-spangled dresses, glistening in the brilliant morning light: the contrast was most striking; it was iron in battle-array against gold; the whole plain sparkled with polished arms and accoutrements, and the picture was beautiful and thrilling.

"At dawn General Davout was informed that Osman and Hassan Bey were having their camels watered at the banks of the Nile, and hastened his march. In fact, as they approached, in the light of the early dawn, they see the camels which had already drunk, disappearing towards the desert; that the Mamelukes are rapidly drawn up at the foot of the monuments, and prepare to protect their convoy. At the first they appear to retreat, then suddenly wheel about-face and make a furious charge under the fire of the Fifteenth dragoons, and a desperate *mêlée* ensues. Chief-of-squadron Fontette is killed by a blow of the sabre, Osman Bey has his horse killed and is himself mortally wounded. At this instant the Twenty-second Chasseurs throw themselves upon the Mamelukes, and all are mixed together in a desperate hand-to-hand combat; the carnage is terrible, but the Mamelukes are finally broken and driven off in headlong flight towards the desert, leaving a great number dead and wounded on the ground, many of them officers, and escaping after their convoy and camels, which had already hurried into the desert.

"Davout strongly eulogized the courage of these two regiments, which received and made the charge with a bravery beyond praise. He especially mentioned Lasalle,

chef-de-brigade, who, after having slain several Mamelukes, had his sabre knocked from his hand, and had the skill and coolness to dismount amid the tumult of sabre-strokes and rearing horses, recover it and remount without being hurt, to dash anew into the combat. Also the courage of his aid-de-camp, the citizen officer Monteleger, whose horse having been killed in the thickest of the combat, sprang upon the charger of a dead Mameluke and again fought through the *mêlée*."

The greater part of the convoy of Hassan escaped, but the camp, with much of its booty, and the troupes of ghawazies, including a daughter of the King of Darfur, left behind in the flight, fell into the hands of the victors who spent there a night of wild revelry, and enriched themselves with splendid shawls, rugs and brightly-colored tents, weapons inlaid with gold and diamonds, fine horses and purses filled with gold.

The yellow sun of Libya had sunk beyond the desert confines,—night had fallen, and ghastly silence reigned over the spot where, a few short hours before, the brazen blare of trumpets, the roar of charging squadrons, furious shouts, and all the sounds of deadly, desperate combat filled the air.

The full African moon, lighting up the ruinous solitudes of Thebes in ghostly magnificence, revealed at the foot of those great statues,—which had seen so many of the tragedies of the Past,—a hideous tangle of dead Mamelukes, whose bodies, having been stripped naked where they fell, lay in white, glistening heaps,—the prey of prowling hyenas and jackals which snarled and fought over them throughout the night, while flocks of vultures, taking their turn by day, soon reduced the superb forms of both riders and horses to shapeless heaps of bones and

skulls, there to whiten under the rays of a burning sun, and be polished by whirling clouds of sand, beating as pitilessly upon them as upon the ruins around them.

Strange contrast to the spontaneous worship, soon to be offered to these ancient deities of Egypt, by an army of Hindoos from the Farthest East, which this very tragedy helped bring to Thebes!

As a result of this and other bloody defeats, the Mamelukes were finally driven out of Egypt, beyond the First Cataracts of the Nile, under the tireless, relentless pursuit of Desaix.

Meanwhile the struggle between France and England went on, and the latter power at length, thrusting Turks and Mamelukes to one side, brought its own vast armies upon the scene, and appeared as principal in the mighty duel.

The position of the French in Egypt might be likened to that of the strong man in the parable who entered a house and possessed it until a stronger came and dispossessed him. The British armies at length assembled in Egypt came from England and also from India, including in the latter forces 3,000 Sepoys under English officers. In 1801 this Anglo-Indian army landed at Cosier, the ancient port of Thebes on the Red Sea, and marched to that city across the deserts to the Nile, where the red-coated Britons looked with wonder upon the temples and ruins, of which they had dispossessed the blue-coated Gauls in this remote spot.

The historian, Sir Archibald Alison (vol. 2, 174), referring to the entry of this army into Thebes, says: "A singular incident occurred on this occasion. *When the Sepoy regiments came to the monuments of ancient Egypt, they fell down and worshipped the images; an-*

other proof, among the many which exist, of the common origin of these early nations. I have heard this curious fact from several officers who were present on the occasion."

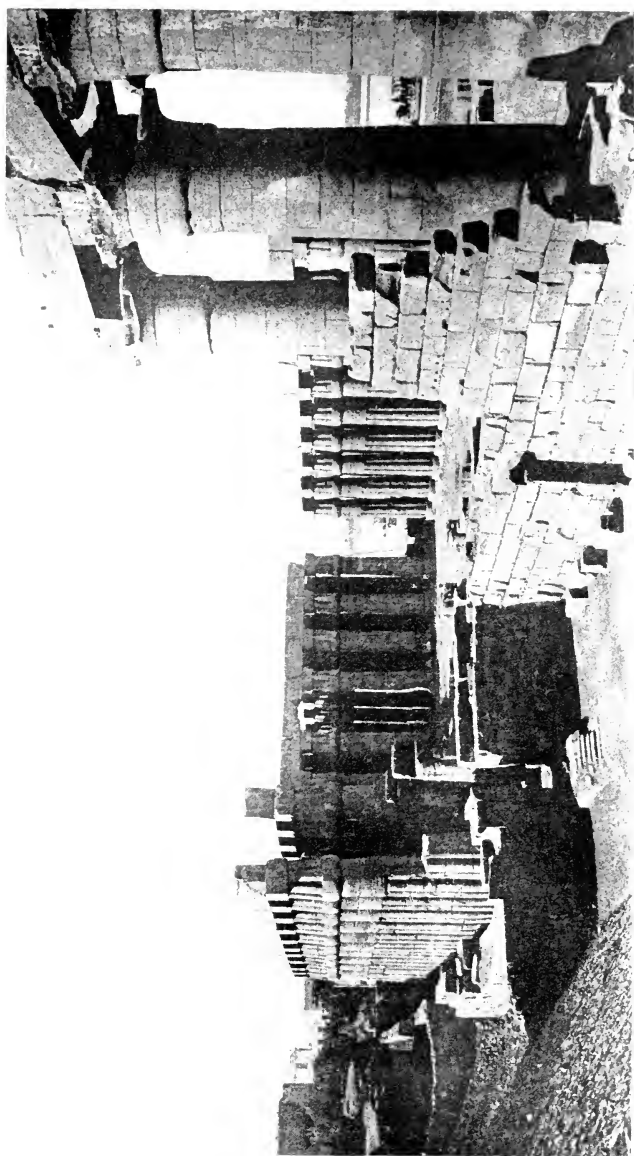
And thus, THE GODS OF THEBES—so mighty and revered in the ancient days—are once more honored with the grateful, almost forgotten, incense of worship, after an interval lasting for ages, during which they had silently endured insult, mutilation and neglect, only to be consigned to the limbo of forgotten, outworn superstitions, even in their own temples and country! What strange emotions must not this unwonted scene have inspired in the inmost shrines of Luxor and Karnak!

Doubtless the last act of homage and reverence that ever will be offered to Egypt's gods, it was not unworthy of the occasion, and of those ancient deities, when 3,000 votaries of those sable battalions, in bright red uniforms and blue turbans, suddenly coming into their presence from the distant Gods of Sacred Ganges, spontaneously fell down and worshipped the Gods of Sacred Nile!

Of these imperishable monuments to the genius and aspirations of those long-past ages, the eloquent Pierre Loti, thus speaks:

"All the sublime striving of the human soul after the Unknowable is, as it were, petrified in these ruins, in forms diverse and immeasurably grand.

"Compared with this people, who thought only of Eternity, we are a lot of pitiful dotards, who soon will be past caring for the wherefore of life, or death. Such beginnings presaged, surely, something greater than our humanity of the present day, given over to despair, to alcohol and to explosives. . . . And this sun, this eternal sun, which parades over Thebes the irony of its



THE RUINS OF THEBES

duration! Nowhere, so much as here, does one suffer from the dismay of knowing that all our miserable little human effervescence is only a sort of fermentation round an atom emanated from that sinister ball of fire!" (Thebes. Loti.)

To-day, in this Twentieth Century of the Christian era, Egypt has become one of the world's winter playgrounds, and the most sacred precincts of Thebes are daily overrun and inspected by flippant, chattering throngs of "Cooks and Cookesses," ("personally conducted" by Cook's tourist agency—whence their derisive names) at so much a head, thus, at the last, reducing to a curious resemblance to "dime museums," these stupendous Monuments to the Vanity of Human Superstition.

"Sic transit gloria mundi!"

PAUL PETROVITCH I., EMPEROR OF RUSSIA

Among the most singular of the European sovereigns, in the closing years of the Eighteenth century, was Paul Petrovitch I., Tsar of Russia, putative son of Peter the Third and Catherine the Second, to whom he was, nominally, husband.

This Peter was the only son of the Duke of Holstein, and grandson of Peter the Great, whose elder daughter had become Duchess of Holstein, and who died within ten days after the birth of her son, February 21, 1728, in her twenty-first year. Her younger sister, Elizabeth Petrovna, was deeply attached to her, and thirteen years later, when she had become Empress of Russia, in place of the weak and dissolute Empress Anne, who was displaced by a palace intrigue and revolution, supported by the imperial guards, almost the first act of the new Empress was to send to Holstein for her nephew Peter, her only remaining male kinsman, whom she had resolved to adopt as her successor upon the throne of Russia.

The joy of the affectionate aunt over her nephew's presence in St. Petersburg was very great, but was, nevertheless, deeply tinged with disappointment and regret, by reason of his puny, insignificant physique, and his not less evident mental weakness. The Empress caused every possible means to be tried to remedy both defects, but to little benefit, as the unfortunate Peter remained, to the end of his life, a poor, rickety little weak-

ling, cursed, too, with a sort of arrested mental development which bordered on insanity at times.

But, in order to continue the succession in the line of Peter the Great, heirs of his blood were indispensable. In her own situation, Elizabeth could not have them, and Peter offered the only possible chance. In the forlorn hope of Peter's ability to beget an heir to the House of Romanoff, the Empress arranged a marriage for him with the young German Princess Sophia Augustina of Zerbst, about fifteen years of age at the time, and caused her to be brought to Russia for instruction in the Russian tongue and the doctrines of the Orthodox Greek Church.

The youthful pair were betrothed, after the doctors and wise women had duly ascertained the possession of those qualities by the bride-elect so necessary in the great function to be performed by her. The young Princess, who was both ambitious and of high intelligence, speedily acquired the language of her adopted country perfectly, made her confession of the new faith, was received into the Orthodox Church of Russia, and christened Catherine Aleksyeevna—afterwards the celebrated Empress Catherine the Second.

In the meanwhile Peter, now become the Grand-Duke of Russia, had suffered a malignant attack of small-pox, through which, despite the protests of the physicians, his Aunt Elizabeth heroically insisted upon nursing him, which left him so hideously marked that his young fiancée, with all her ambition to sit upon the throne of Russia, could hardly endure the sight of him, while the unfortunate Peter was left even more frail and feeble than before. But, notwithstanding the manifest unfit-

ness of her nephew for marriage, such was the anxiety of the Empress on the subject of an heir to the throne, that she hurried on the wedding between this utterly uncongenial pair.

The sole issue of this "union" was a son, born after several years had elapsed, who was christened Paul Petrovitch, the curious circumstances of whose paternity and birth are thus set forth by the English writer R. Nisbet Bain, in the well written History of Peter III., Emperor of Russia.

"Meanwhile the Empress was by no means satisfied with the general behavior of the young couple. They had now been married more than five years, and the long and eagerly desired heir to the throne, who was to have consolidated the dynasty, had not yet made his appearance. Elizabeth at first attributed this default to Catherine's excessive love of riding, when she, generally clad in male attire, bestrode her steed like a man, a practice she had learnt from her Aunt. But when Madame Choglakova, the Grand Duchess' Oberhofmeisterin, began whispering mysteriously to Elizabeth that there could be no effect without a cause, the indignant Empress held a council of matrons in her private apartments, in order to thoroughly sift the affair, when, after severely rating Choglakova and her husband as a couple of boobies for allowing themselves to be hoodwinked so long by a couple of children, her Majesty *commanded* that an heir to the throne should be forthcoming *within the next twelve months*.

"In what way the imperial will was carried out it is difficult to decide, though details, mostly of a scandalous kind, abound, and Catherine in her mocking, cynical vein

of drollery, half insinuates that she was allowed *carte-blanche* in the selection of the father of her future child.* Suffice it to say that to the manifest astonishment of the Grand-Duke, and the unconcealed delight of the Empress herself, Catherine, on the 1st of October, 1754, was brought to bed of a fine boy, subsequently christened Paul. The child was instantly and absolutely appropriated by the Empress who, after rewarding the mother with a gift of 100,000 roubles, carried little Paul off to her own apartments, and ever afterwards kept him there."

"It is a significant fact that immediately after the birth of the Grand-Duke Paul, even the show of courtesy and good-will which had hitherto been kept up for the sake of appearances between the consorts was abruptly abandoned. Peter henceforth addressed his wife as Madame la Grande-Duchesse."

Doubtless, "desperate cases call for desperate remedies." The great Romanoff dynasty, which meant so much for Russia, was on the point of extinction. Now, at all events, this was no longer so. An heir to the throne had, at least, been born in lawful wedlock. An absolute necessity of State policy, all doubts, no matter what they might be, must be repressed, and resolved in the manner to uphold it.

When Elizabeth Petrovna was about to die in 1762, she caused the long estranged Peter and Catherine to be summoned to her bedside, and feeling the uncertainty of the future of the little Paul, at the hands of a mother who

*NOTE.—It is no secret that this first lover, thus selected by the young Grand-Duchess Catherine to become father to the desired heir to the throne, was Sergius Soltikoff a handsome married man, introduced to her by her own chaperon for that very purpose, in compliance with instructions to find a lover who would be acceptable to her.

The birth of Paul, the only child born to Catherine, took place during this intimacy with Sergius Soltikoff, and there can be little doubt as to his being the father.

already hated, and a father who scarce could be restrained from openly repudiating him, besought from them, with many tears, a tender care of the young heir to the throne. She next prayed Peter, by the memory of her past kindnesses, to do no harm to Count Razumovsky, to whom she had been secretly married, or to Count Ivan Shuvalov, the favourite lover of her later years. The Grand-Duke took the words of his affectionate aunt, whom he really loved, much to heart, and on his knees promised that her last wishes should be observed, and he religiously kept his promises.

But within six months after he ascended the throne the Emperor Peter was deposed, and compelled to abdicate his crown, by the usual palace revolution, common in Russia in those times, which elevated Catherine to the throne—a position which she was to prove herself eminently well qualified to fill. Yet Catherine and her supporters realized, despite their success in deposing her husband, that the great mass of the Russian people would probably soon resent this bold deposition of the only male descendant of Peter the Great, in favour of a mere German woman, whose licentious habits had shocked even St. Petersburg's corrupt society.

Hence Peter must be put out of the way, and it did not take six days for the desperate conspirators around her person to determine to put this measure for their common safety into execution and the unhappy, defenseless Peter was brutally assassinated by them in the secluded country palace to which he had been conducted and confined since his dethronement.

Upon the plea of endangering her health, the Empress Catherine refrained from attending the funeral, but, doing her utmost, meantime, to help create the belief

that the death of her late husband had been due to apoplexy, in order to allay suspicions of foul play.

Peter's broken, bruised little body was thrust away, with scant ceremony, in a vault of the Alexander Nevsky Monastery, where it remained during the thirty-four years of Catherine's reign, without further notice, instead of being placed as would have been fitting for the repose of the last descendant of Peter the Great, in the Imperial Mausoleum.

The lot of the young Grand-Duke Paul was miserable from the day of Peter's death, for Catherine, once seated on the throne, showed neither respect nor affection for her son and the heir to the throne. It is quite well established that Paul showed good qualities of mind and character in youth, even if somewhat eccentric, but the despotic tyranny practiced in his education, and the constant humiliations he was made to suffer, so transformed him that he became a gloomy, distrustful misanthrope.

In his turn, Paul showed a strong antipathy to his mother, the Empress, whose open, shameless licentiousness to the day of her death, was a cruel trial for him to bear. He was entirely excluded from all knowledge of, or participation in State affairs; having, by virtue of his position as Grand-Duke, been named Grand-Admiral of the Empire, he was not even permitted to visit the fleet at Cronstadt.

In 1773 he was married to a princess of Hesse-Darmstadt, and, after her death without issue, he was in 1776 obliged to contract a second marriage, this time to a princess of Wurtemberg, Dorothea, who took the name of Marie Feodorovna, like an orthodox grand-duchess, and with her made a tour in Europe in 1781, being especially well received at Paris. Several sons and daugh-

ters were born from this marriage, upon whose paternity, at all events, no shadow rested as upon his own.

Regarding Paul's offspring as the exclusive property of the Empire, Catherine, who fully understood the peculiarities of his character, did not hesitate to deprive him of any share in their education, which she herself caused to be carried out under her own direction, and in accordance with her own views. In point of fact, the Grand-Duke Paul's usefulness ceased, in her estimation, when he had provided the requisite heirs for the Empire; and, not only hating him, but deeming him totally unfitted to occupy the throne of Russia, the great Czarina had formed the design of setting Paul aside, and leaving the crown to Alexander, eldest son of Paul, but which her rather sudden death in 1796 prevented her from putting into execution.

And thus it came about that, when Paul I. ascended the throne, November 17, 1796, he was destitute of experience, without any sort of moderation in his views, and embittered by his long suppression in affairs of State, as well as in his own family relations.

He was imbued, also, with the most autocratic ideas, and possessed of an exaggerated notion of the might of Russia, which he esteemed superior to all the rest of Europe. He was extremely irascible, and as prompt in rewards as he was sudden in inflicting punishments. Upon his accession, he began by sending away from St. Petersburg all the favourites of Catherine, and set the heroic Polish patriot, Kosciuszko, at liberty. The very length of his exclusion from the powers of government only added to the feverish desire of Paul, now in his forty-second year, to dive into everything relating to public affairs.

Having surrounded himself with new ministers and officers of State of his own selection, he speedily set on foot reforms in all directions. His most salutary and lasting measure was suggested, in part, at all events, by his own humiliating experiences with the insolent favourites of feminine caprice or weakness—his own mother's lovers.

He re-established the succession to the throne of the Tsars in the order of primogeniture, from male to male and in the direct line, since which time this great law has remained unchanged and the Russian Empire has been freed from female rulers. Whatever else may have been said against his eccentric reign, this wise act met with the strongest approbation on all sides, after Russia's bitter experience in the hands of those half-savage desperadoes and adventurers, who, acting in the double capacities of paramours and ministers of State, to a succession of licentious, dissolute women, the Empresses Anne, Elizabeth and Catherine II., whom, by intrigue and assassination, they had, in turn, elevated to the throne of Russia, and were, in fact, the real rulers of the country, which, in the names of their imperial mistresses and paramours, they exploited, robbed and oppressed almost at pleasure.

It was left to the Emperor Paul, upon his accession in 1796, to render due honours to the remains of the late Emperor Peter III.—whom he felt bound to recognize as his father, whatever he may have known or suspected of the shadows over his own paternity—by having them deposited in a great joint funeral, along with the body of the Empress Catherine with the utmost pomp of court and military display, in the Imperial Mausoleum. The gorgeous chests containing the remains of the late Em-

peror and Empress were placed close together, side by side, and covered with an inscription in immortelles, which bore the grim words: "Parted in Life: United in Death."

Paul determined to combine with these funeral rites something in the nature of expiation for those who had dethroned his father. Accordingly, two of the murderers of Peter, Alexis Orloff and Prince Baradinsky, who still survived, were almost overcome with terror, when they were suddenly ordered by the Emperor to appear at this second funeral of Peter, and assist in bearing the body of their victim to its last resting place. It was well known, for many years past who the assassins were, and the presence of these two guilty survivors, forced to march in the great funeral procession on foot, by the side of Peter's coffin, as *chief mourners*, produced a profound sensation in the vast watching throngs, as well as throughout the Empire and Europe. At the final ceremonies within the Imperial Mausoleum, feeling themselves transfixed by the cold, hostile gaze of every eye, as they stood by the chest containing their victim, assisting to place it by the side of that containing the body of the guilty woman, for whom they had strangled, beaten and done to death the last grandson of Peter the Great, their terror and agitation became so manifest that a feeling of rage swept over the great throng, and aroused a strong desire to avenge the unfortunate Peter on the spot, which was with difficulty restrained. Doubtless, few such assemblages, slowly leaving so sacred a spot, with deep, sinister murmuring and hostile looks, ever seemed more ominous and terrible to guilt!

The army, especially, attracted Paul's attention: wishing to have it modeled on the Prussian system estab-

lished by Frederic the Great, with all its rigorous discipline and tiresome drilling, he carried his reforms to the point of mania, to the intense dissatisfaction of both the officers and men.

The late Empress had, as is natural with women, taken but little interest in matters of military drill and discipline, with the result that the efficiency of the Russian army had much declined, besides being top-heavy, with a great number of gouty, dissipated old generals, who had long since ceased to perform any real military services aside from drawing their pay and displaying their rich uniforms and decorations in the brilliant social functions of the court and nobility at St. Petersburg, while leaving it to younger officers to perform the actual duties of their commands.

"In Catherine's reign, the generals and their staffs appeared in plain clothes when off duty and in winter drove even to a review in fur cloaks and carrying muffs. The cuirassiers wore purple mantles, embroidered with silver eagles over a silver cuirass.

"All this was abolished; the uniforms, instead of costing 120 silver roubles, were limited to 22, and the names of 22,000 supernumerary officers were struck off the Guards, consisting of civilians who had never appeared in uniform in their lives—children, ministers and even unborn infants, for whom the government paid salaries and allowances as if they were in active service." (Joyneville, vol 1, p. 90.)

But Paul had, long before he became emperor, noted, with intense displeasure, this state of things, and determined to put an end to it. The imperative command that all commanders of troops must lead them in person, in all their drills and exercises, produced a tremendous

sensation and great consternation as well, in the ranks of these old carpet-knights; they had no choice, however, but to obey, and their efforts to keep up some appearance of activity, under the critical eye of the Tsar, are said to have occasioned general amusement and ridicule. Paul himself appeared to take a malicious pleasure in racing them about in rapid movements, or in furious charges, across the vast parade grounds, upon imaginary foes, until they were ready to drop from exhaustion; these severe exercises being supplemented by an equally imperious necessity of appearing at night at the imperial balls, from which none of them dared to absent themselves, lest the cause of their absence might be misunderstood by the lynx-eyed Tsar, and dancing into the small hours of the morning, only to have to reappear by eleven a. m. every day for the usual manœuvres and mimic charges, which Paul never failed to be on hand to direct and press with frantic energy. Rappoport says: "The most trifling mistakes were severely punished. An entire regiment, for having on one occasion misunderstood his word of command, was ordered off to Siberia. Only a couple of days later a countermand recalled the exiles to the capital. . . . An almost grimly comic episode was the banishment from St. Petersburg of all cab-drivers, because one of them was found with a pair of pistols and a dagger upon him during parade."

The charges, especially, were closely watched by the Tsar, and had to be made with great impetuosity, with beating of drums, amid loud *hourras*, in which *all* had to join, in order to impart to them the certain resistless effect he desired: and when a charge happened to embody those features in a greater degree than usual, it would excite such enthusiasm in the admiring autocrat

that he could hardly restrain himself from ordering a repetition, on the spot, from the panting, exhausted battalions! Equally, on the other hand, such demonstrations not executed with the proper vigour, excited his displeasure and commanders, of whatever rank, were severely rated, in tones so loud and angry as to be heard by everyone for a great distance: even threats of blows from his riding-whip, or of kicks from his heavy Prussian military boots, would sometimes be made!

But excitement, as well as danger, on the St. Petersburg parade grounds, reached its heights when, with blare of trumpets, shouts and brandishing of sabres, the splendid cuirassiers of the Imperial Guard, 2,000 strong, and other cavalry, made one of their thundering charges directly upon a long array of batteries, which fired heavy blank charges upon the advancing horsemen, to the last instant the cannoneers could save themselves behind their guns, while the squadrons dashed through the intervals enveloped in clouds of smoke and dust.

Accidents were not uncommon in such dangerous movements, and stout, elderly riders, long out of practice, had great difficulty in holding on their seats at all! Even the troops felt these severe exercises, and longed for a return to the old, easy-going methods; while to the well-nigh desperate old generals and princely officers, who were forced to march with the youngsters, and kick up the mud and dust with their gouty legs like any common soldier, regardless of conditions of weather, existence became almost insupportable. All understood, however, the consequences of any "letting down" in the presence of the relentless Tsar, and thus their heroic efforts to keep up finally resulted in a certain degree of hardening

under the work, beyond what most of them could ever have attained save under the spur of dire necessity.

It will, perhaps, be recalled with what indignant consternation and deep objurgation, rivalling even those at St. Petersburg, a somewhat similar strenuous test of physical fitness for active service in the field was greeted at Washington when, some years ago, an active, vigorous President and ex-officio commander-in-chief of the armies of the United States, who not only caused such an order to be issued to ascertain the possession of such qualifications by all officers beyond a certain age, but set the example by undergoing a much severer like physical test himself—with the beneficent result of retiring from active service a small multitude of gouty, worn-out, or inefficient old officers of the higher ranks, fit, as a rule, only for the demands of social duties, it was said, while filling soft berths on detached duty at the Capital, the actual work being done by younger and fitter men, who, nevertheless, did not enjoy the rank and pay, just as happened at St. Petersburg.

FOREIGN RELATIONS OF THE EMPIRE

When the heads of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette fell upon the bloody pavements of the Place de la Révolution, that bold act of defiance to all crowned heads had nowhere left a deeper impression than at St. Petersburg, and the autocratic Catherine, who still reigned then, determined to join her fellow-despots in crushing the spirit of revolution before it should permeate all Europe. But being fully occupied in 1793, when that tragedy took place, and for several years after, in appropriating as large a share as possible of the territories

of dismembered Poland, no Russian troops could be spared for a distant campaign against France, and, so, the wily Empress had encouraged the other powers to greater exertions upon the Rhine, by numerous promises of help, which she took care not to perform.

However, after the allies had continued to make the strongest and most urgent representations at St. Petersburg as to the necessity for aid from Russia, a triple alliance was, at last, concluded in September, 1795, between Great Britain, Austria and Russia against the French Republic, and active preparations upon a large scale were finally begun in Russia, which would have required at least a year to complete. The unexpected death of Catherine in November, 1796, who, despite her long-delayed action, fully concurred with Mr. Pitt in his ideas as to the necessity of crushing the Revolution, was a great blow to the new alliance, for the Emperor Paul, who had succeeded her, countermanded the great levy of 150,000 men and dissolved all the projected armaments the Empress had ordered for the French war.

In the strong feeling of antipathy between his mother and himself was to be found the real motive for this action of Paul's, and not in any more amicable views on his part towards the Revolution than Catherine herself had entertained. On the contrary, this great upheaval, with all its new aspirations of liberty and equality with the accompanying horrors that had convulsed France, excited his hatred to the highest degree.

Jacobinism was proscribed by him, and even the words *société* and *citoyen* might not be uttered in Russia! A rigorous censorship over books and publications of all kinds, as well over travelers from abroad, was enforced,

that his dutiful subjects might not be contaminated by such heresies as were spreading over the rest of Europe.

But, so completely was the new Emperor occupied with the internal affairs of his vast Empire that, for nearly two years, he evinced no disposition to take any active part in the struggles in Western Europe. It was not till the conquest of the Ionian Isles by France in 1797, and still more by the openly avowed project of the French Directory to re-establish the liberty of Poland, that Paul became aroused and disposed to take an active part in the general war upon the Republic. To emphasize his displeasure at the new order of things in France, he gave an asylum to Louis XVIII. at the ducal palace of Courland at Mitau, with a pension of 200,000 roubles, and liberally assisted many needy French Emigrants.

He, also, accepted, with eagerness and pride, the title of Grand-Master of the Knights of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, which some of the Knights, expelled from Malta by Bonaparte in June, 1798, had offered him in the hope of securing his aid and powerful protection. Paul not only promised this but gave notice that he would, by virtue of his position as Grand-Master of the Order, reassert his claims as well as those of the Order to the sovereignty and possession of the Islands of Malta and Gozo. These things, and the unprovoked invasion of Egypt by the French, immediately after their conquest of Malta, deeply incensed him and on the 18th of December, 1798, he concluded a new alliance with Great Britain, and soon after with Austria and Naples against France.

Speaking of this alliance, Alison says:

"The Emperor Paul, who now entered, with the char-

acteristic impetuosity of his character, into the alliance against France, had embraced the most extensive and visionary ideas as to the ulterior measures which should be adopted upon the over-throw of the French Revolutionary power.

“He laboured to effect the formation, not only of a cordial league between all the sovereigns of Europe, to stop the progress of anarchy, but the restoration of all the potentates and interests which had been subverted by the French arms, and the closing of the great schism between the Greek and Catholic Churches, which had so long divided the Christian world. He even went so far as to contemplate the union of the Catholics and Protestants, the stilling of all the controversies which distracted the latter body, and the assemblage of the followers of Christ, of whatever denomination, under the banners of one Catholic Church: captivating ideas, which will never cease to attract the enthusiastic and benevolent in every age, but which the experienced observer of human events will dismiss to the regions of imagination, and class with the Utopia of Sir Thomas More, or the probable extinction of death which amused the reveries of Condorcet.”

It must, at all events, be conceded that the romantic Paul had entered upon a rather large-sized undertaking, the end of which he wot not, and unwitting, apparently, that “Fools rush in where angels fear to tread,” was about to recklessly hurl his best troops into the terrible maelstrom in Western Europe, from which only a remnant was ever to return.

But Great Britain stood ready to offer substantial aid to this new invasion of the most enlightened country of Europe by the barbarian legions of despotic Russia.



PETER III., TSAR OF RUSSIA

In consideration of a payment down of 1,600,000 roubles, in addition to a monthly subsidy of 500,000 roubles, the Tsar engaged to furnish 45,000 men to co-operate with the British forces in the north of Germany. The Russian fleet in the Mediterranean was ordered to act with the Turks against the French in the Ionian Isles, which he was determined to wrest from them.

Meantime, with the never-failing stream of British subsidies to aid him, a second army of 40,000 Russian troops, under General Korsakow, was despatched to South Germany to attack the French under General Massena in Switzerland; and a third army, 60,000 strong, composed of the iron veterans who had stormed Ismael and Warsaw, commanded by the celebrated old Field-Marshal Suwarrow, was sent from Poland to Northern Italy, to join the Austrians in driving the French out of the whole of that fine Peninsula, after it had been expressly stipulated, however, that all the Austrian troops in Italy, about 80,000 in number, should serve under the orders of the Russian field-marshal, whom nothing could have induced to serve under any foreign commander.

The bayonet was the favourite weapon of this fierce old Scythian warrior, and his system of war, incessant, vigorous attack. It is related that when the Austrian chief-of-staff proposed to him a reconnoissance, the Marshal answered warmly, "Reconnoissance! I am for none of them; they are of no use but to the timid, and to inform the enemy that you are approaching. It is never difficult to find your opponents when you really wish it. Form column—charge bayonets; plunge into the centre of the enemy—these are my reconnoissances!"

The celebrated campaign of the year 1799 followed,

in which the successes of the Austro-Russians were so rapid and decisive, that by September the French had lost nearly the whole of their conquests in Italy, excepting a few fortresses, while their armies in the field had been nearly destroyed in the disastrous battles of the Trebbia and of Novi.

Suwarrow insisted upon crossing the Alps and invading France, which no longer possessed the means of defending that frontier. But, meanwhile, the susceptibilities of Austria had been deeply touched by the haughty, arrogant tone assumed by the Russians, who openly announced that their Emperor Paul intended to restore to every State in Italy its exact status before the French invasion—a proposition which by no means suited Austria, which had not engaged in the war from any such disinterested motives, and meant to keep for herself a large share of the conquests which her own troops had done their full share in achieving in this splendid campaign. The very rapidity of Suwarrow's successes had become embarrassing to Austria, which insisted that no invasion of France should be undertaken by the allied forces, until the various fortresses still in the hands of the French should be reduced.

A Russian officer of Suwarrow's staff at this juncture wrote to Count Rostopchin at St. Petersburg: "Our glorious operations are thwarted by those very persons who are most interested in their success. Far from applauding the brilliant triumphs of our arms, the cursed cabinet of Vienna seeks only to retard their march. It insists that our great Suwarrow should divide his army, and direct it at once to several points, which will save Moreau from total destruction. That cabinet which fears a too rapid conquest of Italy, from designs which it

dares not avow, as it knows well those of our magnanimous Emperor, has, by the Aulic council, forced the Archduke Charles into a state of inactivity, and enjoined our incomparable chief to secure his conquests rather than extend them; that is, to waste its time and strength in the siege of fortresses which would fall of themselves if the French army was destroyed." (Hard. vii. p. 249.)

Such conflicting views caused the Russian cabinet to withdraw Suwarrow altogether from further operations with the Austrians, who were left in Italy to conduct the balance of the campaign in their own manner, while Suwarrow set out in the last days of September with the effective remainder of his army, now reduced to about 18,000 men, so great had been its losses in this short campaign, to join the Russian army at Zurich, Switzerland, under Korsakow, for a combined attack upon Massena.

In this new plan of campaign, General Korsakow with about 30,000 Russians had entered Zurich and replaced the Austrian army under the Archduke Charles who had been sent to the line of the Rhine. This separation of the allied armies had taken place in mutual exasperation: the Russians, inflated with pride over Suwarrow's great victories in Italy, not merely regarded themselves as superior in all respects to the French, but had conceived the utmost contempt for the Austrians, who had uniformly been beaten by the French, and, hence, were by so much the more inferior to themselves.

Hardenberg relates that, "The presumption and arrogance of Korsakow were carried to such a pitch, that, in a conference with the Archduke Charles, shortly before the battle (of Zurich) when that great general

was pointing out the positions which should in an especial manner be guarded, and said, pointing to the map, 'Here you should place a battalion.' 'A company you mean,' said Korsakow. 'No,' replied the Archduke, 'a battalion.' 'I understand you,' rejoined the other; '*an Austrian battalion, or a Russian company.*'"

But these foolish illusions of Russian vanity were about to be dispelled by French valour and skill, in the most signal manner. Massena determined to dispose of Korsakow before the latter could be joined by Suwarow's army from Italy, and, by a series of able manœuvres, the execution of which the ignorant Korsakow knew not how to prevent, or even delay, enveloped the Russian army at Zurich, and, after a brave resistance, totally defeated it, with the loss of more than half its numbers in killed, wounded and prisoners, many standards, all its artillery consisting of 100 guns, ammunition, baggage and the military chest of the army containing a large treasure.

Korsakow, with scarcely 13,000 men, fled into South Germany in a state of absolute destitution, to the shelter of his despised Austrian allies. Suwarow who, as already pointed out, was hastening through the Alps to Zurich, to join Korsakow, as fast as possible, was, in his turn, attacked and defeated by the victorious French, so severely that he only effected a rapid retreat from the mountains of Switzerland, with the utmost difficulty, after the loss of over 8,000 of his bravest veterans, all his baggage and many standards, finally joining his lieutenant, Korsakow, with less than 10,000 men. Their united forces hardly exceeded 22,000 men, almost destitute of artillery or supplies of any kind—the poor remains of 100,000 of Russia's finest troops, who had

marched from Poland but a few months before, in all the pride of apparently irresistible military strength.

While these disastrous events in Switzerland were taking place, the Emperor Paul had also despatched an army of 17,000 Russians by sea to co-operate with a British force of 26,000 men, in a descent upon Holland which had been overrun several years before by the French, its government overturned and the Batavian Republic established. The allies effected a landing near Haarlem, but after some trifling successes were defeated with severe losses in killed and prisoners, especially to the Russians. Having failed to make themselves masters of Haarlem which they had hoped to use as winter quarters, the allies were shut up in a narrow corner of Holland in the open country and villages in which it was not possible to maintain themselves, with winter at hand. Accordingly a capitulation was agreed upon with the French commander, in virtue of which the Anglo-Russian army was to be allowed to evacuate the country unmolested by the end of November, 1799, yielding up all the forts in their possession unimpaired, and liberating 8,000 prisoners, whether French or Dutch, without exchange.

The successive arrival at St. Petersburg of the accounts of the disastrous defeats to his armies in Switzerland and Holland, angered the Tsar beyond expression, who was greatly affected by the failure of all the ambitious designs and magnanimous motives with which he had entered upon those distant, costly expeditions, and who resented, even more keenly, the humiliations to his arms in the final outcome of every one of them.

The ill-success of the combined operations in Switzerland he attributed to the bad conduct of the Germans,

and, in Holland, to that of the British, while his anger was strongly kindled against both. The cost of the war had nearly drained the imperial treasury, even with the help of the large British subsidies: at least three-fourths of 120,000 troops sent abroad, had been lost.

Austria was fully as intent upon enriching herself by fresh conquests in Italy, as upon combatting the doctrines of the Revolution, which, so far from showing any signs of weakness, appeared more than ever able to defy the forces of all Europe, after all the efforts that had been made for about a year.

Upon due consideration at St. Petersburg, it did not appear conformable to the true interests of Russia to make further sacrifices for the benefit of a formidable neighbour like the Emperor of Germany, who might attack him, or to further weaken France which was so far removed from his frontiers that there could be no danger of such questions as might arise, at any time, with near neighbours like Austria or Prussia. Hence, he ordered his troops to return to Russia forthwith and refused to listen to any efforts on the part of Austria to pacify him.

After having been sur-named "Italinski" by the Emperor Paul, in recognition of his brilliant victories in Italy, the old Field-Marshal Suwarrow was so profoundly mortified by the repeated Russian defeats in Switzerland and their subsequent flight, that when he reached his winter-quarters in the south of Germany, he took to his bed, and became seriously ill, while the Tsar gave vent to his indignation against the Austrians in a furious article published in the Gazette of St. Petersburg. Though thus blaming his allies, he did not forgive Suwarrow or Korsakow for their defeats which

he thought disgraceful to the imperial eagles of Russia, and gave them upon their arrival at St. Petersburg a reception so cold and haughty, that the broken-hearted old Suwarrow, who had fought so long and so bravely for Russia, withdrew to his estates, where he fell into a condition of melancholy from which he never recovered and died in a short time. His last battle for Russia had been fought, and no more would he inspire his iron veterans with frenzied enthusiasm, by announcing to them, his famous order of the day: "God wills, the Emperor orders, Suwarrow commands, that to-day the enemy be beaten!"

At this juncture, the British government completed the ruin of the coalition by its impolitic refusal to include Russian prisoners with English in the exchange of prisoners with the French. Despite the large numbers of French the Tsar's troops had made prisoners in Italy, there was a balance of nearly 8,000 Russians in the prisons of France for whom the Tsar had no French prisoners to offer in exchange. In view of the fact that a large number of the Russians had actually been captured in Holland, while fighting by the side of the English troops, in an expedition in which English interests were mainly involved, Paul's rage and disgust knew no bounds.

Napoleon, who had become First Consul of the French Republic a few months before, had the address to avail himself of this fortunate event to pave the way to the most friendly relations with the incensed autocrat. He caused a most courteous communication to be sent to Count de Panin, minister of foreign affairs at St. Petersburg, professing indignation that the brave Russians should be left in captivity from the ungenerous action

of the British and Austrian governments in refusing to accept in exchange for French prisoners Russian soldiers who had been made prisoners while serving the cause of those powers; that the First Consul would not detain those brave men indefinitely, and that he sent them back to the Emperor of Russia unconditionally, as a testimony of his high consideration for an army which the French had learned to know and to esteem on fields of battle. The First Consul then set the Russian prisoners at liberty, without exchange, and not only restored to them the arms and standards they had lost, but clothed them anew from head to foot in the uniforms of their respective regiments.

The politic Consul then made another efficacious advance towards the Russian monarch. Knowing that want of provisions would oblige the French garrison to surrender Malta in a short time to the English who had closely blockaded it for two years, he presented the Island to Paul, who was an enthusiast on the subject of the ancient orders of chivalry, and of that of St. John of Jerusalem, in particular, of which he had already been elected Grand Master.

It was already known that Paul had determined to re-establish that religious and chivalric institution in its old seat of power at Malta, and that he held frequent chapters of the Order at St. Petersburg, for the purpose of conferring its decorations on the princes and great personages of Europe.

As the First Consul reasoned, either the English, who would shortly take Malta, would agree to surrender it to the new Grand Master, and thus it would be out of their hands; or, they would refuse, and Paul declare war on them.

These two communications produced a great effect at St. Petersburg. Paul was deeply touched, and thenceforth entertained the highest admiration for the First Consul. He instantly appointed one of his favourite officers, General Sprengporten, governor of Malta, ordered him to proceed to Paris and to convey to the First Consul publicly, his warmest thanks for his noble generosity and friendly dispositions, after which he was to put himself at the head of the 8,000 released Russian prisoners in France, go with this reorganized force and take possession of Malta which would be surrendered to him by the French.

And the Tsar directed his minister at Berlin to open negotiations for peace with France by a conference with the French minister at that capital. Peace speedily followed, and Paul, so lately the furious enemy of the Revolution and everything it stood for, now became the friend, the ally of France against both Great Britain and Austria.

The English had continued to commit violations upon the rights of neutrals at sea, and upon a mere declaration that the coasts of France and her ally Spain, were in a state of blockade, asserted the right to capture and confiscate, as good prize, any neutral vessel and its cargo, that had entered the ports of those two countries, even in the actual absence of any English blockading force. The neutral powers of the North, Russia, Prussia, Sweden and Denmark, conceded that access could not be had to any seaport *bona fide* blockaded, and, for the rest, that only contraband of war was liable to seizure. Without attempting to elaborate the intricacies of this dispute, it will suffice to add that the course of the Eng-

lish produced great irritation in the Northern courts, and these powers set on foot negotiations for a renewal among themselves of the armed neutrality league of 1780.

The Tsar soon dismissed Lord Whitworth, the British ambassador from St. Petersburg, placed an embargo on all British shipping in Russian harbours, and began an angry correspondence which was shortly to end in the array of all the Northern powers in open hostility to Great Britain.

He openly expressed the most unbounded admiration for the First Consul, drank toasts to his health, and filled his rooms with paintings and busts of the first captain of the age, and, finally, out of compliment to France, ordered Louis XVIII. to leave his asylum at Mitau and quit the Russian dominions.

But the course of events did not keep pace with the impatient disposition of the Tsar, and he wrote the following personal letter to the First Consul with his own hand: "Citizen First Consul: I do not write to you to open any discussion on the rights of men or of citizens; every country chooses what form of government it thinks fit. Wherever I see at the head of affairs a man who knows how to conquer and rule mankind, my heart warms towards him. I write to you to let you know the displeasure which I feel towards England, which violates the law of nations, and is never governed but by selfish considerations. I wish to unite with you to put bounds to the injustice of that government."

In the meanwhile, the French garrison of Malta, reduced to extremities by famine, had been obliged to surrender the Island to the English who had closely

blockaded it for two years. No sooner had this happened, than Paul hastened to claim it from England, in his capacity of Grand Master of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem; but instead of giving it up the British replied by a flat refusal, which was certainly justified by the change in Russia's attitude towards England. Paul was enraged beyond measure. He at once caused the seizure of several hundred English vessels in the Russian harbours, which, with their cargoes he caused to be sold and the proceeds divided among all Russians who had any debts against any English, and marched their crews off into the interior as prisoners, some as far as a thousand miles. And several English vessels at Narva having escaped, he ordered the rest to be sunk or burned.

"I have lost Malta," said Napoleon, "but I have put an apple of discord into the hands of my enemies." This violent act of the Tsar, following the quarrel of the neutral maritime States already noted, resulted in war with England. The Tsar put himself at the head of this league of the Northern powers, and invited his equally eccentric young neighbour, Gustavus Adolphus IV., King of Sweden, to repair to St. Petersburg to confer with him on this important subject.

Gustavus at once hastened thither and was magnificently entertained, and treated to splendid reviews while their discussions went on. At the same time, Paul, full of the mania with which he was possessed on the subject of the orders of chivalry, held a grand chapter of Malta, admitted as knights the King of Sweden and all the personages who accompanied him, and conferred most lavishly the honours of the Order.

DESIGNS OF THE TSAR AND THE FIRST CONSUL UPON
INDIA

During the short time the alliance between Russia and France lasted, the Tsar and the First Consul had made great progress in maturing the favourite project of both, for the overthrow of the British power in India. A formal agreement had been entered into between them which provided that:

“A French army, 35,000 strong, with light artillery, under the command of General Massena, shall be moved from France to Ulm, from whence, with the consent of Austria, it shall descend the Danube to the Black Sea. Arrived there, a Russian fleet will transport it to Taganrog, from whence it shall move to Tsaritzin on the Volga, where it shall find boats to convey it to Astrakhan. There it will find a Russian army of 35,000 men, composed of 15,000 infantry, 10,000 cavalry and 10,000 Cossacks, amply provided with artillery and the horses necessary for its conveyance. The combined army shall be transported by the Caspian Sea from Astrakhan to Astrabat, Persia, where magazines of all sorts shall be established for its use. This march from the frontiers of France to Astrabat will be made in eighty days; fifty days more will be requisite to bring the army to the banks of the Indus, by the route of Herat, Ferah and Candahar. Paul afterwards agreed to increase the Cossacks to 50,000.” (Hard. vii. 497.)

Discussing the chances of possible or probable success for this formidable march to India, it was conceded by high English military authority that the difficulties of such an expedition so conducted were great, rather than

insuperable. With a force of French and Russian troops 110,000 strong, commanded by so able a general as Massena, and aided as it would have been by many of the greatest of the native kings, who stood ready to join the Franco-Russian army as soon as it crossed the Indus, the British power in India could not have withstood so overwhelming an attack, and the face of the world would have been changed.

VISIT OF THE QUEEN OF NAPLES TO ST. PETERSBURG

The campaign of Marengo had left the treacherous Bourbons of Naples helpless before the advancing French. The defeated Austrians had retired from Italy, and the British fleet had withdrawn from Naples. The First Consul openly declared his intention to overturn the throne of the Two Sicilies, and General Murat crossed the Apennines at the head of an army of 28,000 French troops to execute the decree, against which the unwarlike Neapolitans, of course, could not contend. In this desperate state of its fortunes, the House of Bourbon at Naples owed its preservation to the energy and address of Queen Caroline, who in her frantic hatred of France, had also chiefly instigated the present war.

Setting off from Palermo, she hurried to St. Petersburg to implore the protection of the Tsar, who had also been in the late alliance with Naples against France. Paul was highly flattered by this adventurous step. The idea of a Queen, sister to Marie Antoinette, as well as to the Emperor Francis Joseph, who could not protect her, making the long and difficult journey from Palermo to St. Petersburg, in the depth of winter, too, to implore his powerful protection, was as flattering to his

vanity as the renown of upholding a tottering throne was agreeable to his romantic ideas of government.

Accordingly, he received and entertained the suppliant princess, during her stay at his capital, with a degree of magnificence well calculated to enhance her ideas of his power, promised to use all his influence in her favour with the First Consul, and immediately despatched M. Lowascheff, an official of high rank, who enjoyed his intimate confidence, to direct his mediation at Paris.

The intercession of so powerful an ally, who had just placed himself at the head of the Northern Maritime Confederacy against England, and had agreed to send an army of 75,000 Russians to support the proposed invasion of India, could not have been expected to be in vain, and so, Queen Caroline returned to her beautiful Naples in a species of triumph, which fully vindicated the opinion she had formed as to the manner in which such an appeal as she had to make, would be treated by the vain, chivalrous Tsar—when a queen journeyed to St. Petersburg to offer it at the foot of his throne. In truth, the spectacle was unique, and caused a great sensation among the crowned heads throughout Europe, some of whom began to speculate as to whose turn it might be next to make a similar journey and appeal for protection against the resistless First Consul at the Muscovite capital.

On the 26th and 28th days of December, 1800, a declaration was signed by the ministers of Russia, Sweden, Denmark and Prussia, by which those powers engaged to maintain, by arms if necessary, the principles of the laws of neutrals upon the high seas; and which France had, also, just induced the United States of America to recognize.

SYMPTOMS OF INSANITY IN THE TSAR

Latterly the actions of the Tsar had become so extravagant as to cause doubts of his sanity to be entertained.

In the Court Gazette of December 30, 1800, he caused to be published an invitation to all the sovereigns of Europe to repair to St. Petersburg, and settle their differences by personal combat in an enclosed arena, with their ministers, Pitt, Thugut, Haugwitz, Talleyrand, etc., for esquires. And when important despatches were presented to him from the British government, which was still endeavouring to conciliate him, he would return them unopened, after piercing them repeatedly with his pen-knife.

Paul had also practiced some cruelties, in the course of which he had banished a multitude of persons to Siberia; afterwards, affected by their sufferings, he recalled them, but without restoring to them their property. These unhappy wretches filled all St. Petersburg with their complaints, which so annoyed him that he sent them into exile a second time.

As evidences of the fear and hatred of his subjects became more and more manifest, his distrust of every one increased, and he threatened the lives of some, even of his ministers, who fell into the utmost uneasiness. The Michael palace, where he usually resided, was surrounded like a fortress with bastions, draw-bridges and ditches, indicating, apparently, the anticipation of a sudden attack. The autocratic Tsar had, also, occasioned intense irritation, by renewing the ancient custom, which his predecessors had allowed to fall into disuse, of

obliging the noblesse of both sexes to stop their carriages, alight and uncover their heads, whenever they met any of the imperial family.

Another circumstance, alleged to indicate insanity, that, "At night he barricaded the doors which separated his apartments from those of the Empress Marie-Feodorovna"—has been regarded, by many seemingly informed persons at St. Petersburg in a very different light, and, indeed, as showing so much, "method in his madness," as to preclude such a theory, in this instance, at all events. It was said by such persons that the Empress, no longer young, and of whom Paul had long since wearied, did not cease to annoy him with incessant complaints of his attentions to younger and more attractive women, and that the nightly barricades were erected against the unwelcome visitations of his jealous spouse.

In fact, that the Tsar, out of all patience at last, made known to the handsome young Princess Gagarin, who was then the object of his chivalrous devotion, that he entertained in his mind the idea of shutting the Empress up in a cloister, far from St. Petersburg, as the most effectual way of putting an end to the constant bickerings and preposterous reproaches he had to endure from her! A design which the glib-tongued young woman could not refrain from instantly disclosing to other gossips, with the result that the court, which was well-informed as to the imperial domestic warfare, was highly diverted; apparently, none seemed to care much if Marie-Feodorovna who, after all, was only a German woman, was barred out of the imperial bed-chamber, or should her clamours be hushed in the stillness of a cloister. Possibly, other profligate husbands in Petersburg may



PAUL PETROWITZ,
Arch Duke of Russia.

PAUL I., TSAR OF RUSSIA

have regarded such remedies *sympathetically*! At all events, high society in that capital failed to discover in those vigorous methods any reflection upon Paul's sanity, whatever criticisms might have been directed against his conduct in other respects.

THE ENGLISH BOMBARD COPENHAGEN

On the 21st of March, 1801, the English minister had delivered to the Danish government an *ultimatum* which required Denmark to withdraw from the maritime confederacy of the neutral powers, besides other demands. This demand was declined by the Danes, who declared that Denmark would not begin hostilities, but would repel force by force. Within ten days a powerful British fleet, under Admirals Parker and Nelson, appeared before Copenhagen and subjected it to a terrible bombardment, killing and wounding several thousands of the inhabitants and destroying part of the city. The Danes made a gallant defense, still refused to withdraw from the confederacy, and would only agree to an armistice for fourteen weeks, which was all the English could extort, as a result of the nearly drawn battle which they had fought.

The Danes hoping that their neighbours and allies, especially Sweden and Russia, would be ready to come to their assistance as soon as the ice should be cleared from their harbours to permit their fleets to appear at Copenhagen, fully expected the renewal of hostilities, but an event was impending at St. Petersburg, which was not only to render all these efforts superfluous, but to dissolve the confederacy of the Northern maritime powers itself.

CONSPIRACY TO ASSASSINATE THE TSAR

Quite apart from the fears excited by the increasing eccentricities of the Tsar, the stoppage of all commercial intercourse with Great Britain, simultaneously with the war which he had declared upon that power, soon produced great distress among the landed nobility and mercantile classes, whose chief customer for their products of grain, hemp, timber and naval stores was thus lost.

The English in return for such products had been accustomed to supply such manufactured goods as Russia needed, and to pay the balance in cash. In this way the Russian farmer was enabled to pay his rent to his landlord, whose income, in general, was solely derived from his landed estates. As England was in absolute command of the sea, France and her allies could not become customers for any of these staple Russian products, as transportation by land for them was altogether out of the question.

The Russian aristocracy was accordingly highly exasperated against the newly adopted policy of Paul, and the idea of getting rid of him soon suggested itself to every mind as the surest and speediest means of relief. Violence was recognized as the most feasible way, but Russia was accustomed to such methods in bringing about a change of rulers, who had become intolerable to the governing classes.

In Great Britain at this very time, the head-strong King George III. was also afflicted with insanity but the business of the nation, foreign as well as domestic, was conducted by the ministers whom the constitution provided the King to conduct the government on his be-

half. Hence no one in England even thought of conspiracy to replace him. But in an absolute despotism like Russia, the sight of an insane ruler on the throne, gave rise to the most sinister designs. It became simply a question of who should take the lead in such a conspiracy.

At that time Count Pahlen was governor of St. Petersburg and minister of police, as he might be termed, of the Empire, and enjoying Paul's fullest confidence, was thoroughly informed on all great affairs of State. Count Pahlen had served in the army with distinction and had exhibited a courage so dauntless and imperturbable, under all circumstances, that he became widely known in Russia as a man who would dare anything.

The lofty stature, powerful physique, and acute understanding of the terrible governor of St. Petersburg, who seemed to know much of the affairs of every one, caused him to be dreaded by all. It was said of him that, "Entertaining neither English nor French views, but being wholly Russian in his opinions, he was also a Russian in his manners, and a Russian such as existed in the days of Peter the Great." In his opinion, it was the true policy for Russia to maintain absolute neutrality between France and Great Britain, and he had become convinced that serious disaster was at hand for Russia unless Paul's reign should be cut short.

And he had even noticed certain symptoms of dissatisfaction with himself, which might suddenly end in banishment to Siberia, or perhaps worse, at the whim of the capricious Tsar. Having formed his resolution to take upon himself to change the existing state of things, he first imparted it to the vice-chancellor, Count Panin, who agreed with him that it was as necessary in the in-

terests of the Empire, as it was indispensable for individual safety.

The details of this conspiracy came from two separate responsible sources many years ago into the possession of the French government, which still has the original documents, and are, undoubtedly, the most authentic account in existence of the tragedy which followed. M. Thiers, in the *History of the Consulate and the Empire*, says:

“The court of Prussia, greatly shocked at the news of the death of Paul I. was still more highly indignant at the unparalleled effrontery with which some of the accomplices in the crime dared to boast of it at Berlin. The court obtained through various channels, and principally from a well-informed person, some curious details, which were collected in a minute, and transmitted to the First Consul. These are the particulars which M. Bignon, at that time secretary to our embassy at the court of Prussia, was enabled to procure, and which he has introduced into his work. But the most private circumstances still remained unknown, when a singular accident placed France in possession of the only account, worthy of credit, concerning the death of Paul I., which perhaps is in existence. A French emigrant, who had passed his life in the service of Russia, and who had acquired some military renown, became the friend of Count Pahlen and General Benningsen. Being at the country seat of Count Pahlen, he obtained from their own lips, a circumstantial detail of everything which took place in St. Petersburg, on the tragical night between the 23rd and 24th of March. As the emigrant was very careful in taking notes of everything he saw and heard, he immediately committed to paper an account of the par-

ticulars given by these principal actors, and inserted it in the valuable memoirs he has left behind him.

“These manuscript memoirs are now the property of France. They correct numerous inaccurate or vague statements, and moreover, do not compromise more than they were previously, the names already involved in this dark event. They furnish, however, more precise and probable details, instead of the false and exaggerated accounts already known. After comparing this report, emanating from a quarter perfectly well-informed, with the details furnished by the court of Prussia we have drawn up the historical recital which follows, and which seems to us the only one truly worthy of credit, perhaps the only complete one which posterity will ever obtain of this tragical catastrophe.”

THE CONSPIRATORS AND THE TRAGEDY

The principal events of this sombre tragedy as related by Thiers are here set forth. Count Pahlen took upon himself the sole direction of the execution of the terrible project resolved upon by himself and the vice-chancellor Panin, which was to place Paul's eldest son, Alexander, upon the throne, by some catastrophe brought about suddenly, without disturbance or confusion. The account of Thiers thus proceeds:

“It was indispensably necessary to come to some understanding with the heir, the grand-duke, to have his concurrence, in order to avoid, after the deed was perpetrated, being treated like a vulgar assassin, who is sacrificed whilst, at the same time, advantage is taken of his crime. It was embarrassing to him, to break the matter to this prince, who, governed by amiable feelings,

was incapable of lending his countenance to an attempt against the life of his father.

“Count Pahlen, without disclosing his whole mind, without revealing any distinct project, discussed with the grand-duke the affairs of State, and, at each successive extravagance of Paul, endangering the Empire, communicated the fact to him, then remained silent, without deducing any consequences therefrom. Alexander, in receiving these communications, cast down his eyes, and also remained silent.

“At length it was requisite to come to some clearer explanation. Count Pahlen, at last, gave this young prince to understand that such a state of things could not be prolonged, without bringing ruin to the Empire; and taking care to avoid the mention of a crime, to which Alexander would not have listened, he insinuated to him that it was necessary to depose Paul, to provide for him a quiet retreat, but, at all hazards, to wrest from his hands the helm of power, and prevent him from driving the vessel of State to utter destruction.

“Alexander shed a flood of tears, disclaimed any wish to dispute the throne with his father, but yielded, by degrees, before fresh proofs of the danger to which Paul exposed the affairs of the country, and even the imperial family itself. Paul, in fact, dissatisfied with the supineness of Prussia, in the affairs of the neutral league, even talked of marching 80,000 men upon Berlin. . . . To these suggestions Count Pahlen added the expression of his uneasiness concerning the safety of the imperial family, of whom Paul, it was said, began to harbour suspicions.

“Alexander acquiesced at length; but, at the same time, exacted from Count Pahlen the most solemn oath that no

attempt should be made against the life of his father: Count Pahlen swore to everything desired by this inexperienced youth, who imagined that a scepter could be wrested from the grasp of an emperor without depriving him of life.

“The requisite actors in the scene yet remained to be provided, as Count Pahlen, in conceiving this scheme, deemed it beneath him to take any personal share in its execution. He fixed upon them accordingly, but decided upon only intrusting them, sooner or later, with the part they were destined to perform according as they, by degrees, acquired his confidence. The brothers Zuboff, upstarts raised by the favour of Catherine, were chosen as the chief instruments of the plot. Count Pahlen only revealed it to them at a late period. Plato Zuboff, the favourite of Catherine, supple, restless, was worthy of figuring conspicuously in the revolution of a palace. His brother, Nicholas, remarkable only for great personal strength, was well qualified to play a subordinate part. . . . They had a sister, intimately connected with all the English faction—a friend of Lord Whitworth, the English Ambassador—who inflamed them with zeal for the British policy. Lord Whitworth spent, besides his official income, 6,000 to 9,000 pounds a year in St. Petersburg from the fortune of Madame Scherobzov, sister to the Zuboffs. (See Sir G. Jackson’s Diary.) Count Pahlen engaged many other accomplices, and brought them to St. Petersburg under various pretenses, but still without disclosing anything to them.

“There was one other individual whom he had summoned to St. Petersburg, upon whose co-operation he knew he could rely, as well as upon his formidable cour-

age; this was the famous General Benningsen, a Hanoverian in the service of Russia. . . . Benningsen had retired into the country, dreading the effects of Paul's anger, which he had incurred: Count Pahlen withdrew him from his retreat, initiated him into the plot, but proposed nothing further to him, if General Benningsen can be credited, than the project of deposing the Emperor. Benningsen pledged his word, and kept it with an appalling courage.

"They resolved to fix upon some day for the execution of their project, when the regiment of Simonoffsky, wholly devoted to the Grand-Duke Alexander, should be on duty at the Palace Michael. They were obliged to wait. But time pressed, for Paul's malady made rapid progress, became every day more alarming, and placed the interests of the Empire, as well as the safety of his attendants, in greater jeopardy.

"One day Paul laid hold of the imperturbable Pahlen, by the arm, and addressed him in these singular terms:— 'Were you in St. Petersburg in 1762?' (It was in that year that the Emperor Peter, the father of Paul, had been assassinated to place Catherine upon the throne.) 'Yes,' answered Count Pahlen quite coolly, 'I was.' 'What part did you take in the event of that time?' 'That of a subaltern cavalry officer in the ranks of his regiment. I was a witness of, but not an actor in, that catastrophe.' 'Well,' continued Paul, casting a look of distrust, and of accusation at his minister, 'they want to re-enact to-day the revolution of 1762.' 'I am aware of it,' replied Count Pahlen, without betraying the least emotion, 'I know all the plot; I am a party to it.' 'What!' exclaimed Paul, 'are you one of the conspira-

tors?' 'Yes! but to be better apprised of it, and that I may be in a position, more effectually to watch over your safety.'

"The calmness of this formidable conspirator quite set all Paul's conjectures at defiance, and disarmed his suspicions respecting him; but he still continued discomposed and excited.

"The 23rd of March, 1801, was fixed upon for the execution of the plot; Count Pahlen, under colour of giving a dinner party, assembled at his house, the Zuboffs, Benningsen and several general officers, upon whom he thought he could rely. Wines of all kinds were served with profusion. Pahlen and Benningsen did not drink any. When dinner was over, they unfolded to the conspirators the project for which they were assembled. The most part were now, for the first time, made acquainted with this terrible plot.

"They were not told, that they would be required to assassinate Paul, as almost every one would have shrunk with dismay from the perpetration of such a crime. They were told, that they must proceed to the palace, and compel him to abdicate, that thus they would deliver the Empire from an imminent danger, and that they would save a multitude of innocent lives, at present threatened by the sanguinary madness of Paul. At last, in order to succeed in persuading them, it was affirmed that the Grand-Duke Alexander himself, convinced of the necessity of saving the Empire, was acquainted with the project, and approved it.

"Then these men, already excited with wine, no longer demurred and for the most part, with only three or four exceptions, set out under the impression, that they were

going to depose a mad emperor, and not to shed the blood of an unfortunate master.*

"The night appearing sufficiently advanced, the conspirators, to the number of about sixty, sallied forth, divided into two bands. Count Pahlen took one under his direction, General Benningsen, the command of the other; both officers, dressed in their full uniform, and wearing their sashes and orders, marched forward sword in hand!† The Palace Michael was constructed and guarded like a fortress; but the bridges were lowered, and the gates thrown open to the chiefs of the conspirators. Benningsen's party marched first, and proceeded direct towards the Emperor's apartments. Count Pahlen remained behind with his reserved body of conspirators. This man, who had organized the conspiracy, disdained to assist personally in its execution. He was only there to provide for any unexpected emergencies.

"Benningsen penetrated into the apartment of the sleeping monarch. Two heyduks were on duty as his body-guard. These brave and faithful attendants attempted to defend their sovereign. One was struck down by a blow from a sabre, the other took flight, crying out for help—cries utterly unavailing in a palace, the guards of which are almost all accomplices in the plot! A valet who slept in a room adjoining that of the Emperor, ran

*NOTE.—While the company at Count Pahlen's palace were feasting and drinking, another banquet was, also, taking place not far from thence. The Emperor Paul had spent the entire evening at the house of his beautiful mistress, Princess Gagarin, enjoying a supper and wines *en tête-à-tête* with her, and only returned to his own apartments in the Palace Michael at midnight. He had scarcely fallen into a first heavy slumber, when, at 2 a. m., he was suddenly aroused by the noise of the conspirators as they entered his bedchamber, upon the errand whose purpose he must instantly have divined only too well.

†NOTE.—A curious incident is related by the Comtesse Choiseul-Gouffier as having taken place at this moment of dread and agitation: "As the conspirators crossed the garden which surrounds the palace, a flock of crows roosting on the trees flew up, uttering their inauspicious cries. The croaking of these birds, which is considered an evil omen in Russia, frightened the conspirators, and they actually considered for a moment whether they should not give up the enterprise!"

to the scene; they compelled him, by force, to open the door of his master's chamber.

The unhappy Paul might have found a refuge in the apartments of the Empress, but, in his distrustful suspicions, he had taken the precaution, every night, to barricade the door which led to them. All escape being cut off, he flung himself to the bottom of the bed, and concealed himself behind the folds of a screen. Plato Zuboff ran to the imperial bed, and, finding it empty, cried out in alarm, 'The Emperor has escaped; we are lost!' But, at the same instant, Benningsen caught sight of the prince, rushed towards him, sword in hand, and presented to him the act of abdication.

"'You have ceased to reign!' he exclaimed to him; 'the Grand-Duke Alexander is now emperor. I summon you, in his name, to resign the Empire, and to sign this act of abdication. On this condition alone I answer for your life.' Plato Zuboff repeated the same summons.

"The Emperor, confused and lost in dismay, demanded of them, what he had done to deserve such treatment. 'For years past you have never ceased to persecute us,' retorted the half-intoxicated assassins. They then pressed upon the unhappy Paul, who struggled hard, expostulated, and implored them in vain. At this instant a noise was heard; it was the footsteps of some of the conspirators who had remained behind: but the assassins, believing that some one was coming to the assistance of the Emperor, fled in disorder. Benningsen alone, inflexibly resolute, remained in the presence of the monarch, and, advancing towards him, with his sword pointed at his breast, prevented him from stirring from the spot. The conspirators having recognized each other, re-entered

the chamber, the theatre of their crime. They again hemmed in the unfortunate monarch, in order to force him to subscribe his abdication. The Emperor for an instant tried to defend himself. In the scuffle, the lamp which gave light to the frightful scene was overturned and extinguished; Benningsen ran to procure another, and, on his return, discovered Paul expiring under the blows of two assassins; one had broken in his skull with the pommel of his sword, whilst the other was strangling him with his sash.

“While this scene was enacting, Count Pahlen had remained outside, with the second band of conspirators. When he was told that all was over, he ordered the body of the Emperor to be laid out on the bed, and placed a guard of thirty men at the door of the apartment, with orders not to admit any one, even the members of the imperial family. He then repaired to the Grand-Duke, to announce to him the terrible occurrence of the night. The Grand-Duke, in a state of violent agitation, demanded of him, when he approached, what had become of his father? The silence of Count Pahlen soon dissipated the fatal illusions he had cherished, in imagining that an act of abdication was only contemplated.

“The grief of the young prince was profound: it continued to be, we are told, the secret remorse of his life, as he was naturally of a good and generous nature. He threw himself upon a chair, and burst into tears; would listen no longer to anything, but loaded Pahlen with bitter reproaches, which the latter received with an imperturbable composure. Plato Zuboff went in quest of the Grand-Duke Constantine, who was wholly ignorant of what was going on, but who has been unjustly accused

of having been implicated in this bloody catastrophe.* He came to the spot trembling, believing that all his family were to be sacrificed, found his brother overwhelmed with despair, and then learnt everything which had taken place.

"Count Pahlen had desired a lady of the palace, who was very intimate with the Empress, to acquaint her with the fact of her tragical widowhood. This princess rushed in haste towards her husband's apartments, and attempted to reach his death-bed; but the guards kept her back.

"Having for an instant recovered from her first paroxysm of grief, she felt, together with the emotions of sorrow, the rising impulses of ambition awaken in her breast. She thought of the Great Catherine and wished to reign. She despatched several persons to Alexander, who was about to be proclaimed, telling him that the throne belonged of right to her, and that it was she, and not he, who ought to be proclaimed as successor.

"This was a new embarrassment; this was increased anguish for the already lacerated heart of the son, who, about to ascend the steps of the throne, had to pass between the corpse of a murdered father, and an agonized mother, in tears, frantically demanding, by turns, her husband, or the scepter!

"The night was consumed while these appalling and tragical events were passing; the day approached; it was necessary to leave no time for reflection; it was of importance that the death of Paul and the accession of his successor should be proclaimed at the same time.

"Count Pahlen approached the young prince: 'You

*NOTE.—It is related that, "The dress of Ouvoroff, one of the conspirators, caused him to be mistaken by the Emperor for his son Constantine; and the last words which the unhappy monarch uttered were, 'And you too, my Constantine!'"

have wept sufficiently as a child,' said he, 'come now and reign.' He tore him from this house of mourning, and followed by Benningsen, hastened to present him to the troops. The first regiment they met was that of Preobrajensky. As it was entirely devoted to Paul I., their reception was very cold. But the others, who were under the influence of Count Pahlen, did not hesitate to cry, 'Long live Alexander,' and soon the young Emperor was proclaimed, and placed in possession of the throne. He returned and took up his residence at the Winter Palace.

"St. Petersburg was filled with consternation at the news of this bloody catastrophe. The Russians exhibited, on that occasion, feelings which did them honour. They feared Paul I. and his insanity more than they hated him, as he was not of a sanguinary character. The horrible circumstances of his death were immediately known, and inspired the deepest commiseration. His body lay in state, according to usage, but infinite precautions were used to disguise his wounds. Military gloves concealed the mutilation of his hands. A large hat completely covered his head. His face was disfigured by contusions, but it was given out, that he had died of apoplexy."

Among the great number of reports about this conspiracy, all of which, no doubt, contained many facts, as well as errors, the following curious account is given as to the manner in which Count Pahlen imposed his will upon his unwilling accomplices.

Aside from Count Pahlen himself, only Generals Benningsen and Ouvaroff and the brothers Zuboff, perhaps, out of the sixty persons invited to his banquet upon the

fateful evening of March 23, 1801, had any real knowledge of the purpose for which they were there.

But, as soon as the dinner had been concluded, in the course of which much wine had been consumed, the formidable governor of St. Petersburg arose, and informed his astounded guests that they had been assembled there to depose the Emperor Paul from the throne that very night, at the same time explaining the grave, urgent reasons for such a step, which, he stated, had already been assented to by the Grand-Duke Alexander.

A large number of the guests did not require to be converted to this view, now that they understood what was intended, but others, perhaps, unconvinced, or else, too cautious to be willing to be suddenly drawn into so dangerous an enterprise, loudly protested against it, as well as the manner in which they had been implicated, and declared they would, at once, withdraw from any participation in it.

Count Pahlen was not unprepared to meet such objections, and having listened, in silence, till they had been exhausted, drew from his breast a list, "which," he coolly observed, "contained the name and address of every person present"—whereat a vague feeling of alarm swept over the assembly, which awaited anxiously to hear more.

"This list, and your presence here to-night, whatever may be your real sentiments and wishes, have already fixed, beyond any possibility of denial, *your status as conspirators*, should we be foiled in this enterprise and tried!" announced the chief conspirator of them all, baring his gleaming teeth in a smile, so sinister in its meaning, with a look, so appalling in its menace, that terror froze every heart! All instantly understood that they *could not* draw back now from the abyss, to which

this terrible man had led them, and meant to drag them all into, to a common destruction!

"Moreover," he continued, "some of you, whose names are here written, are, at this very hour, in imminent personal danger from the insane suspicions of the Emperor, by whose direct command, I, as head of the police of the Empire, summoned you to St. Petersburg, in order that you might be at hand, not for any trial, to establish your innocence against accusation, but for the immediate execution of his whimsical vengeance upon you—whether by exile to Siberia, by confiscation of your estates, by confinement in some dungeon, or, perhaps—worse!"

A deep silence followed these cold, menacing words. No man among them durst flatter himself that he might not be one of these last, for all knew who had summoned them and that, from such a source as the head of the police of the Empire, reasons for their presence at St. Petersburg were never asked. "Do or die"—obey, or be destroyed, were then, the only alternatives!

A feeling of desperation seized the half-drunken conspirators, who, seeing no other way out of the deadly perils which beset them, swore to blindly obey his orders. No time was allowed for reflection, and the whole band was, at once, led to the Palace Michael by Pahlen and Benningsen, where the tragedy which put an end to Paul's life and reign so quickly followed.

And thus, the "catastrophe had been brought about suddenly, without disturbance or confusion," and Alexander seated upon the throne of Russia, precisely as Count Pahlen had designed! Possibly, more cold-blooded nerve—possibly more acute judgment, combined with power to dominate men, in great enterprises of supreme peril, may have been exhibited in a higher degree than

was shown by Count Pahlen in the conception and execution of this great conspiracy, but, if so, it would be very difficult to discover.

In truth, this remarkable man, whose great qualities were recognized both in the army and in the ministry, was, perhaps, after Peter the Great, the strongest man the Slav race produced in the eighteenth century, and would have made an ideal successor upon the Muscovite throne to carry forward the truly Russian aims of the Great Slav Emperor.

The news of this barbarous event caused the greatest horror and consternation throughout Europe. It removed one of the most potent actors from the theatre of European politics, and in Great Britain, not unnaturally, caused a feeling of intense relief and joy, by dissolving, at one blow, the most dangerous maritime confederacy ever formed for its subjugation at home, and the destruction of its power in Hindustan.

Paul would have taken the lead in avenging the atrocious attack upon Copenhagen, where Nelson had been fought to a stand-still, and must have retreated but for the timidity of the Danish crown-prince, who must have won had the combat continued; and as the Northern powers could have presented upwards of fifty ships-of-the-line in battle array, fully manned by excellent sailors, as soon as the breaking of the ice permitted them to leave their harbours, a few weeks later, to support the French and Spanish fleets, in a combined attack upon the British fleet, it will readily be seen how imminent was the peril England thus escaped. With all the credit to which that great nation is, unquestionably, entitled for valour and ability in the conduct of its affairs, it has, nevertheless, been the beneficiary of more sheer

good luck, from blind chance, at critical moments than any nation history mentions! Thenceforth, as the event proved, England remained unassailable at home, because omnipotent at sea, and, free to embroil Europe in one coalition after another to destroy France, which it feared, and, therefore, hated.

Sir A. Alison, commenting upon the new conditions following Paul's death, says:

"The influence of the causes which had occasioned this violent and frightful revolution speedily appeared in the measures which the young emperor pursued on his accession to the throne. The conspirators were invested with the chief offices of State, and the Czar was compelled to take counsel from those whose hands had recently been imbrued in his father's blood, in everything connected with the government of the Empire.

"The new emperor on the day succeeding his elevation to the throne, issued a proclamation, declaring his resolution to govern according to the maxims and system of his august grand-mother, Catherine. . . . The young emperor shortly after wrote a letter, with his own hand, to the King of England, expressing, in the warmest terms, his desire to re-establish the amicable relations of the two empires; a declaration which was received with equal shouts of joy in London as St. Petersburg."

Anxious to unload its accumulated crops of grain and hemp, the Russian noblesse compelled Alexander to sign a maritime convention with England, which, in effect, surrendered all Russia had contended for as a neutral, independent power. Napoleon has observed upon this agreement:

"Europe beheld with astonishment this ignominious treaty signed by Russia, and which, by consequence, Den-

mark and Sweden were compelled to adopt. It was equivalent to an admission of the sovereignty of the seas in the British parliament, and the slavery of all other states. This treaty was such that England could have desired nothing more, and a power of the third order would have been ashamed to have signed it."

The First Consul despatched Duroc to St. Petersburg to counterbalance the influence of England, and bring back Alexander to the footsteps of his father; but, though Duroc received the most flattering reception, he failed entirely in the object of his mission.

Alexander's real situation at the time, in the midst of the conspirators of March 23rd, is thus depicted by Bignon, who relates the following anecdote: "A lady of rank and wit wrote to Fouché, on occasion of a public ceremony at which the Emperor was present soon after his accession. 'The young Emperor walked, preceded by the assassins of his grand-father, followed by those of his father, and surrounded by his own.' 'There,' said Fouché, 'is a woman who speaks Tacitus.'"

To France, on the other hand, Paul's untimely death was a calamity almost beyond estimation, and with his death vanished the fairest opportunity it ever had of triumphing over England. An event which would have spared Europe the fourteen years of desolating wars which followed—the loss of several millions of lives—the mountains of debt which remain to this day unpaid—for England was the soul of all the coalitions against France, without the aid of whose vast subsidies the Continental powers would have been without the means to break the peace that must have followed.

None saw more clearly than the First Consul the far-reaching consequences of Count Pahlen's terrible con-

spiracy, and, perhaps, no misfortune in the subsequent years of his own reign, ever made a deeper impression upon him, than the loss of the alliance and support of Russia and its Northern allies, at the moment when, to all appearance, the doom of Great Britain was sealed.

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GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS IV., KING OF SWEDEN, KING OF THE GOTHES AND VANDALS

Gustavus Adolphus IV., (1778-1837), was only fourteen years of age when he ascended the throne of Sweden, upon the death of his father, Gustavus Adolphus III., who was shot to death by one Ankerström, at one time an officer in the royal Swedish guard, at a masked ball at Stockholm in 1792.

The Convention at Paris in that year had declared war against all the tyrants and kings in the world, and decreed the abolition of monarchy. It followed up these acts of defiance to royalty everywhere by the trial and execution of Louis XVI., beheaded January 21, 1793, and of the queen, Marie Antoinette, October 16, following, despite the armed intervention of Austria and Prussia, which brought the Revolutionary government to the brink of ruin by repeated defeats of the Republican armies, from which it was only preserved by the repulse of the Duke of Brunswick at the battle of Valmy by the undisciplined Carmagnoles of Kellerman, who amid shouts of "For France! For France!" suddenly rallied the broken battalions under that heart-stirring appeal, turned the panic and disorder of defeat into a decisive victory, and drove the Prussian army into a disastrous retreat.

The young monarch at Stockholm, who was being educated into the strictest belief in the divine right of kings to rule, did not fail to note with keen interest

the growth and power of the French Revolution, and as his age increased his intelligence, he shared, to the fullest extent, the alarm and indignation of his fellow-despots throughout Europe, at its bold declarations in favor of human rights and liberty, and he early formed the determination to use all the power of Sweden to crush out of existence the heresy of Republican government. Possessed of an irascible disposition, highly eccentric, and very impulsive in his actions, he was, yet, brave, enterprising and chivalric to the point of knight-errancy. His Kingdom, remote from the volcano of human passions at Paris, and separated from the continent by the Baltic Sea, still yielded a slavish obedience to his despotic rule. Unconscious, apparently, of the relative growth and changes in the strength of the European powers since the times of Charles XII. and the triumphs of the great Gustavus Adolphus, he still regarded Sweden as a great power, and eagerly aspired to repeat the rôle of the latter as the liberator at once of Germany, and the defender and preserver of the ancient orders and aristocratic governments against the assaults of the common masses, for whose pretensions to any species of equality, he entertained supreme contempt.

The Swedish Court and nobility lived in an atmosphere filled with the traditions of former glories, and were among the most haughty and exclusive in Europe. Gustavus was not merely King of Sweden, but King of the Goths and Vandals as well, and looked down upon the neighboring Romanoffs and Hohenzollerns as mere parvenus by comparison with his own ancient, illustrious line.

However, as it was a necessity of his exalted position to preserve his royal line and succession, by having a

sufficient number of heirs, he was obliged to look around for a suitable consort among his royal neighbors for that purpose. After having demanded the hand of a princess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, without success, he obtained that of the grand-duchess Alexandra of Russia, a grand-daughter of the Empress Catherine II., in 1796.

The young Swedish King, accompanied by a large retinue of his highest nobles, repaired in great state on board a fleet of warships to St. Petersburg for his marriage with this princess. The hour for the nuptials arrived. Catherine was seated upon her throne, and all the court, magnificently garbed, assembled to witness the splendid ceremonial for which the great empress had caused preparations upon a grand scale. The bridegroom, however, did not appear, and the company separated, in mingled indignation and astonishment, after having waited several hours.

At the last moment, Gustavus refused to sign the marriage agreement, because it bound him to grant his future queen the free exercise of her religion, she being of the Greek Catholic faith. Few men of any age would have had the hardihood to take so grave a step at the very moment of such a marriage, and yet Gustavus was only 18 years of age at the time.

It is more than probable that only the death of Catherine, a few months later in the same year, prevented serious results for himself, since the haughty Semiramis of the North would scarcely have suffered such an insult to her own majesty and dignity to pass unavenged—to the extent, at least, of taking the Grand Duchy of Finland to repair the injury done.

While the interesting details of the departure of the young King of Sweden from St. Petersburg, as well as

the manner of its accomplishment, have not been related in any contemporaneous accounts that are accessible, it is said to have been "excessively cold," and indeed, to have strained to the utmost tension the new high-class Russian courtesy—excellent imitation of the high-bred French courtesy, not very long before introduced, at that gorgeous, fantastic capital of palaces and hovels, for the use of the imperial court and nobility, in place of the Tartar usages to which they had been accustomed, but which had been, at last, conceded to be out of place in the polite society of Western Europe.

Being well out of the most unpleasant St. Petersburg affair, the young monarch remained for some time at Stockholm, having determined to allow that scandal to die out before resuming his matrimonial quests in other directions.

But the imperative need of having heirs to perpetuate the illustrious, ancient line of Vasa remained, and, after having investigated, with some regard to the necessary physical qualifications, the offerings for the matrimonial market among the smaller German States, he finally selected and married, October 31, 1797, the Princess Wilhemine, a daughter of the Elector of Baden, from whom he was divorced in 1812, subsequent to his dethronement and exile from Sweden, after having had five children by her.

Despite the great scandal he had caused at St. Petersburg in 1796, by his extraordinary behavior towards the Grand-Duchess Alexandra, he afterwards insulted the Emperor Alexander (whose father, the Emperor Paul, was believed to have been assassinated with his connivance) by refusing to allow one of the new emperor's officers to enter his territory, and answered the

official complaint addressed to him, by saying that, "Alexander ought not to be displeased that he (Gustavus) who still deplored the assassination of his father, should close the entrance of his states against one of the assassins who had immolated his (Alexander's)!"

During a long sojourn in Baden (1803-1805) with the elector, his father-in-law, he became intensely excited by the harrowing stories of French emigrants who had fled for their lives from France, and exasperated by the death of the Duke D'Enghien, he concluded with Great Britain in 1804, and with Russia, January 14, 1805, treaties of alliance, offensive and defensive, against Napoleon, broke off all relations with France, with which Sweden had long maintained the most friendly relations, prohibited the admission of even the books and newspapers of that country, and crossed over the Baltic with a large force to Pomerania, which, up to his ill-fated reign, was still a rich Swedish province, in order to join Great Britain and Russia in a great movement against the French in the North of Germany and Holland. A large British subsidy in gold, arms and equipments, sufficient to pay and maintain a contingent of 12,000 Swedish troops for a year, was offered to and gladly accepted by Gustavus, who had placed other troops in the field at his own cost, including his select, splendidly equipped corps of guards, whose organization and drill had for long been a matter of great interest and pride to him.

He had finally grown to entertain a violent hatred of Napoleon, whom he declared to be the Great Beast spoken of in the Apocalypse, and used all his influence to form the coalition of 1805 against him, especially

endeavoring to draw Prussia into it. He always referred to the Emperor as "Monsieur Bonaparte."

His declaration of war against France in October, 1805, is singularly characteristic of the man, and his ideas of the vast difference between himself and his subjects; the greater part of this document is quoted here, as affording more light upon his mental attitude towards the rest of the world than can be found in any other production.

"SWEDISH DECLARATION"

"We, Gustavus Adolphus, by the Grace of God, King of Sweden, King of the Goths and Vandals, Heir of Denmark and Norway, Duke of Sleswig and Holstein, and so forth, and so forth, declare and make known that when we entered upon the government of our kingdom, the unfortunate French Revolution had prevailed for some years, while the most sanguinary and unheard-of scenes, which had been there perpetrated, had spread discord, insurrection and war over the greatest part of Europe." He then denounces in unmeasured terms the execution of Louis XVI. as a menace to society, and though stating that Sweden, by reason of its isolation and distance, was in no danger of invasion, declares the new Empire of France "a common nuisance," and deems it a duty incumbent upon himself to join the other powers in destroying it, and then proceeds:

"With this view, we have now passed over with a part of our army to Pomerania, there to unite our power with the Russian forces. In consequence of this laudable and weighty determination, we fully expect to be accompanied by the blessings and prayers of our faithful subjects, and in our absence, we have graciously thought

proper to establish a Regency" (the names of which are then given). "Our gracious will and pleasure, therefore, is that all our loving subjects and faithful servants, of high and low degree, *shall yield the same obedience and obsequiousness to the Regency appointed in our royal name, as to ourselves.* To this end, all whom it may concern, are commanded to conform themselves; and for the better security of the same, we have with our own hand, signed this present, and verified it with our royal seal.

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS,

(L. S.) M. ROSENBLAD.

Marswinsholm, near Ystadt, October 31, 1805."

The tone and composition of the Declarations by the sovereigns of Great Britain, Russia and Prussia, of Oct. 21, Aug. 30, and Oct. 9, 1806, respectively, are in wholly different fashion, and without any approach to the terms of lofty superiority and condescension towards their subjects such as those employed by Gustavus.

In September, 1805, Napoleon had finally renounced the intended invasion of England, and rapidly moved his forces upon Bavaria, to encounter the Austrian army under General Mack, who had over-run that country without waiting for the arrival of 116,000 Russians under Alexander in person, who were hurrying by forced marches across the plains of Poland to join them.

Great Britain, Russia, Austria, Naples and Sweden, composed this grand alliance, or, the Third Coalition, as it is called, against France. Its forces were immense, though necessarily widely separated, but the complete command of the sea enabled the allies to land their

armies, at pleasure, for attacks at almost any point upon Napoleon's flank or rear.

Wishing to make use of this great advantage, and knowing that the French Emperor would be obliged to concentrate nearly his entire forces to meet the combined Austro-Russian armies in the valley of the Danube, the allies assembled a powerful army of British, Russians and Swedes in North Germany, to invade Holland, then in the possession of France, which was almost denuded of French troops, and threaten the north of France itself.

The King of Sweden was given the command of the allied forces, and appeared in Pomerania with over 20,000 Swedes; 10,000 Russians under Count Tolstoi disembarked in Mecklenburg and joined him, and above 20,000 British troops landed in Pomerania in October—in all above 50,000 excellent troops, ready for immediate operations, with nothing but the fortress of Hameln in Hanover, between them and Holland, to offer any resistance.

Gustavus, then 27 years of age, was intoxicated with joy, and the realization of the most ambitious dreams of military glory by this proud descendant of the great Gustavus, seemed to him to be at hand. With this great army he swept over Lauenburg, and invaded Hanover, marching at the head of his superb corps of guards, and ordering on the march, as well as in his camps, martial display and ceremonials quite beyond anything of the kind then known.

Bourrienne, French Resident at Hamburg, says:

"We often spoke of the King of Sweden, whose conduct M. d'Ocaniz blamed. He was, he said, a young madman, who without reflecting on the change of times and circumstances wished to play the part of Gustavus

Adolphus, to whom he had no resemblance but in name, and spoke of his encampments with derision. He had returned to the King of Prussia the cordon of the Black Eagle, because the order had been given to the First Consul, and thus deeply offended Frederick William."

Bourrienne continues: "The King of Sweden, meditating on the stir he should make in Hanover, took with him a camp printing-press to publish the bulletins of the *Grand Swedish Army*. The first of the bulletins announced to *Europe*, that his Swedish majesty was about to leave Stralsund, and that his army would take up its position partly between Nelsen and Haaburg, and partly between Domitz and the frontiers of Hamburg.

"On the 5th of January, 1806, the King arrived before the gates of Hamburg. The Senate of that city, surrounded on all sides by English, Swedish and Russian troops, determined to send a deputation to congratulate the Swedish monarch, who, however, hesitated so long about receiving this homage that fears were entertained lest his refusal should be followed by some act of aggression. At length, however, the deputies were admitted, and they returned sufficiently well satisfied with their reception.

"The King of Sweden then officially declared, 'That all the arrangements entered into with relation to Hanover had no reference to him, as the Swedish army was under the immediate command of its august sovereign.'

"The King, with his 6,000 men, seemed inclined to play the part of the restorer of Germany, and to make himself the Don Quixote of the treaty of Westphalia. He threatened the Senate of Hamburg with the whole weight of his anger, because on my application the colours which used to be suspended over the doors of

the house for receiving Austrian recruits had been removed. The poor Senate of Hamburg was kept in constant alarm by so dangerous a neighbour. Gustavus had his head-quarters at Boetzenburg, on the northern bank of the Elbe. In order to amuse himself during this time, he sent for Dr. Gall, a noted phrenologist, who was at Hamburg, where he delivered lectures on his system of phrenology."

The allied army was on the point of completing the conquest of Hanover and everything pointed to a successful campaign—if such a term can be used to describe what was merely a grand military promenade up to that time—when the fury of the King of Sweden at Prussia, which still hesitated to throw its 200,000 troops into the scale and thereby overwhelm the French at once, caused a very serious rupture at the allied head-quarters, ending in the complete failure of the campaign. Prussia, however, had only too much cause to repent its failure to do this in its total overthrow at Jena the next year.

Says Sir A. Alison, (2, p. 375): "The vehemence of the King of Sweden could not brook the vacillating conduct of the cabinet of Berlin, and he threatened that power in so unbecoming a manner, that the allies, who at that moment were negotiating to effect the accession of Prussia to the confederacy, were obliged to interfere in order to accommodate matters, upon which he resigned the command and retired to Stralsund. Three weeks were consumed in negotiations to repair the breach; and when at length he was prevailed on to resume the direction, the period of successful action had passed. It was already the middle of November, and all that this powerful force could effect was to commence the siege of Hameln, when the battle of Austerlitz changed the face

of Europe. The immediate effect of that blow, followed as it soon after was by the accession of Prussia to the French league, was to dissolve the ill-combined armament."

And Jomini also says that; "becoming infuriated against his British and Russian allies who ventured to reprove and criticise his impolitic and threatening tone towards Prussia, at the very moment the Emperor Alexander was at Potsdam treating with this power, Gustavus returned to Pomerania, and threw up the command of the allied army. After a discussion of three weeks he returned to Lauenburg; but there Tolstoy's corps was put at the disposition of the King of Prussia, who negotiated to take charge of the security of the North of Germany. This separation gave new displeasure to Gustavus and Tolstoy retired to Mecklenburg, whence he embarked to return to Russia. The English also re-embarked, and Gustavus to complete his romantic operations, sent his troops back into Pomerania, leaving only 500 men to guard Lauenburg."

The allied forces had separated in intense disgust at the ridiculous termination of their grand combined movement from which so much had been expected.

The cabinets of London and St. Petersburg refrained from giving public expression to their anger and bitterness over the absurd miscarriage of this campaign in North Germany, which had been loudly proclaimed as a great counter-stroke to that in Austria, and was now treated with an insulting irony and ridicule in the French press, and that of the rest of the Continent, which added something even to the bitterness and humiliation of the rout of Austerlitz and the ruin of the Third Coalition.

The English having paid nearly all the expenses of

this costly failure were especially indignant at being thus jeered off the Continent.

As for his own part in the campaign the King of Sweden felt highly satisfied with the very correct course he believed he had taken throughout, and laid the entire blame upon his allies, who had so far forgotten the high consideration due himself as to criticise his efforts to advance the common cause by driving Prussia into joining it. But, nevertheless, he took leave of the allied commanders and their troops, with the most impressive military courtesies and display.

In withdrawing his own army from Hanover he determined that the manner of doing so should be even more imposing than had been its advance. Forming the troops into dense columns, with bayonets fixed, that the inhabitants might observe how strong and well-ordered they were, he directed his march to the north-east where Stralsund lay.

The occasional squalls of snow, and the wintry winds sweeping across those wide, sandy plains of Hanover were readily faced by his hardy, robust Swedes in great-coats buttoned to the chin, while he himself, with an immense staff, at the head of his splendid dragoon-guards, alternately swept along by the marching columns, or ordered some manœuvre, amid the sound of artillery and martial music, while he stood upon some neighboring eminence to enjoy the pageant. If he had seen no fighting, he could, at least, have the latter as some compensation.

Thus marching, the army went into its winter quarters at Stralsund, while the King returned to Stockholm, where he refused to join Austria, Russia and Naples in seeking peace, determined to adhere to his treaty with



GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS IV.
King of Sweden

Great Britain, and continue the war. His dominions, however, were so remote that neither Sweden nor France could reach the other, and hence he was only nominally at war with the latter, till in the following year, when Prussia, enraged at the over-bearing actions of the French emperor, suddenly rushed blindly into war with France, and was annihilated in the fatal campaign of Jena in two weeks, before its new allies, Great Britain, Russia and Sweden could make the slightest move to its aid.

In less than thirty days after that battle, General Blucher, with about 25,000 men from the wrecks of the Prussian armies, sought refuge in the old Hanse city of Lubeck on the Baltic Sea, which though neutral and independent, was wholly unable to prevent his entrance, and use of its antiquated walls to defend himself from the pursuing French. Marshals Murat, Bernadotte and Soult quickly surrounded the town which was stormed and Blucher forced to surrender after a bloody conflict, while the unfortunate inhabitants underwent the usual horrors attendant upon such captures. The prompt, loyal effort of Gustavus to aid his Prussian ally upon this occasion led to a severe loss to his army.

Stralsund stands upon the Baltic Sea not far to the eastward of Lubeck, and upon hearing of Blucher's approach to that city, he embarked a division of Swedish infantry and hurried it there to his assistance, but it arrived and disembarked only just in time to be obliged to lay down its arms, along with Blucher, without having fired a shot.

This disaster caused much discussion in Sweden, as well as in the army, as to the expediency of continuing a war in which no interests of Sweden were at stake,

but it in nowise affected the views of their autocratic sovereign, as the following shows: "Nothing," said he, in his letter to the King of Prussia, "would gratify me more than to be able to contribute with you to the establishment of general order and the independence of Europe; but to attain that end, I think a public declaration should be made in favor of the legitimate cause of the Bourbons, by openly espousing their interests, which is plainly that of all established governments. My opinion on this point is fixed and unalterable, as well as on the events which are passing before our eyes."

Leaving a corps d'armee under Marshal Mortier to hold in check the forces of Gustavus in Pomerania, the emperor pressed on to occupy Warsaw and the eastern provinces of Prussia, where the Russians would have to be encountered, and it was not until April, 1807, that the French made any serious movement against the great fortress and seaport of Stralsund, the seat of the Swedish power in Pomerania, and then only to repel an attack of the Swedes.

In fact, early in March Napoleon had instructed Marshal Mortier that the real object of the war in that quarter was not to take Stralsund, nor inflict any serious injury on Sweden, but to observe Hamburg and Berlin, and defend the mouths of the Oder, and added: "I regret much what has already happened, and most of all that the fine suburbs of Stralsund have been burned. It is not our interest to inflict injury on Sweden, but to protect that power from it. Hasten to propose an armistice to the governor of Stralsund, or even a suspension of arms, in order to lighten the sufferings of a war which I regard as criminal because it is contrary to the real interests of that monarchy." Obeying the

spirit of these instructions, Mortier left only a small force before Stralsund, whereupon Gustavus caused it to be attacked with greatly superior forces, and drove it away after inflicting a loss of 2,000 men, whereupon the marshal collected his whole corps, attacked the Swedes and drove them back into Stralsund with severe losses.

The Allies during that winter had prepared a plan of combined operations for the spring of 1807, upon a much greater scale than that which came to nothing in Hanover in 1805. Stralsund was now to be the base of operations for the allied army to be assembled there, to consist of 40,000 Anglo-Hanoverians, 15,000 Russians, 20,000 Swedes, and all the Prussians who could be collected, estimated at about 15,000—all to be once more trusted to the command of the King of Sweden. The design was to be to first raise the siege of Dantzic, garrisoned by 20,000 men, then closely besieged by the French, and uniting that force to the army of at least 90,000 more under Gustavus, press forward into East Prussia and Poland to attack the French emperor in rear while he was engaged with the great Russian army in his front. This plan appeared so entirely feasible to Gustavus that he was in the utmost impatience to begin operations, but this was obviously out of the question, while he only had his own troops to do so with. Days, weeks passed. No Russians, no English appeared, and the latter even neglected to remit the stipulated subsidies, while Gustavus dared not stir beyond the lines of Stralsund.

This inaction, and the slowness of his allies, infuriated him against them, and, at last, concluding that he had been deserted by them, and left to maintain the war alone, with the same want of consideration he had shown in declaring war, he suddenly ratified a truce of 30 days,

entered into with the French by his general, Essen, on the 18th of April, 1807, which at once paralyzed the allied plan of campaign, and enabled Marshal Mortier to dispatch nearly his whole corps to take part in the reduction of Dantzic, which, with the aid of this great re-inforcement fell within a week after the armistice expired.

And thus for the second time did Gustavus by his impatience and anger at what he deemed inexcusable faults and delays upon the part of his allies, seriously thwart the allied plan of campaign by arresting its operations for a full month at the most critical period.

The rage and disgust at London and St. Petersburg could not be repressed, but it had no other effect than the relief that may sometimes be found in such ebullitions. The decisive overthrow of the Russians shortly after, at Friedland on the 14th of June, after a frightful butchery of their finest troops, including a large part of the Russian imperial guard, so completely disheartened them that Alexander at once sued for peace, which Napoleon readily granted, as it was no part of his designs to invade Russia at that time. Prussia, of necessity, joined in the Peace of Tilsit of July 7, 1807, losing half its population and territory; the rest to remain in a state of bondage to France for six bitter years.

This left only Great Britain and Sweden to continue the conflict. Sensible of the value of the aid of the latter power, the cabinet of London, despite their deep resentment at Gustavus for the fatal armistice of April 18th, hastened to conclude a new convention with him, on the 17th of June, agreeing to increase the number of Swedish troops in its pay to 18,000, furnish large supplies, and to send at once the long promised aid of 20,000 British troops to Stralsund.

In the general wreck of the hopes of Europe on the shores of the Niemen, the King of Sweden was not discouraged.

No sooner did the English fleet appear in the Baltic with the first division of 10,000 of this force, than Gustavus denounced the armistice with the French, hostilities to begin the 13th of July—a week after Russia and Prussia had made peace at Tilsit, and the former had entered into an open alliance with France.

But the hand of Fate was already upon the eccentric King of the Goths and Vandals! Napoleon could hardly credit his renewal of hostilities under such conditions as confronted him, but determined to make an end to the attacks of this uncompromising foe.

The Grand Army, nearly 200,000 strong, just released from further service in Poland by the Peace of Tilsit, was even then on its return to France, and could, simply while passing through Prussia, detach such a force against Stralsund as must at once reduce that fortress and overrun the whole of Pomerania. But the King of Sweden thought otherwise, and did not doubt that with 20,000 British troops to aid his 15,000 Swedes in the defense of Stralsund, he had the means of making a defense which might rival that by which Charles XII. had immortalized its walls. A powerful French force under Marshal Brune soon appeared and drove the allies within its fortifications. Having the whole siege artillery of the great fortresses of Prussia close by, in their hands, the French quickly erected powerful batteries for the attack. The evident peril of the allied position, not only did not disturb the chivalric Swedish monarch, but so eager was he for the perils and glories of actual battle

that he was transported with joy as the danger around him increased.

He strode along the top of the gray walls and battlements of Stralsund, in full uniform, with his field-glasses in hand, observing the French lines, and encouraging his own troops; evidently the fighting-blood of the old Goths and Vandals ran strongly in the veins of their descendant, who, at least, wanted nothing in bravery, whatever else might be thought of him.

One day a French artilleryman observed the distinguished group upon the walls, and aimed his piece so well that the shot barely missed the King, smashed into fragments the stones in the angle of the parapet where he stood, and put the lives of all about him in serious danger.

But the thing delighted Gustavus, who at once sent a flag of truce to the French marshal, with a purse of gold for the gunner whose shot had so nearly been fatal to himself and suite! A proceeding which was strongly disapproved by the stern, fighting old British commander, Lord Cathcart, who objected, by any such means, to exciting the emulation of all the artillery experts in the French lines to more accurate shooting: also as being unbecoming in a serious minded sovereign and commander-in-chief.

And here may be termed the culminating point of the ambitious hopes of Gustavus, for defeat and disillusion quickly fell upon him.

His astucious British allies had already decided the further defense of Stralsund to be useless, as well as hopeless, and had no intention of sacrificing 10,000, much less 20,000 troops, to longer support the wild plans of the young King, and in the end of July suddenly with-

drew the 10,000 men already in Stralsund (without ever having sent there the other promised 10,000), while their retreat could still be effected by the island of Rugen to the fleet which there waited for them to embark, to join the British expedition against Copenhagen. This unlooked-for desertion destroyed even the confidence of the King, and greatly discouraged his troops, who prolonged the defense rather from a sense of duty than any hope of its success.

Trenches were opened on the night of August 15 (fête day of the Emperor) by seven thousand workmen. The approaches were made on three fronts at the same time, and so rapidly pushed, that in four days they were within three hundred yards of the external palisades, and batteries of enormous power ready to overwhelm the city with a rain of fire. The magistrates, seeing their city about to be destroyed for a mere point of military honor, threw themselves at the feet of the King and besought him to spare the inhabitants the horrors of a hopeless defense.

This appeal to his humanity moved the King, and he withdrew with all his troops into the adjacent island of Rugen, leaving Stralsund with 400 pieces of cannon, and the immense military magazines and equipments supplied by the British, in the hands of the French. Still hoping that his British allies, who then had 90 warships and 30,000 land troops at Copenhagen, might yet be willing to return to his assistance in the island of Rugen, whence they could always have a way of retreat open, the King prepared to maintain himself against the efforts of the French to drive him from this his last foothold on the south shores of the Baltic sea, but not a man or a ship did the English (scarcely 200 miles distant by sea) send to his aid; on the contrary, they acted as though it was

no concern of theirs, and left him to perish, or effect his retreat as best he could.

Marshal Brune easily collected several hundred boats from the harbor and shipping at Stralsund, and landing several heavy columns upon the southwest shore of Rugen, prepared to attack Gustavus with greatly superior forces. But the Swedish troops, wearied of such a contest, which all now regarded as foreign to the real interests of the country, and also believing that the military excitement of their sovereign bordered on insanity, broke out into almost open mutiny, and the King was obliged to yield. A convention was concluded on the 7th of September, in virtue of which the island was to be surrendered to the French, and the King with his troops and fleet allowed to retire to Sweden. The French Emperor was highly displeased at Marshal Brune for allowing such favorable terms, as he had confidently expected to, capture the Swedish King and his army, had they been vigorously pressed, as they might have been, and never afterwards allowed Brune any important command. Thus was concluded in humiliation and flight, the second great military operation of Gustavus, from which such different results had been so confidently anticipated.

The Goths and Vandals, with their romantic King, had not merely suffered severe defeat, but owed their escape from captivity, only to the generosity of the enemy; they quickly embarked on their ships, and spreading the sails, stood into the North for the shores of Gothland, to which their forefathers had always been wont to return in triumph; while their King, standing upon the deck of one of his battleships this sad September day, shed bitter tears as he watched the receding outlines of his lost Pomerania, the richest of Sweden's provinces. Less

than two years had elapsed since his pompous declaration of war against France, delivered in all the pride of coming victory for his arms, and renown for himself hardly to be measured, and now he was returning to Stockholm defeated, disillusioned and poorer by the loss of a great province, to face a people whose "obedience and obsequiousness" had changed to murmurs nearly akin to revolt.

A melancholy autumn and winter followed at the Swedish capital, but Gustavus and his nation had still to drain to the dregs the cup of humiliation. Sweden still possessed the immense territory, known as the Grand Duchy of Finland, stretching north from the Gulf of Finland to the Arctic Ocean, and on the east extending so near to St. Petersburg that the salutes of the morning and evening guns of the Swedish frontier fortresses could be distinctly heard in the palaces of the Czars, even causing the window-panes to rattle—a humiliating thing to the pride of those powerful rulers, who, not unnaturally, felt it to be intolerable.

In point of fact, the possessions of Sweden in that region had once extended much further east than St. Petersburg. And it is related as a historical fact that in the time of Charles XI., when Swedish troops were paid in land, a trumpeter complained that the ground on which St. Petersburg now stands was an unfair and inadequate allotment for his maintenance!

Peter the Great pushed the Swedes out of this territory and there founded his new capital, the "window from which he could look out over Europe."

In October, 1807, Alexander, having become the ally of Napoleon by the Treaty of Tilsit, declared war against his late ally, Great Britain, and summoned Gustavus to

join the new league, a thing which the latter (determined to remain faithful to the old alliance), declined to do, but carefully refrained from giving the Czar the slightest ground of complaint.

The policy of Russia to annex the whole Grand Duchy of Finland was, however, fixed, and it only awaited the approach of spring to carry it into effect. Gustavus knew that Russia had assembled a large army close upon the frontiers of Finland early in 1808, but could not be brought to believe that he would become an object of hostility to that power, merely because he continued faithful to his engagements, and refrained from all hostilities against Russia.

Accordingly, when the Czar came to assign his reasons for a rupture, he could find no ground whatever on which to justify his hostilities but that the King of Sweden had not acceded to his proposal to break with England and join his forces to those of Russia!

Gustavus, relying on the support of Great Britain, and encouraged by the great blow struck by England against Denmark in September, 1807, resulting in the capture of the Danish fleet, the partial destruction of Copenhagen, and the killing and maiming of several thousand of its inhabitants, merely because Denmark, consulting its own interests, had refused to declare war upon France, and without committing any hostile act against Great Britain, now bid defiance to the united hostility of France and Russia, and in his proclamation in answer to the Russian declaration, after fully justifying his own course, strongly contrasted the present subservience of Russia to France with its recent hostility and solemn engagements to uphold the sanctity of the old alliance. The Swedes were overwhelmed by the immense forces Russia

poured into Finland, and at last forced to make peace at the price of the entire Grand Duchy. But it had remained for Great Britain to finally awaken the Swedish King from his "dream of high-minded but credulous simplicity," by showing him the kind and value of the support it expected to give him.

It could not be better done than to quote the following passages from Sir A. Alison (vol. 2, pp. 527, 528) :

"Admiral Kanikoff set sail with the Muscovite fleet, and omitted no opportunity of attacking the Swedish squadron with superior forces; but the next day, the British fleet, under Sir James Saumarez, having joined the Swedes with some ships of the line, the Russian admiral was glad to make the best of his way to his own harbors. A chase ensued, in the course of which two British line-of-battle ships, under Sir Samuel Hood, took a Russian seventy-four gun ship, and the admiral having, with signal incapacity, taken refuge in the open harbor of Baltisch Port, on the Russian coast, *his whole fleet might with ease have been destroyed, had not the British admiral prudently, and agreeably to his instructions, abstained from an act which, how glorious soever, might have inflamed the national feeling of Russia, and converted a doubtful into a real enemy, and contented himself with blockading it there till the approach of winter obliged him to withdraw from the Baltic.*"

With *such* support from his only ally, the fate of the contest could not well have been otherwise, and soon threw the desperate Swedes back into their reduced limits, the prey of their own patriotic regrets. The strong feeling of resentment against Gustavus as the author of all the public misfortunes, embittered, too, by the scandal and unforgotten doubts as to his paternity, which were

now recalled and reasserted in all their original force and venom, speedily caused a widespread conspiracy to be formed for his dethronement, which in March, 1809, culminated in his seizure by the conspirators and confinement in the palace of Grippsholm, from which, a fortnight after, appeared his formal abdication of the throne of Sweden. On the 5th of June, his uncle, the Duke of Sodermanland was proclaimed King under the title of Charles the XIII. The States of the Kingdom had already deposed Gustavus in a formal act, which briefly stated that, "We abjure, by this present act, all the fidelity and obedience which we owe to our King, Gustavus the Fourth, hitherto King of Sweden, and we declare both him and his heirs, born or to be born, now and forever, dethroned from the throne and government of Sweden."

But Gustavus did not submit to his fate without making an effort to recover his throne. The final struggle having begun in 1813 between Napoleon and the Allied Powers in Germany, Gustavus, despite his former bitter hostility, now strangely offered his services to the Emperor of the French, believing that he could, with his support, rally around himself the old Royalist party in Sweden, and involve the treacherous Bernadotte in such difficulties at home through civil war, as to afford him some prospect of regaining his lost throne.

As Bernadotte was, by far, the ablest military leader among the host of mediocrities who led the immense forces of the Allies in Germany, there can be no doubt that his detention in Sweden by a civil war with Gustavus Adolphus, would have seriously handicapped the operations of the Allied armies and would have been of

peculiar advantage to the Emperor, but he had the magnanimity to decline the offer. •

“I have reflected,” he said, “that if I received him, my dignity would require me to make exertions in his favour; and as I no longer rule the world, common minds would not have failed to discover, in the interest I might have displayed for him, an impotent hatred against Bernadotte. Besides, Gustavus had been dethroned by the voice of the people, and it was by the voice of the people that I had been elevated. In taking up his cause, I should have been guilty of inconsistency in my conduct, and have acted upon discordant principles.” This refusal of the Emperor banished any lingering hope the exiled King may have entertained of seeing reversed the solemn act of the States of Sweden, which deposed from the Swedish throne not only himself, *but his whole race, begotten by himself.*

Alison says, “Suspensions had always been entertained of the legitimacy of Gustavus the Fourth; and a story is told by some historians, that, in an interview between the queen-mother and the dethroned monarch, she revealed to him the secret of his birth, and that to conceal her shame, the King was prevailed upon voluntarily to abdicate the throne. No evidence, however, is adduced to give countenance to this rumor, which rests upon a very suspicious authority, considering the interests which his successors on the throne have to throw doubts on the legitimacy of the deposed monarch. St. Donat, 1, 3 and Bignon viii. 163.”

But so much evidence has since then been brought forth upon the subject, that it reveals one of the strangest controversies of the kind which history records, and its relation will also reveal a moral state in the court and

nobility at Stockholm of that day of almost fantastic debasement.

Gustavus the Third, while still crown prince was married, November 4, 1766, much against his wishes, to the Princess Sophia Magdalena, daughter of Frederic V. of Denmark and Louisa, daughter of George II. of England. The Princess Sophia Magdalena is described as a very devout person, who possessed a well-proportioned figure and a pleasing face, but who was also very shy and reserved. The Crown Prince Gustavus is thus described in the private report upon him of the Danish minister at Stockholm, Otto von Schack, to the court of Copenhagen: After some preliminary statements von Schack thus proceeds, "He loves pleasure or fancies he does; but there is not a single amusement which can please him for five minutes at a time. Riding he sets little value upon, hunting he detests. He dances indeed with impetuous vivacity, but without finish. . . . The least contradiction wounds his vanity, and his mere presence is sufficient to embarrass the whole company. . . . He is extremely reserved nor does he possess any attachment to any one. . . . Some years ago it was fancied that he would be a lover of the sex, but this belief is no longer entertained, and though, for reasons easy to divine, no one here would be very much shocked if he attached himself to some lady of quality, and every effort has been made to facilitate such a connection, nothing has hitherto come of it."

Despite this unfavorable report, Frederic V. eagerly welcomed the match for reasons of state. Both the King and Queen of Sweden bitterly opposed this marriage, but were obliged to yield to the strong pressure brought upon them by the Swedish ministry who were as much

in favour of it as King Frederic V. of Denmark, and for similar reasons.

The Queen of Sweden, Louisa Ulrica, described as "a consummate professor of the science of *nagging*," a sister to Frederic the Great of Prussia, lost no time in commencing a cruel persecution of the unhappy young bride, who had been treated only with cold indifference, or, at best, frigid politeness by her husband the Crown Prince Gustavus from the very hour of their nuptials. Her spirit was soon completely broken by the cruel treatment to which she was subjected in her new surroundings at Stockholm: her spiteful mother-in-law Queen Louisa Ulrica surrounded her with spies who watched every movement: she was obliged to give up her faithful Danish maids, ridiculed for not wearing rouge, and called mean for refusing to gamble. She was treated with insolence by her new Swedish ladies-in-waiting, some of whom were heartless enough to jest about the lonely and peculiar position of the Crown Princess, who, though expecting the treatment due to a matron, seemed likely to remain a maid.

And, to crown all, when the Crown Prince was remonstrated with upon the subject, he declared his aversion to his wife was due to "the boredom which follows the Princess wherever she goes"—that though reasons of state had obliged him to give her his hand, his heart was not at the behest of politics, and, finally, that the more he was annoyed with exhortations to love her the more he would be inclined to loathe her." At last, every one recognizing that nothing could be done in such a case, the unhappy royal couple were left to adjust their differences as time and circumstances might operate.

In March, 1771, his father King Frederic Adolphus

died, and the Crown Prince ascended the throne of Sweden as Gustavus Adolphus III. While this change led to the removal of the Dowager Queen Louisa Ulrica from the Royal Palace, the position of the young Queen Sophia Magdalena though naturally improved by her elevation to the throne, was still one of cold neglect and formalities at the hand of the King. Gustavus determined upon transforming the Court of Stockholm, and taking the Court of Versailles which he had visited, as his model, he hastened to make that at Stockholm the gayest, brightest and most immoral in Northern Europe, and entered into its revels with such keen zest as inspired all: his now amiable manners, his winning smile, his witty sallies, made his levees, his court circles and his state dinners delightful, and the light-hearted young court frolicked away its days.

The young King is described as a singular specimen of physical delicacy. His features as, on the whole, handsome, though irregular; a hairless face, a ruddy complexion, a light and delicate frame, gave him an effeminate appearance. His constitution was naturally frail, the slightest illness being attended by swoons. Naturally he was a great favourite with the sex, and his court was notorious not only for the number and beauty of its ladies, but for their immorality as well. However, it is related that there was never a spark of love, or even of gallantry, in the intercourse of the young King with his fair friends, all whose efforts to ensnare him by their charms having proved quite in vain.

Referring to the Gustavan court, the historian Bain, says: "The court was naturally gay where the monarch was so little austere, and its follies, never very innocent, frequently became downright scandalous. The ladies

who gave the tone at court showed by their own conduct that they regarded conjugal fidelity as an absurd anachronism, and the climax was reached when the beautiful young Countess Höpkin posed as the model for the sculptor Sergel's statue of the *Venus aux belles fesses*, while the Countess Oxenskjold ostentatiously wore phallic emblems on her bracelets!"

Except for her presence in the Palace the timid, unhappy Queen Sophia Magdalena, took no part in this unhallowed court life and manners, and for six years the King had scarcely exchanged a word with her.

The failure of his brother, the Duke of Sudermania, to have heirs, at length aroused Gustavus to the urgent necessity of having heirs of his own body, if possible, to perpetuate the succession, and he, therefore, began to consider a reconciliation with his long-neglected consort, with whom there had never been consummation of his marriage.

This strange fact, taken in connection with his delicate, effeminate physique, and the utter failure of all attempts on the part of the young belles of the court to entrap him into even a single affair of gallantry, had led to a general belief in Stockholm that the young King was sexually abnormal.

Be this as it may, Gustavus determined to make the attempt to beget an heir to the throne, but the difficulty was how to bring about cohabitation with the morbidly timid young Queen, whom years of utter neglect had rendered more frigid and reserved than ever. The historian Bain in his interesting volumes entitled "Gustavus III. and his Contemporaries," gives the following surprising account of the manner in which this reconciliation between the King and Queen was brought about, citing

as his authorities, the King's own "Pro Memoria" to Frederic II. of Prussia in 1778: Fersen's *Historiska Skrifter* vol. iii; the Gustavan Papers, and others.

"At last the King so far overcame his bashfulness as to open his heart on the subject to two of his comrades, Count Ekeblad and Baron Ehrensvar, who applauded his good dispositions. . . . Gustavus agreed with them, but remarked at the same time that his unhandsome conduct towards his wife in the past, the impossibility of justifying himself, and the delicacy he felt in breaking the subject to her, were so many insuperable obstacles in his way.

"Some one who possessed his confidence without being distasteful to the Queen must first be selected to act as a go-between and arrange the preliminaries. Ekeblad at once suggested Equerry Munck as the very man for such a delicate negotiation. True, his youth and his brusque manners were against him; but his devotion to the King was above suspicion; he had never been mixed up in the disputes of the royal family; and, best of all, he was engaged to Miss Ramstrom, one of the Queen's maids of honour, and was therefore on terms of intimacy with all her ladies, without whose co-operation nothing could be done. Finally, Munck was a man of singular frankness and tenacity of purpose, who would always go straight to the point, and never laid his hand to anything in vain.

"After some hesitation the King consented to employ Munck, who set to work at once with a zeal and determination which left nothing to be desired. He began by confiding the secret to all the Queen's ladies; obtained through them an audience with her, and, without any preamble, bluntly told her that the King earnestly de-

sired a reconciliation, and was only kept back by the fear that she would not or could not forget the past. The Queen was so overjoyed that she forgot her habitual bashfulness; expressed her desire to see the King on the spot; and sent him a miniature of herself, accompanied by a very affectionate letter.

"Gustavus now hesitated no longer. Attended by Munck, he made his way to the Queen's apartments by a private staircase: begged her forgiveness upon his knees: made a general confession of his sins—in fact, said everything that was necessary to obtain plenary absolution. This was all very well, but the marriage of Gustavus and Sophia Magdalena had never yet been consummated, and till this was done the reconciliation could not be regarded as satisfactory.

"Nevertheless, a false shame prevented Gustavus from cohabiting with his wife after being, as he expressed it, *deccouché* for five years, and but for the fresh intervention of the energetic equerry, it is doubtful whether this consummation so devoutly wished for would ever have taken place at all.

"Munck, however, rose at once to the level of the emergency. He led Gustavus to the Queen's bed-room; assisted him to undress, and then discreetly withdrew to the adjoining ante-chamber.

"But he had not stood sentinel there for more than a quarter of an hour when he was rejoined by the King. Munck, much astonished, brusquely asked him what had brought him back so speedily, and not considering his reply satisfactory, wasted no more words upon his royal master, but catching him up in his arms as if he had been a baby, carried him back by force to the nuptial chamber, locked all the doors, and only came back to

fetch him away at five o'clock next morning. For six successive nights Munck escorted the King backwards and forwards in the same way. The reconciliation was then made public, and the spouses continued to cohabit as if there had never been the slightest estrangement.

"All who had contributed to bring about this reconciliation were richly rewarded, and their majesties seemed to despair of sufficiently showing their gratitude to Munck. The Queen gave him her portrait in brilliants: a life pension of 100 pounds a year: a gold watch and other presents to the value of 1,150 pounds. The King was even more gracious. . . .

"In September, 1775, the Queen had a miscarriage, but in February, 1778, the King felt justified in informing his friends that his spouse was really about to present him with an heir. Strange to say, the good news seems to have disagreeably surprised the King's mother and brothers. . . . A few days after Gustavus had broken the news of the Queen's approaching confinement to her the Queen Dowager sent for Beylon (one of the principal officers of the court) and, with every expression of rage and scorn, said that an infamous conspiracy was afoot to deprive her younger children of their ancestral throne, as the expected heir was none other than the fruit of the Queen's adultery with Equerry Munck, and she would prove it."

Naturally a great uproar and scandal, both at home and abroad, followed these accusations of the Queen Dowager. But under severe pressure she was finally induced to sign a document to the effect that all the calumnies affecting the honour of the Queen were, in her opinion, baseless slanders.

A few days later the expected heir was born, and the

King was urged to a full reconciliation with his mother. His letter announcing the birth of her first grandson was so cold and reproachful that it drew from her the following bitter reply: "I am a mother, and that sacred character which shall never be effaced from my heart, will always make me sincerely participate in the happiness of your Majesty. I look to time to *tear aside the veil which now covers your eyes*, you will then do me justice, and regret the harshness you have used towards a mother who will never cease to be," etc., etc.

The same author thus relates what followed the delivery of this letter to the King:

"The joy at the happy delivery of the Queen was hearty and universal, and from time to time impatient glances were cast at the door of the royal cabinet, where, it was whispered, his Majesty was awaiting a letter from his mother which was to put an end, once for all, to the unhappy differences which had so long divided the royal family. Suddenly the door of the royal cabinet was flung violently open, and the King, as pale as ashes and trembling in every limb, rushed into the grand saloon. Forcing his way through the astonished throng to where the members of his family were standing, he thrust a letter into Prince Frederic's hand, and cried, "There! Read it and see what you have done." The Prince read the letter and fell moaning to the ground, the little Duchess had an attack of hysterics, and the other members of the royal family were similarly affected. In five minutes every one in the room knew the contents of the disturbing letter, and the indignation against the Queen Dowager was universal. Every one present, from the lowest lackey to the highest Senator, furiously envenghed against her. Quick as thought, garbled versions

of what had happened passed from the mob inside the palace to the mob in the streets below. . . .”

The cruel charges of the Queen Dowager were ignored by the King and, for many years, by the Swedish people. For the present no one would listen to them. The Crown Prince was duly baptized; four years later the Queen Dowager died, heartily disliked on every hand.

Upon the untimely death of Gustavus Adolphus III. at the height of his usefulness as a monarch, by the hand of the assassin Ankerström, the Crown Prince who seemed to have outlived the shadow cast upon his birth by his grand-mother, the Dowager Queen Louisa Ulrica, ascended the Swedish throne as Gustavus Adolphus IV., and reigned till dethroned by the curiously brief act of the States of the Kingdom, set forth herein.

While the Revolution, and the dethronement of the disgraced Gustavus Adolphus IV., had been bloodless, the new King and government thought it advisable not to suffer Gustavus to remain in Sweden, and not wishing to keep him a prisoner of State, finally banished him, but allowed him a liberal income to solace his exile. As Colonel Gustavson he traveled extensively over Europe, and spent much time in Switzerland, dying at St. Gall in that country in 1837, almost forgotten, even by the Bourbons, whose uncompromising champion he had always been.

But he outlived most of his contemporary monarchs, and beheld such bitter closing years to some among them, who now ignored his existence, as may, perhaps, have caused him to feel that great as his own calamities had been from the selfishness and treachery of trusted allies—there were yet some compensations in his own care-free life at the last.

HOHENLINDEN

The city of Munich does not rank among the greatest capitals of Europe in size or in population; nevertheless, the Bavarian capital is not only a large city, but from its agreeable situation in the finest part of South Germany, upon the River Iser, with its clear, rapid waters, and at no great distance from the northern foot-hills of the majestic chain of the Bavarian Alps, it possesses a peculiar natural charm of its own. The city itself, with its fine streets lined with palaces, its infinite variety of quaint, agreeable architecture, its noble libraries and art galleries, is too widely known and distinguished to require any description.

But Munich is, also, an ancient capital, and its historical associations possess an absorbing interest. Among these, none, perhaps, will excite more interesting recollections than those associated with the name of a small village, a few miles distant from Munich, situated in a great forest of pines and firs bearing the same name—HOHENLINDEN!—where one dark, snowy day in December, 1800, occurred one of the world's great battle-tragedies, which are epoch-making in history. A supreme test of valour took place in that snowy wilderness, on that day, between the legions of Republican France and those of Imperial Austria, aided by its German allies.

A visit to the Napoleonic battle-fields, a century later, forms to-day one of the most highly interesting events in a European tour. The village and forest of Hohen-

linden are only nineteen miles (English, not German) to the south-east of Munich, and in these days of easy, rapid travel in the automobile, especially over such fine, well-kept highways as are found in Bavaria, a visitor to that city will find no excursion in its vicinity which will so richly repay one, in both pleasure and instruction, as that to the places named herein.

Unlike many other noted fields of battle, in both Europe and America, which can with difficulty be seen and understood, even with the aid of maps and guides, there is no such difficulty here. The positions occupied by the French divisions in the open plain, to receive the Austrians as they emerged from the forest, can be readily seen, by any one, in a line slightly in advance of the village of Hohenlinden, extending more than a mile to the right, and on the left beyond, and in front of the small hamlets of Harthofen and Preisendorf; while the Austrian lines occupied the edge of the forest of Hohenlinden, and their troops filled the roads behind, seeking to force their way into the open grounds in front. The village of Matenpot, in the eastern edge of the forest, marks the scene of the decisive attack by the French under General Richepanse, approaching from the road from Ebersburg to Wasserburg, upon the flank of the great Austrian column which crowded the highway in each direction, and was encumbered with 100 pieces of artillery and over 500 wagons. Interesting relics of the battle may yet be had at Hohenlinden and Matenpot by those who prize such mementoes, those of the Austrians being especially attractive. The writer will endeavour to place before the reader a description of the battle, and of the scene of its occurrence, from the best attainable sources,—as well as some account of the events which

preceded it, and of the political events leading up to it.

The decisive victory won by Napoleon over the Austrians at Marengo on the 14th of June, 1800, fixed him firmly upon the consular throne to which he had been elevated only a few months before. It was immediately followed by the armistice of Alessandria, in virtue of which Genoa, all the Sardinian fortresses, Milan and the North of Italy as far as the River Mincio, were surrendered to the French, in order to spare the defeated army under General Melas the humiliation of unconditional surrender as well as to save that army to Austria, and thereby preserving the organized strength of the imperial army still unbroken, despite the heavy losses it had just sustained in men and material.

General Moreau, at the head of an army of over 80,000 men, had advanced against the allied forces of Austria, Bavaria and Wurtemberg into South Germany, leaving in his rear, however, the strong fortresses of Kehl, Ulm and Ingolstadt, which could only be reduced by long sieges, and required to be masked by large detachments. No decisive engagements had taken place, but the French were successful in a series of able manœuvres and brilliant combats, notably in the plains of Hochstedt, in consequence of which the Austrians and their allies were obliged to retreat into Bavaria, and thence retired behind the strongly fortified line of the River Inn, which is the boundary between the Empire and the latter country, where they prepared to resist any attempts of Moreau to cross it.

BRILLIANT PASSAGE OF THE DANUBE BY THE FRENCH

The forcing of the passage of the Danube, under conditions of great difficulty and danger, on the 19th of

June, 1800, was an admirable achievement, worthy of the highest admiration. The Austrian army of Germany, under the Field-Marshal Baron Kray, possessing an immense, strongly fortified encampment around the great fortress of Ulm on the Danube, had, for several weeks, baffled all the efforts of the French army of the Rhine, under the scientific direction of General Moreau, either to draw Kray out of his position, or to pass by it. At length Moreau determined to risk an attempt to force a passage over the Danube into the plains of Hochstedt below Ulm, and so threaten the lines of Kray's communications with Austria.

The Austrians had broken down all the bridges over the Danube from Ulm to Donauwerth. General Lecourbe was intrusted with the hazardous operation of finding and forcing a passage. Early in the morning of that day he took post with his division of infantry between the villages of Blindheim and Gremheim, having ascertained that the bridges at those points had been but imperfectly destroyed, and so could be more quickly repaired for the passage of the army into the plain of Hochstedt, where it would have to encounter the Austrian army emerging from its lines around Ulm to attack it. Lecourbe had no pontoons and only a few planks, but artillery was quickly placed in position to reply to that of the enemy on the opposite bank, as well as to endeavour to drive the troops guarding it away. At the same moment his young adjutant, Quenot, boldly threw himself into the stream, to seize upon two large boats which were moored to the other bank, and succeeded, under a shower of balls, in bringing them back, though wounded in doing so.

The best swimmers of all ranks in the division were

then called for, and quickly undressing themselves, placed their clothes and arms in the two boats and plunged into the waters of the Danube, under a heavy fire of musketry and artillery from the enemy. Having arrived on the other side, *there was no time for the men to dress themselves*, but catching up their arms from the boats which had arrived with them, these bold Frenchmen, instantly forming their ranks, literally *in puris naturalibus*, rushed furiously upon the terrified Germans, several companies of whom were guarding that part of the river, broke and put them to flight, and captured two pieces of artillery with their tumbrils, which they turned upon the astonished enemy!. This done they rushed to the bridges, and vigorously seconded the efforts of their comrades, at the other ends, to make them passable, by throwing upon the piers, planks, beams and ladders; reinforcements soon arrived to relieve these brave fellows from the attacks of the Austrians, who were now hastening from all directions to drive back into the river this strange looking enemy.

The main body of the French army, in successive divisions, began to cross the restored bridges and advanced into the wide plain of Hochstedt and Blenheim, which already possessed a melancholy celebrity in French military annals from the great defeat inflicted there, by the combined armies of Marlborough and Prince Eugene, upon the French in the time of Louis XIV.—13th of August, 1704. Owing to the rapidity with which the crossing had been effected, neither Moreau nor Kray could have the full strength of their forces in hand for a decisive battle, but, instead, a series of four partial, but hard-fought, actions took place, as fresh troops arrived

on either side, in all of which the Austrians were beaten, the last ending at eleven o'clock that night.

As Moreau's position now threatened to shut Kray's army up in their lines at Ulm, it was decided in the Austrian council of war to abandon them at once, and the same night the allies hurriedly retreated into Bavaria, but left a strong garrison to hold that fortress.

Thus, in one day, the French army had forced the passage of the Danube, fought four separate, bloody actions in eighteen consecutive hours, killed or wounded several thousand of the enemy, taken 5,000 prisoners, 20 pieces of cannon, 1,200 horses, 300 caissons and wagons, large magazines at Donauwerth, and compelled Field-Marshal Kray to abandon the strongest defensive position in Germany. Able critics have declared that this heroic passage of the Danube at Hochstedt will bear comparison with any feat of arms recorded in military annals.

At Vienna affairs had become strangely complicated. On the 20th of June, 1800, two days before intelligence was received there of the disastrous battle of Marengo, a treaty for the farther prosecution of the war had been signed between Austria and Great Britain. This convention provided that within three months the latter was to pay to the former power a subsidy of £3,000,000 sterling to enable it to put its armies in fighting condition, and, further, that neither of the high contracting parties should make a separate peace with the French Republic during the period of one year from its date.

Though disaster had overtaken their arms in both Italy and Germany, the cabinet of Vienna, strongly supported by the courage and enthusiasm of the Austrian people,

did not lose its calmness or its firmness in the dangerous conditions which now threatened the Empire. But influenced by these considerations, and having accepted a subsidy from England large enough to restore its armies to a condition fit for active service, if time permitted it to be used for the purpose, the Imperial cabinet resolved to gain time by opening negotiations for peace, and sent a plenipotentiary to Paris empowered to treat. Hostilities were accordingly suspended in Germany pending these negotiations.

It was not made known to the French government, till the 15th of August, that Austria and Great Britain were mutually bound not to make peace without the concurrence of both, and great indignation was expressed at Paris over the alleged Austrian duplicity in concealing the fact. The course of the negotiations with Austria for an armistice on land, and with England for an armistice at sea, the latter finally resulting in failure, need not be detailed here further than to observe, that England, having been uniformly successful over the French at sea, had nothing to fear from a continuance of the war, while Austria, with the dagger at its throat, was not then, so soon after its severe defeats and losses, in condition to contend with the victorious Republic upon anything like equal terms, and, therefore, concluded a new convention at Hohenlinden, by the terms of which the three German fortresses in Moreau's rear, were ceded to France as the price of a further suspension of hostilities till the 28th of November.

By this means the Imperialists hoped the coming of winter, upon the heels of the armistice, would compel the enemy to postpone active operations till the following spring, when they would have fully completed all

their own preparations; and, in any case, that if further negotiations should fail, they would make full use of the interval before the conclusion of the armistice. On the other hand, the French, relieved of all concern for their rear by the cession of Kehl, Ulm and Ingolstadt, would now have the great advantage of being able to employ the full strength of their forces against the allied armies in Bavaria.

During the long armistice the opposing armies occupied the territory set apart to each during the continuance of the negotiations; both sides made great efforts to be ready for a vigorous prosecution of the war. The army under General Moreau in Bavaria was raised to 110,000 men, all in the highest state of discipline and equipment; the troops were newly clothed, the cavalry and artillery admirably mounted, and all the appointments in the finest condition; the Republic had never sent forth an army so perfect in its composition, so well organized and so completely prepared for an active campaign.

Austria had likewise greatly augmented her forces, and could reckon on 112,000 effective men on the line of the Inn to cover the frontiers of the Hereditary States from invasion. The command of this great army had been given to a younger brother of the Emperor, the Archduke John, a young man of great promise and careful military education, but without experience: to remedy which General Lauer, grand-master of the Austrian artillery, was made his chief of staff.

Had the Aulic Council decided to remain on the defensive, no line was better adapted than the Inn for a strong defence against an invading army. That river, deep and rapid, meanders in the Tyrol as far as Kufstein,

between inaccessible ridges of mountains, whose sides, darkened with pine forests, are surmounted by bare peaks, occasionally streaked, even in the height of summer, with snow. From thence to Muhldorf it flows in a deep bed, cut by the vehemence of the torrent through solid rock, whose sides present a series of perpendicular precipices on either bank, excepting only in a few well-known points, which were strongly guarded and armed with cannon. This powerful line, supported on the left by the fortress of Kufstein, and on the right by that of Braunau, both of which were strongly fortified, was flanked on either extremity by two immense natural bastions: the one formed by the mountains of Tyrol, the other by the Danube, and Bohemia with its chain of wooded mountains, which skirts the Danube from Lintz to Straubing. If the Austrians confined themselves to the defensive in that admirable position, Moreau might encounter almost invincible obstacles.

But such was not their design. The offensive was resolved upon in the Austrian staff. The young Archduke John, with his head full of new theories, invented by the Germans, and emulous also to imitate some of the great movements of General Bonaparte, projected a great manœuvre, the object of which was to turn Moreau's position, instead of making a direct attack upon it.

The French army was established on the ground which separates the Iser from the Inn. The space which lies between the Inn and the Iser, which is from twelve to fifteen leagues in breadth, is intersected in its centre by the Forest of Hohenlinden, now celebrated not less in history than in poetry. Parallel to the course of the two rivers, its woods form a natural barrier or stockade six

or seven leagues long and from a league to a league and a half broad. (A remnant of the great forest which once overshadowed all this part of Europe.) Between Munich and Wasserburg this ground forms an elevated plateau, covered with a thick forest, which subsides as it approaches the Danube, and as it sinks, is rent into numerous ravines, continues wooded in some parts, becomes swampy in others, and, in short, is very difficult of access on every side.

Moreau was in possession of this plateau, of the forest which covers it, and of the roads that intersect it. From Munich where he had his head-quarters two roads lead to the Inn; the one running direct through Ebersburg to Wasserburg, the other in an oblique direction to the left, passing through Hohenlinden, Haag, Ampfing and Muhldorf. Both crossed the thick and gloomy forest of firs and pines, which covers that elevated tract, where the stems approach each other so closely as, in most places, to render the passage of cavalry or artillery, excepting on the great roads, impossible. Between these two roads the broken and uneven surface of the forest is traversed only by country paths, almost impracticable during the storms of winter even to foot-soldiers. It was in this formidable retreat, formed by a hilly and wooded country, approached by two roads, both of which were held by Moreau, that an assailing force must needs encounter him.

The troops of both nations were in motion on the 26th and 27th of November to commence hostilities on the 28th, the date of the expiration of the armistice, in severe weather, produced by a very cold rain in Swabia, and intense frost in the Bavarian Alps.

The Archduke John, leaving about 20,000 men,

Bavarians, Wurtembergers and other troops, to protect the line of the Inn, intended to assume the offensive with 60,000 Austrians, and to march on the left of Moreau, through that woody, swampy country between the Inn and the Iser, and, arrived in time at Landshut on the Iser, ascend the Iser on Moreau's rear to Freising, cross it there and thence continue his march upon a chain of heights which begins at Dachau, and commands the plain of Munich. Occupying this position he would seriously threaten Moreau's line of retreat, and compel him to evacuate the country between the Inn and the Iser, and to retreat through Munich in haste in order to take a retrograde position on the Lech. To meet this movement Moreau only had constantly at hand his left and his centre, something less than 60,000 strong.

The Austrian army had passed the Inn, at Braunau, Neu-Oetting and Muhldorf, and crossed the low tract which has been already mentioned. They were marching laboriously in that region, sometimes wooded, sometimes intersected by small rivers, the Wills, the Rott, the Issen, which descend from the plateau occupied by the French. The narrow paths, which it was necessary to follow, were broken up: and it was with the utmost difficulty that the heavy park of wagons could traverse them. The young Archduke, and his advisers, who had not foreseen any of these circumstances, were alarmed at the undertaking, now that it was begun.

The French left wing, advanced nearly to Ampfing and Muhldorf, gave them uneasiness, and made them apprehensive lest they should be cut off from the Inn. They designed to turn Moreau, and now they were fearful that they should themselves be turned instead. It is

very rarely the case that we do not incur ourselves the dangers in which we would involve our adversary.

The Austrian staff, from the very outset, was astonished, alarmed, at what it had projected, and suddenly changed its plan. Instead of persisting in gaining the Iser, for the purpose of ascending on Moreau's rear, it stopped short, and resolved to turn down upon his left, and to give battle immediately. They accordingly, on the 30th retraced their steps, and moved through cross-roads to Ampfing and Dorfen. This lateral movement, performed amid torrents of rain, and over dreadful roads, completed the exhaustion of the Austrian troops, but it led, in the first instance, to the most promising results.

Moreau, unable to anticipate, like General Bonaparte, the designs of his adversary, still less to dictate them, as the latter did, by taking the initiative with a high hand,—Moreau was obliged to grope about to discover what he could neither divine nor pre-induce. But he advanced prudently, and if he was surprised, he repaired expeditiously, and with great calmness, the mischief of the surprise.

By a singular accident Moreau had heard nothing of the advance of the Imperialists towards Landshut, far less of their cross-movement to Ampfing: but some confused accounts had merely reached the Republican headquarters of considerable assemblages of the enemy towards Muhlendorf, and the French general, desirous to explore his way, pushed forward strong reconnoitering parties in that direction. His right occupied Rosenheim, his left and centre were gradually approaching the Austrian columns by Haag and Wasserburg. The effect of this movement was to bring the imperial army, 60,000

strong, perpendicularly against the left of the French, only 26,000 strong, who, ignorant of their danger, were advancing in straggling and detached columns, to discover where they were.

On the 1st of December the Archduke John moved the greater part of his army upon the French left by three roads at once: the valley of the Issen, the high road from Muhldorf to Ampfing, lastly, the bridge of Kraiburg on the Inn. The valley of the Issen, commencing on the flanks of the woody plateau, already described, permitted the greatly extended position of Moreau's left to be turned. A corps of 15,000 Austrians ascended it. Another corps marched direct for the high-road from Muhldorf, which, after ascending the heights of Ampfing, leads through the forest to Hohenlinden and Munich. Lastly, another Austrian detachment, crossing the Inn at Kraiburg, and passing through Aschan, took in flank Moreau's left wing which had advanced as far as Ampfing. Forty thousand men were going in a moment to fall upon twenty-six thousand.

The effect of this state of things, and of the able manœuvre of the Archduke John, speedily showed itself. The French army, turned and out-generalled, was exposed to be cut up in detail, while separated in a line of march by an enemy drawn up in battle array on one of its flanks. General Grenier, who was the first in advance, was leisurely approaching Ampfing, when he was suddenly assailed by immense masses of the Austrians in admirable order of battle. General Ney, who defended the heights of Ampfing, displayed that incomparable energy which distinguished him in war. He performed prodigies of valour, and contrived to retire without serious loss. Threatened by the corps which

had passed the Inn at Kraiburg and penetrated into the defile of Aschan, he was fortunately extricated by Grandjean's division, which Moreau had detached from his centre to support his left. At the same time Legrand, after a sharp conflict in the valley of the Issen, was constrained to fall back to the neighbourhood of Dorfen. The Imperialists were everywhere successful. They had attacked, in compact and regular masses, the French divisions while in march and separated, and spread alarm and discouragement from the general's tent to the sentinels' outposts.

So far the most brilliant success had attended the Austrian advance, and if it had been vigorously followed up by a general capable of appreciating the immense advantages which it offered, and forcing back the retreating columns of the French without intermission upon those which came up to their support, it might have led to the total defeat of Moreau's army, and changed the whole fortune of the campaign. But the Archduke John, satisfied with this first advantage, allowed the enemy to recover from their consternation. On the following day no forward movement was made. It is obvious from these first movements that Moreau had not been able to penetrate the designs of the Archduke John, and that, in advancing upon all the debouches of the Inn at once, instead of making an attack upon a single point, he had compromised his left. Only the extraordinary valour of his troops and the vigour of his lieutenants, who, in execution, were accomplished generals, had extricated it. But all that had occurred was quite indecisive.

Moreau, skillfully availing himself of the day's halt in the Austrian advance, now abandoned the outskirts

of his position, and retired to the centre of the extensive forest of Hohenlinden. It would now be requisite for the Archduke John to force him in this formidable retreat. His coolness and vigour were here about to be pitted against the inexperience of the young Archduke excited by a first success.

It has already been shown that two roads ran through the forest: one on the right, descending directly to the Inn, by Ebersburg and Wasserburg; the other, on the left, which passes through Hohenlinden, Matenpot, Haag, Ampfing, and joins the Inn at Muhldorf, is rather longer. It was along this latter road that the great Austrian columns were marching, some following the defile which it forms through the forest, others laboriously ascending the beds of the small rivers which gave access to the flank of the French position.

Moreau immediately formed a judgment, and a sound one, of this situation, and conceived a design from which he derived great results; it was to allow the Austrians, already engaged with his left, to penetrate into the forest, and then, when they should be well advanced in it, to transfer his centre from the Ebersburg road to the Hohenlinden road, to surprise them in that dangerous place, and to destroy them there. He made his dispositions accordingly.

The road on the left, or the Hohenlinden road, selected by the Austrians, after leaving the banks of the Inn and ascending the heights of Ampfing, passed over hills, alternately wooded and naked, as far as Matenpot, thence through a thick wood from Matenpot to Hohenlinden, forming a long defile thickly bordered by lofty fir and pine trees. At Hohenlinden itself the forest suddenly ceased. A small plain, free from wood, studded with

several hamlets, extended to the right and left of the road; in the middle were the village of Hohenlinden and the post-house. Not only the principal column of the Austrian army, marching in the defile of the forest, but also the detachments ascending the ravines of the small river Issen, for the purpose of debouching by different outlets on the left of the French position, would necessarily have to pass this spot.

In this little plain of Hohenlinden, Moreau deployed his left wing under Grenier, Grandjean's division having been previously detached from the centre, with all the reserves of artillery and cavalry. On the right of the road and village of Hohenlinden he posted Grandjean's division, now under General Grouchy; on the left, Ney's division; still further to the left, on the skirt of the woods, and at the head of the roads by which the Austrian columns ascending the ravines of the Issen would arrive, Legrand's and Bastoul's divisions, both drawn up in advance of the villages of Preisendorf and Harthofen. The reserves of cavalry and artillery were in rear of these four divisions of infantry, deployed in the middle of the plain.

The centre, reduced to the two divisions of Richepanse and Decaen, was at some leagues distance, on the right hand road, in the neighbourhood of Ebersburg. Moreau sent to those two divisions an order, somewhat vaguely expressed, but positive, to throw themselves from the Ebersburg road into the Hohenlinden road, to strike the latter near Matenpot, and there surprise and attack the Austrian army entangled in the forest. This order was neither precise, nor clear, nor circumstantial, as well conceived and well expressed orders ought to be, as those of General Bonaparte, for instance,

invariably were. He neither indicated the route to be pursued, nor provided against any accidents which might occur; he left everything that was to be done to the intelligence of Generals Decaen and Richepanse, who, however, soon proved by their able, resolute actions that they needed no further instructions.

Moreau, moreover, directed General Lecourbe, who formed his right wing towards the Tyrol, and General St. Suzanne, who formed his extreme left towards the Danube, to draw near in haste to the spot on which the decisive event of the campaign was about to take place. But one was fifteen leagues off, the other twenty-five, and they were consequently out of reach. It was not thus that Bonaparte acted on the eve of great battles: on these occasions he did not leave half his forces at such distances. But, to bring up all the parts of which a numerous army is composed in time to the point where the fortunes of war are decided, there is required a superior foresight, which the greatest men alone possess, and without which it is still possible to be an excellent general.

But Moreau naturally anticipated that the movement of Decaen and Richepanse would bring them on the flank of the Austrian centre, when entangled in the wooded defile, with its long train of artillery and wagons; and that, if the Republican force at the entrance of the pass could only maintain its ground till this side attack took place, the ruin of the whole column, or, at least, the capture of all its cannon, would be the result. But so unprepared was Moreau for the Austrian advance that not above two-thirds of his army could take part in the action, and he was about to fight over 70,000 Austrians

who had just been joined by 10,000 good Bavarian troops, with fewer than 60,000 French.

The Archduke John, ignorant of Moreau's preparations to meet him, imagined that the French army could not make the least resistance to him in the route which he was about to pursue. He conceived at most that he should fall in with it in advance of Munich. He was young, he had seen that formidable army of the Rhine, so long dreaded by the Austrian commanders, falling back before him, and he was intoxicated with his success on the 1st of December.

Filled with joy, the Archduke and the Austrian staff rested on the 2nd of December to give vent to a joyous celebration at the imperial head-quarters, where, amidst copious libations of wine, he was toasted by his enthusiastic comrades as a worthy rival in arms of his really able and distinguished brother, the Archduke Charles, whose absence from command on this very occasion was about to be so fatally felt by Austria.

Having thus lost one day, which gave Moreau time to make the dispositions which have just been described, the Archduke prepared everything for traversing the tangled depths of the forest of Hohenlinden on the 3rd of December. He divided his army into four corps. The principal, that of the centre, forty thousand strong, composed of the reserve, the Hungarian grenadiers, the Bavarians, the greater part of the cavalry, a hundred pieces of artillery and five hundred wagons, was to follow the great road from Muhlendorf to Hohenlinden, to traverse the defile which it forms through the forest, and then debouch in the little plain around the latter village. The infantry marched first; then came the

long train of artillery and caissons: the cavalry closed the procession.

General Riesch, who had crossed the Inn at Kraiburg, on the 1st of December, with a corps of about twelve thousand men, was to flank the centre, by moving along a country path by Albichen to St. Christophe, and to debouch in the open ground at Hohenlinden, on the left of the Austrians, on the right of the French.

At the other extremity of this field of battle, upon the Austrian right, the two corps of Latour and Kienmayer, which had ascended by the valley of the Issen, were to debouch from the forest at some distance from each other, the first by the Issen upon Kronacher and Preisendorf, the second by Lendorf upon Harthofen; both into the unwooded plain of Hohenlinden. They had orders not to lose time, to leave even their artillery behind, the grand column of the centre under the Archduke John, taking a hundred guns along with it by the principal road, and to carry with them no more baggage than was necessary for making soup for the soldiers.

BATTLE OF HOHENLINDEN, DECEMBER 3, 1800

If the Imperialists had committed the great error of allowing the surprised Republicans all of the 2nd to concentrate their scattered forces, they did not, on the following day, repeat their mistake. Early on the morning of the 3rd, a day ever memorable in the military annals of France, and of Austria as well, all their troops were in motion and plunged into the forest to pursue the enemy. The imperial columns, animated by

their success on the preceding days, joyfully commenced their march over the yet unstained snow two hours before it was daylight, deeming the enemy in full retreat, and little anticipating any resistance before their forces were united and disposed in order of battle, in the open plain on the Munich side of the forest.

From the outset, however, the most sinister presages attended their steps. During the night the wind had changed; the heavy rain of the preceding days turned into snow, which fell, as at Eylau, in such thick flakes as to render it impossible to see twenty yards before the head of the column, while the dreary expanse of the forest presented, under the trees, a uniform white surface, on which it was impossible to distinguish the beaten track. The cross-paths between the roads which the troops followed, bad at any time, were almost impassable in such a storm; and each body, isolated in the snowy wilderness, was left to its own resources, without either receiving intelligence or deriving assistance from the others.

On the morning of the 3rd of December, the French divisions were deployed between Hohenlinden and Hartshofen in the order already described. Moreau, on horseback before day-break, was at the head of his staff, inspecting his lines, while Richepanse and Decaen were executing the movement which they were directed to make from the Ebersburg road to that of Hohenlinden. The great central Austrian column, under the young Prince John, which advanced along the only good road, outstripped the others, and its head had traversed the forest, and approached Hohenlinden about nine o'clock, where the divisions of Ney and Grouchy were drawn up in order of battle to meet it. It was first engaged

by the division of Grouchy, and a furious conflict immediately commenced; the Austrians endeavouring to debouch from the defile and extend themselves along the front of the wood, the French to coerce their movements and drive them back into the forest.

Both parties made the most incredible efforts; the snow, which fell without interruption, prevented the opposing lines from seeing each other; but they aimed at the flash which appeared through the gloom and rushed forward with blind fury to the deadly charge of the bayonet.

“’Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun,
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.”

Insensibly, however, the Austrians gained ground; their ranks were gradually extending in front of the wood, when Generals Grouchy and Grandjean put themselves at the head of fresh battalions and by a decisive charge drove them back into the forest. The imperial ranks were broken by the trees, but still they resisted bravely in the entangled thickets; posted behind the trunks, they kept up a murderous fire on the enemy; and the contending armies, broken into single file, fought, man to man, with invincible resolution.

The effect of these vigorous efforts on the part of Moreau, in preventing the deploying of the heads of the imperial columns from the forest, was to introduce vacillation and confusion into the long train in their centre, which unable to advance from the combat in its front, and pressed on by the crowd in its rear, soon began to fall into confusion.

At this very instant the events which Moreau had foreseen and prepared were taking place at the other extremity of the defile at Matenpot. Richepanse and Decaen, in obedience to the orders which they had received from him, had set out through the forest from the Ebersburg road towards that of Hohenlinden. Richepanse, who was the nearest to Matenpot, had started, without waiting for Decaen, and daringly penetrated into that tract of thickets and ravines, marching while the fight was going on at Hohenlinden, and making incredible efforts to drag with him over such difficult ground six cannon of light calibre. He had already passed the village of St. Christophe with one brigade and a regiment of cavalry, when the left wing of the Austrians under Riesch, moving up by the valley of Albichen to gain the road of Wasserburg, by which it was destined to pierce through the forest, fell perpendicularly upon his line of march.

Thus Richepanse, with half his division, found himself entirely separated from the remainder; the manœuvre which he was destined to have performed on the centre of the Imperialists was turned against himself, and with a single brigade he was placed between that immense body and their left wing. An ordinary general, in such alarming circumstances, would have sought safety in flight, and thus, by allowing the Austrian centre to continue its advance, endangered the victory; but Richepanse, whose able mind was penetrated with the importance of his mission, resolved to push on with the single brigade which remained, and fall on the rear of the grand column of the enemy.

He sent orders to his separated brigade at St. Christophe to maintain itself in that village to the last ex-

tremity, and advanced with the utmost intrepidity towards Matenpot to attack the central Austrian column 40,000 strong. Richepanse reckoned upon Decaen to extricate the brigade left at St. Christophe, and had marched, without losing a moment, for Matenpot: for his military instinct told him that there was the decisive point.

When his troops approached the great-road, they came first upon the cuirassiers of Lichtenstein, who formed part of that vast body, who had dismounted, with their horses' bridles over their arms, and were reposing leisurely under the trees until the great park of artillery and the reserves of Kollowrath had passed the defile. It may easily be imagined with what astonishment they beheld this new enemy on their flank, who was the more unexpected, as they knew that their left wing, under Riesch, had passed through the forest, and they deemed themselves perfectly secure on that side. They made, in consequence, but little resistance; Richepanse fell upon them and made them prisoners.

Then deploying his two regiments of infantry on the small open spot which surrounds Matenpot, his regiment of chasseurs was rushed against eight squadrons of Austrian cuirassiers, which, on seeing him, had formed to charge him. The chasseurs, after a vigorous charge, were broken by the cuirassiers and fell back behind the 8th regiment of infantry, which crossing bayonets, stopped the career of the Austrian cavalry. At this moment Richepanse's position was very critical: but though surrounded now on all sides, he determined not to give the Austrians time to perceive his weakness.

Committing to General Walther, with the 8th regiment of infantry and his chasseurs, the duty of holding in

check the Austrian rear-guard, which was rapidly advancing and preparing to attack him, he himself, with only the 48th regiment of infantry, wheeled to the left and took the bold resolution to fall upon the Austrians into whose rear he had penetrated in the defile of the forest. Hazardous as was this resolution it was not less able than vigorous, for the Archduke's great column, entangled in this defile, must have before it the main body of the French army, and by dashing furiously upon its rear, it was probable that he should produce great disorder in it, and obtain important results.

Richepanse instantly formed the 48th into columns, with fixed bayonets, and marching sword in hand in the midst of his grenadiers, moved boldly upon the rear of the huge, disordered imperial columns which filled the high road leading to Hohenlinden. The sudden appearance of this force, amounting to nearly 3,000 men, behind them, excited the utmost alarm in the Austrian column. The troops of that nation are proverbially more sensitive than any in Europe to the danger of being turned when in a line of march.

A brigade of the Bavarian reserves was speedily directed to the menaced point, but it was overwhelmed in its advance by the crowds of fugitives, and thrown into such disorder by the overturned cannon and caissons which blocked up the road, that it never reached the enemy. Several Hungarian battalions of grenadiers were next brought up to stem the progress of the Republican infantry which, with loud *hourras*, charged with the bayonet, even the Austrian cavalry, and overthrew everything that opposed them; after a furious struggle, in which bayonets were crossed, the brave Hungarians, too,

were broken and fled back upon the huge masses of artillery, caissons and infantry accumulated at this spot.

The whole Austrian artillery now lay exposed to the attacks of the victor in a situation where it was incapable of making any resistance. The bold advance of Richepanse, seconded by the rare intrepidity of his troops, who understood, as well as their general, that the fate of the battle probably depended upon their exertions, and rushed with the bayonet upon masses of the imperial infantry outnumbering them six to one, struck inexpressible terror into this multitude amid the thick-falling snow and threw it into frightful disorder.

Moreau, at the entrance of the defile in front of Hohenlinden, was still maintaining an anxious conflict, when the sound of cannon in the direction of Matenpot, and the appearance of hesitation and confusion in the Austrian columns, announced that the decisive attack in their rear by Richepanse had taken place. He instantly directed Grouchy and Ney to make a combined charge in front on the enemy. The French battalions, which had so long maintained an obstinate defense, now commenced a furious onset, and the Austrian centre, shaken by the alarm in its rear, was violently assailed in front. The combined effort was irresistible. Ney, at the head of the Republican grenadiers, pressed forward in pursuit of the fugitives, along the high road, until the loud shouts of the troops announced that they had joined the victorious Richepanse, who was advancing along the same road to meet him, as fast as its innumerable incumbrances would permit, while the broken Austrian columns fled in wild disorder into the depths of the forest on either side. Ney and Richepanse met, recognized each

other, and embraced, intoxicated with joy on seeing so glorious a result.

No words can paint the confusion which now ensued in the great Austrian column. The artillery drivers cut their traces, and galloped in all directions; the infantry disbanded and fled; the cavalry rushed in tumultuous squadrons to the rear, trampling under iron hoofs whatever opposed their passage; the wagons were abandoned to their fate, and amid the universal wreck, 97 pieces of cannon, 300 caissons and many thousands of prisoners, fell into the hands of the Republicans.

Richepanse, leaving Ney to secure these trophies, returned to Matenpot to extricate the troops he had left under Walther to beat off the attacks of the Austrian rear-guard while he made his own attack upon the masses ahead. Walther had been desperately wounded and a large part of his troops struck down in the conflict, but had defeated all the efforts of the strong Austrian rear-guard to advance further into the forest to the assistance of their comrades. He then hastened to St. Christophe, where he had left his other brigade under Drouet alone engaged with Riesch's whole corps. But all his anticipations were verified on that auspicious day. General Decaen had arrived in time with his entire division, extricated Drouet's brigade, and repulsed Riesch's corps, after taking from it a great number of prisoners, and driving it towards the Inn in disorder.

It was by this time mid-day. The centre of the Austrian army had been enveloped and entirely routed; its dismayed but brave young commander-in-chief, the Archduke John, having, with the utmost difficulty, effected his escape, with a portion of his staff, by plunging into the heart of the forest through the most tangled



Chopin (Frédéric)

THE BATTLE OF HOHENLINDEN

(December 3, 1800)

Musée de Versailles

thickets. The corps of Riesch upon his left had been repulsed with severe losses and retreated towards the Inn, but not routed, as the great central column had been.

During these events, Bastoul's and Legrand's divisions, posted on the left of the open ground around Hohenlinden, had had upon their hands the corps of infantry of Generals Latour and Kienmayer, nearly 20,000 strong, and a division of cavalry, which most fortunately for the French, had only a few pieces of artillery in line, having been ordered to leave all their artillery behind in order to hasten their advance. The two French divisions had, nevertheless, been hard-pressed, for they were inferior by one-half to the enemy; they had, moreover, the disadvantage of ground; for the head of the wooded ravines, by which the Austrians debouched into the little plain of Hohenlinden, being rather higher than that open ground, enabled them to pour a downward fire upon it. But Bastoul and Legrand, under the command of General Grenier, seconded by the intrepidity of their troops, made a vigorous stand. D'Hautpoul's cavalry was there to support them, as well as Ney's second brigade, the latter general having entered the defile in the forest of Hohenlinden with only one.

The French divisions, at first overmatched by numbers, had lost ground. Quitting the margin of the woods, they had fallen back into the plain, but with extraordinary steadiness and displaying an heroic firmness. Two regiments of Legrand's division, the 42nd and the 51st, thrown back towards Harthofen, had to oppose Kienmayer's corps of infantry, besides a division of cavalry attached to that corps. Sometimes keeping up a well-sustained fire upon Kienmayer's infantry, at others crossing bayonets against the cavalry, they opposed an invin-

cible resistance to all attacks. Notwithstanding all his efforts and the assistance of one of Ney's brigades, Grenier was sensibly losing ground under the repeated attacks of Latour's and Kienmayer's heavy masses, when the intelligence of the defeat of their centre obliged the Austrians to abandon their successes and retire precipitately into the forest. Grenier instantly resumed the offensive, and by a general charge of all his forces, succeeded in overwhelming the Austrians while struggling through the defile, and taking six pieces of cannon and fifteen hundred prisoners. Moreau returned at this moment from the heart of the forest with a part of Grouchy's division, to bring relief to his hard-pressed left, which had been so heavily attacked by the corps of Latour and Kienmayer. But there, as at all other points, he found his soldiers victorious, transported with joy, congratulating their general on so glorious a triumph.

The Austrian army had much greater difficulty to make its way out of those thick, gloomy woods than it had to penetrate into them. There were seen everywhere wandering corps, which, not knowing whither to flee, fell in with the advancing French troops, and were obliged to lay down their arms. It was now five o'clock and darkness was beginning to shroud the field of battle, upon whose blood-stained expanse of snow thousands of gallant forms were lying cold in death, or lost in the hidden depths of the forest of sombre firs and pines, other thousands of the wounded were left to suffer and die in the long hours of a bitter winter night. Rarely has a field of battle exhibited greater horrors; the victors, relentlessly pursuing the vanquished foe, had passed entirely through the forest at all points by night-fall. Four of Moreau's divisions were assembled at

Matenpot and the headquarters advanced to Haag, while the Imperialists took advantage of the night to withdraw their shattered forces across the Inn.

The losses in the battle were immense. The French had killed or wounded 8,000 of the Austrians, made 12,000 prisoners, taken 300 caissons, above 100 pieces of cannon and a great number of flags and standards, results very uncommon in war. Thus, in one day, the Austrian army had lost 20,000 soldiers, almost all its artillery, its baggage, and, what was of still greater importance, its whole moral courage. The loss of the French on that and the preceding days was 9,000 men, including prisoners.

Such was the great and memorable Battle of Hohenlinden, the most decisive, with the exception of that of Rivoli, which had yet been gained by either party during the war, and superior even to that renowned conflict in the trophies by which it was graced, and the immense consequences by which it was followed.

The victory of Marengo itself was less momentous in its military consequences. It merely gave the Republicans possession of the Sardinian fortresses and the Cisalpine Republic; but the disaster of Hohenlinden threw the army of Germany without resource on the Hereditary States, and at once prostrated the strength of the Empire.

Common justice must award to Moreau the merit of skillful combination, and admirable use of the advantages of ground in this great victory; but it is, at the same time, manifest that he owed much to chance, and that Fortune crowned a well conceived plan of defense by a decisive offensive movement. The whole arrangements of the French general were defensive; he merely

wished to gain time to enable his two wings, under Lecourbe and St. Suzanne, to arrive and take part in the action. By the movements on previous days he was so far out-generaled, that, though his army was greatly superior to that of his opponents, he was obliged to fight at Ampfing with an inferiority of one to two, and at Hohenlinden on unequal terms.

The movement of General Richepanse, however well-conceived to retard or prevent the passage of the forest by the Austrian army, could not have been reckoned upon as likely to produce decisive success. Moreau had merely directed Richepanse and Decaen to strike off from Ebersburg, for St. Christophe, without specifying the route, without providing against either the presence of Riesch's corps, or any of the possible and even probable accidents, amidst that forest full of enemies; and, with an officer less able and determined than Richepanse, he might have reaped a disaster instead of a triumph; for if Richepanse had advanced half an hour later, or if Riesch's column, which it should have done according to the Austrian disposition, had arrived half an hour sooner he would have fallen into the midst of greatly superior forces and both his division and that of Decaen, which followed his footsteps, would probably have met disaster.

It has been wrongfully asserted that there was another conqueror of Marengo than General Bonaparte, and that this was General Kellermann. With much greater reason it might be alleged that there was another conqueror of Hohenlinden than General Moreau, namely, General Richepanse, for he executed, upon a rather vague order, a most brilliant manœuvre. But, though less unjust, this assertion would still be unjust. Let us leave to every man the merit of his deeds, and not imitate those paltry

efforts of envy, which is on all occasions bent on discovering a different conqueror from the real one. Fortune always has some share in military successes. All that can be said is, that at Hohenlinden it was very great, nay, greater than usual.

Thunder-struck by this great disaster, the whole imperial army retired behind the Inn, and made a show of maintaining itself on that formidable line of defence. But it was but a show. By an able manœuvre Moreau speedily forced the passage of the Inn against the dispirited Austrians, who then retreated behind the river Salza, another strong barrier, which they proved no more able to defend than the Inn. The ancient city of Salzburg was taken after a brave action before the town, and the Republican standards for the first time waved on the picturesque towers of that romantic city. A rapid pursuit and a continued running fight now ensued. Moreau emboldened by the success attending every step he took, marched towards the Traun and the Ens, which were no less incapable of stopping him. Richepanse's division formed the advance guard, supported by those of Grouchy and Decaen, who came up to his assistance the moment any serious resistance was attempted.

The retreat of the Austrians was effected in disorder, and the French rapidly picked up prisoners, carriages and cannon. Richepanse fought brilliant actions at Frankenmarkt, Voklabruck, and at Schwanstadt. Incessantly engaged with the Austrian cavalry he took so many as 1,200 horse at a time. On the 20th of December a scene of dreadful confusion ensued when the Austrian rear-guard crossed the Traun. A column of 1,200

men, under the General Prince Lichtenstein, stationed in front of the town of Lambach, where the passage was going forward, made a so heroic resistance as gave time to the greater part of the cannon and baggage to defile over the bridge; but at length it fell a victim to its devotion, and was almost all slain or made prisoners. Immediately the whole remaining Imperialists who had not passed fled towards the defile; they were rapidly followed by the Republicans. A scene of indescribable horror ensued in the mêlée of fugitives, carriages, and trampling squadrons, the arches of the bridge were fired, and multitudes threw themselves into the icy stream; but such was the resolution of the French grenadiers, that, regardless alike of the flames and the discharges of grape from the opposite bank, they rushed across; by their exertions the bridge was preserved from destruction, and was speedily passed by the triumphant French battalions.

The young Archduke John, whom such a series of disasters had completely disheartened, had just been superseded by the Archduke Charles, whom the unanimous cries of the nation had called to the post of danger as the only means left of saving the monarchy. He had hoped he would be able to arrest the progress of the enemy in Upper Austria, but the appearance of the army as it crossed the Traun rendered it evident to his experienced eye that it was too late. Instead of the proud battalions whom he had led to victory at Stockach and Zurich, the Archduke beheld only a confused mass of infantry, cavalry and artillery covering the roads: the bands of discipline were broken: the soldiers neither grouped around their colours nor listened to the voice of their officers: dejection and despair were painted on

every countenance. Even the sight of their beloved chief, the saviour of Germany, could hardly induce the extenuated veterans to lift their eyes from the ground.

The rout of the rear-guard under Prince Swartzenberg, who was overwhelmed at Kremsmunster, with the loss of 1,200 men gave him melancholy proof that the troops were so dejected that no reliance could be placed on their exertions. He therefore sent General Meerfeldt to Moreau, to propose an armistice. On the 21st, Moreau crossed the Ens at Steyer. His advanced posts appeared on the Ips and the Erlaf. He was at the gates of Vienna; he might well feel tempted to enter it, and have the glory which no French general had yet had, of penetrating into the capital of the Empire of the Hapsburgs. But the moderate spirit of Moreau was not fond of pushing fortune to extremities. The Archduke Charles gave him his word of honour that if hostilities were suspended, Austria would treat immediately for peace, upon the conditions which France had always insisted upon, especially that of a negotiation separate from Great Britain.

Moreau, full of a just esteem for the Archduke Charles, showed a disposition to believe him, and granted the armistice. Several of his lieutenants urged him to march to Vienna. "It will be better," he replied, "to secure peace. . . . I might, perhaps, drive the Austrians to despair, were I to persist in humbling them. We had better halt and be content with peace, for it is for that alone that we are fighting."

Such sentiments were extremely moderate and praiseworthy when it is recalled that the Republican army, in a short campaign of little more than three weeks, in the middle of winter, and in the most severe weather,

marched ninety leagues; made 20,000 prisoners; killed, wounded and dispersed many more than that number; captured 150 pieces of cannon, 400 caissons, and 4,000 carriages; and never halted till its advance guard, arrested by an armistice, was within a few leagues of Vienna.

Such results require no eulogium; the annals of war have few such triumphs to recount, and they deservedly placed Moreau in a glorious rank among the captains of the Eighteenth century, and which would have remained glorious, if criminal misconduct, the fatal effects of jealousy, had not subsequently sullied a life till then noble and pure.

The Treaty of Peace signed at Luneville between the French Republic and the Empire of Germany soon followed, as the result of this brilliant campaign.

ANOTHER PICTURE OF HOHENLINDEN

Perhaps one of the most curious medleys of imagination, of ignorance and of absurdity, ever exhibited in attempting to describe so tragic an event as a great battle, will be found in the following remarkable account of the Battle of Hohenlinden, taken literally from the work of a well-known historian (usually much more conservative in his statements) who shall be nameless here, but who will, doubtless, be easily recognized by many readers.

It is offered *in addendum*, as a sort of literary curiosity, and to show, as well, the extent to which a vivid imagination may, when strongly moved, depart from the

actual facts of that great battle as recited herein from the authoritative works of Thiers, Alison, Jomini and others of the greatest and most serious historians of that period.

Bearing in mind that the actual *fighting did not even begin till nine o'clock the next morning*, and omitting a few preliminary sentences, this strange account proceeds thus:

"The clocks upon the towers of Munich had but just tolled the hour of mid-night when both armies were in motion, each hoping to surprise the other. A dismal wintry storm was howling over the tree-tops, and the smothering snow, falling rapidly, obliterated all traces of a path, and rendered it almost impossible to drag through the drifts the ponderous artillery. Both parties, in the dark and tempestuous night, became entangled in the forest, and the heads of their columns in various places met. An awful scene of confusion, conflict, and carnage then ensued.

"Imagination cannot compass the terrible sublimity of that spectacle!

"The dark mid-night, the howlings of the wintry storm, the driving sheets of snow, the incessant roar of artillery and of musketry from one hundred and thirty thousand combatants, the lightning flashes of the guns, the crash of the falling trees, as the heavy cannon-balls swept through the forest, the floundering of innumerable horsemen, bewildered in the pathless snow, the shouts of onset, the shriek of death, and the burst of martial music from a thousand bands, all combined to present a scene of horror and of demoniac energy which probably even this lost world never presented before!

"The darkness of the black forest was so intense, and

the snow fell in flakes so thick and fast, and blinding, that the combatants could with difficulty see each other. They often judged of the foe only by his position, and fired at the flashes gleaming through the gloom. At times, hostile divisions became intermingled in inextricable confusion, and hand to hand, bayonet crossing bayonet, and sword clashing against sword, they fought with the ferocity of demons; for though the officers of an army may be influenced by the most elevated sentiments of dignity and honour, the mass of the common soldiers have ever been the most miserable, worthless, and degraded of mankind.

“As the advancing and retreating hosts wavered to and fro, the wounded, by thousands, were left on the hill-sides and in dark ravines, with the drifting snow, crimsoned with blood, their only blanket, there in solitude and agony to moan, and freeze, and die. What death-scenes the eye of God must have witnessed that night, in the solitude of that dark, tempest-tossed and blood-stained forest!

“At last the morning dawned through the unbroken clouds, and the battle raged with renovated fury.

“Nearly twenty thousand of the mutilated bodies of the dead and wounded were left upon the field, with gory locks frozen to their icy pillows, and covered with mounds of snow. At last the French were victorious at every point. The Austrians, having lost twenty-five thousand men in killed, wounded and prisoners, one hundred pieces of artillery, and an immense number of wagons, fled in dismay. This terrific conflict has been immortalized by the noble epic of Campbell, which is now familiar wherever the English language is known.”

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